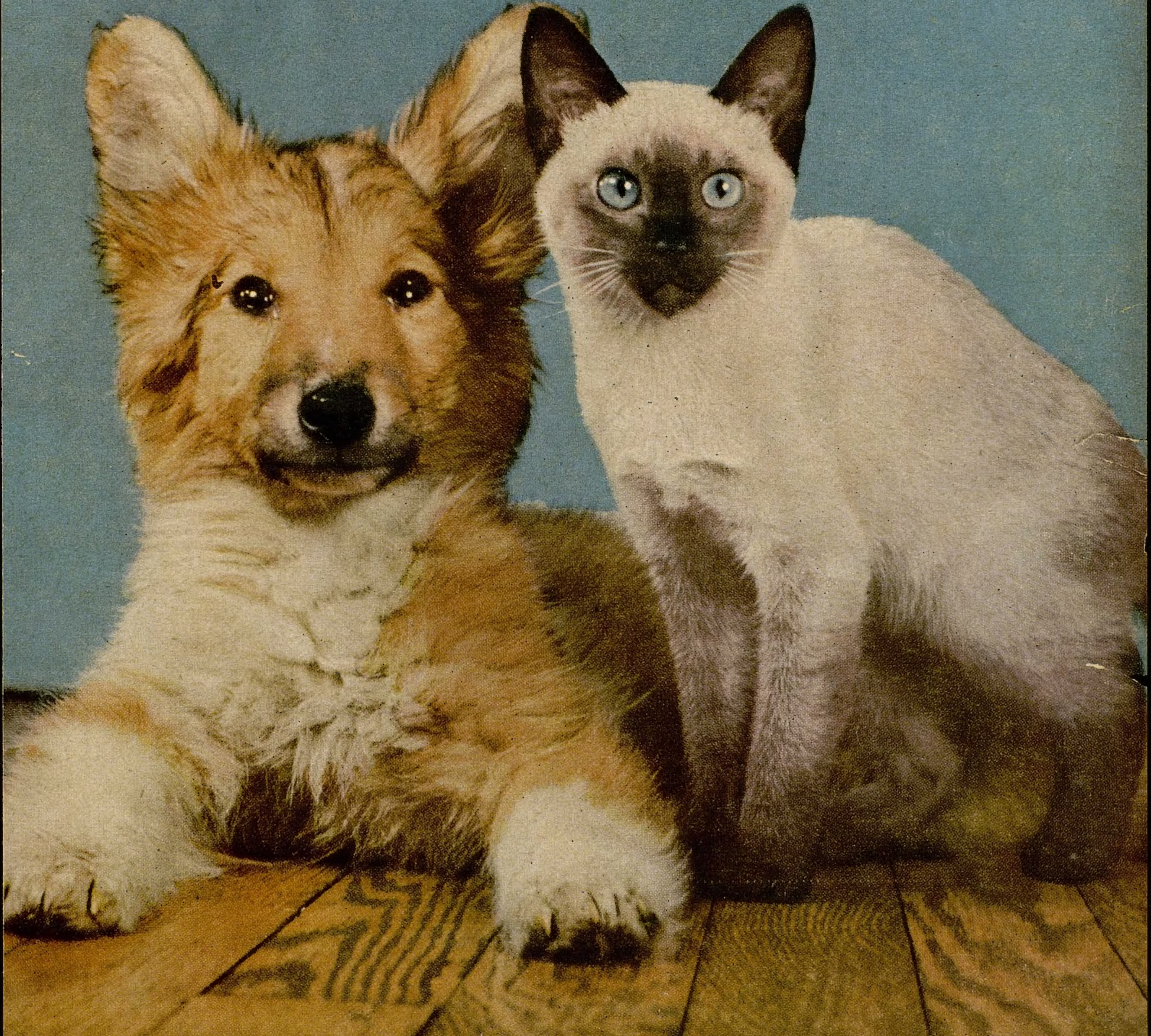
Liberty

20¢
FEBRUARY
1950

HOW TO GET NINE EXTRA DAYS' VACATION Page 32

CANASTA: HOW TO SHARPEN UP YOUR GAME Page 18



SPIEGEL SERVING AMERICAN FAMILIES SINCE 1865

Together We Are Winning The Battle To Bring Prices Down!... SEE PAGES 620-623
CHECK THE VALUES THROUGHOUT THIS BIG BOOK
FULL FASHIONED NYLONS 79¢
8-OZ. SANFORIZED DENIM 1.49
WHAT THE AVERAGE AMERICAN FAMILY WILL SPEND THIS YEAR ON THESE 4 ITEMS
At Average Retail Prices* $23.39
At Spiegel Catalog Prices 15.83
Spiegel Customers Save $7.56
ALMOST ONE-THIRD
*Computed from U.S. Government Dept. of Labor statistics, adjusted to estimated Spring 1950 levels
CHICAGO • SPIEGEL • ILLINOIS
80 SQUARE PERCALE 28¢
TYPE 128 MUSLIN SHEETS 1.59
SPRING AND SUMMER 1950
SPIEGEL
CHICAGO 9, ILLINOIS
ONE DOLLAR—SEE PAGE 672

Back Cover

Front Cover

BEAT THE HIGH COST OF LIVING
SEND FOR THIS BIG CATALOG NOW

632 Pages—Thousands of Items at LOW SAVING PRICES

WITH SATISFACTION GUARANTEED ON EVERY ORDER

PIN A DOLLAR TO THE COUPON
GET YOUR CATALOG AND DOLLAR CERTIFICATE

Spiegel, Inc.
Chicago 9, Illinois

I am enclosing a DOLLAR DEPOSIT. Please send me a copy of the new Spiegel Catalog. I understand my dollar will be returned in the form of a Merchandise Certificate good on any Spiegel Mail Order of $10 or more.

NAME ....

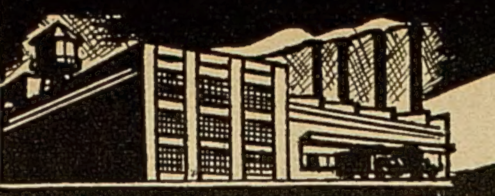
ADDRESS ....

TOWN .... STATE ....

S-20-18

- For low prices that save money on everyday needs shop from the great Spiegel Catalog for Spring and Summer 1950. Send for your copy today! Check the values throughout this big book. Compare the low prices anywhere. See for yourself that you get the most for your money when you shop the Spiegel Catalog way.
- You'll find thousands of everyday needs right at your fingertips . . . fashions, children's needs . . . appliances . . . furniture . . . auto supplies . . . and all the rest. Every item accurately pictured and described, with wide selection in sizes, colors and styles.
- Three buying plans for your convenience. CASH . . . 30-DAY CHARGE AND MONTHLY PAYMENTS.
- PIN A DOLLAR TO THE COUPON today! We'll send your big catalog and a $1.00 Certificate good on any Spiegel Mail Order of $10 or more.

CHICAGO SPIEGEL ILLINOIS

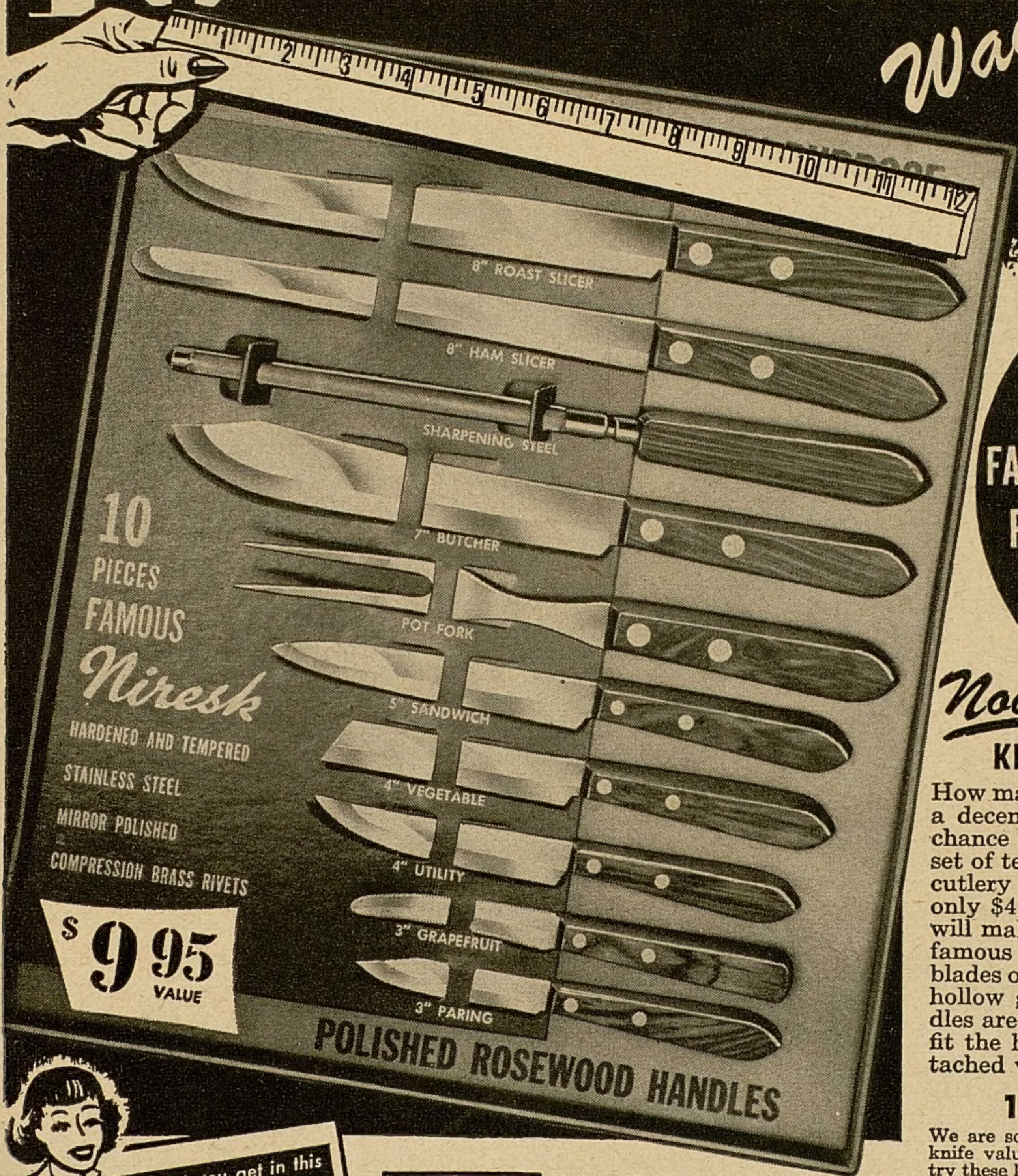


direct from FACTORY to YOU!

Stainless Steel DIAMOND TESTED Hollow Ground

10-PIECE KNIFE SET

Way Below Retail!


8" ROAST SLICER
8" HAM SLICER
SHARPENING STEEL
7" BUTCHER
POT FORK
5" SANDWICH
4" VEGETABLE
4" UTILITY
3" GRAPEFRUIT
3" PARING
10 PIECES FAMOUS Niresk
HARDENED AND TEMPERED
STAINLESS STEEL
MIRROR POLISHED
COMPRESSION BRASS RIVETS
$9 95 VALUE
POLISHED ROSEWOOD HANDLES

RETAIL VALUE $9.95

FACTORY PRICE $4.95

Now YOU CAN HAVE THE *RIGHT* KNIFE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

How many times have you said "I wish I had a decent knife in this house!" Here's your chance to order not just one knife . . . but a set of ten. Because you order direct from the cutlery factory, you get a $9.95 value for only $4.95! These knives have features that will make your kitchen work a joy! They're famous DeLuxe Diamond Tested . . . with blades of stainless steel . . . mirror finished . . . hollow ground and hand finished. The handles are of imported rosewood . . . curved to fit the hand . . . hand-polished . . . and attached with double-compression rivets.

10 DAY HOME TRIAL

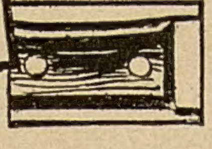
We are so certain that you will find this the greatest knife value ever offered that we make this guarantee: try these knives in your home for 10 days -- you must be 100% satisfied or you may return the set and your money will be cheerfully refunded at once.

Here's what you get in this miracle-value knife set:

- 8-inch blade Roast Slicer
- 8-inch blade Ham Slicer
- 7-inch blade Butcher Knife
- 5-inch blade Sandwich Knife
- 4-inch blade Vegetable Knife
- 4-inch blade Utility Knife
- 3-inch blade Paring Knife
- 4-inch blade Grapefruit Knife
- 6-inch blade Chef's Fork
- 8-inch Sharpening Steel

Stainless Steel Mirror finished Hollow Ground Blades

Rosewood handles shaped to fit the hand



Double compression brass rivets

SEND NO MONEY Simply write your name and address on the $5.00 money-saving certificate and mail. Pay the postman only $4.95 plus C.O.D. postage, on money-back guarantee. No more to pay.

NIRESK INDUSTRIES 1474 W. Hubbard St., Chicago 22, Ill.

THIS CERTIFICATE SAVES YOU $5.00

NIRESK INDUSTRIES, Dept. K-28
1474 W. Hubbard St., Chicago 22, Ill.

Gentlemen: Kindly rush . . . . . 10-pc. Knife Sets at the factory price of $4.95 per set—on 10-day money-back guarantee.

NAME . . . .
(please print)

ADDRESS . . . .

CITY . . . . ZONE . . . . STATE . . . . . .

☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage. ☐ I enclose $4.95 to save postage. Same money-back guarantee.

VALUABLE

JUST BEFORE DEADLINE

◆ That soft-eyed puppy on our cover isn't one of the canines Dr. Fluck condemns in BEWARE OF THE DOG. Why, that puppy wouldn't even hurt a Siamese cat! And he's been vaccinated against rabies. Miss Ylla, who took the picture, specializes in photographing animals. She finds them "easier to get in contact with than people." And it's contact with dogs that worries Dr. Fluck! We're right in the middle: we still think man's best friend is his mother.

◆ When you read IS THERE EQUAL JUSTICE FOR ALL? you might want to know why Joe P. Faulkner, the author, thinks the way he does. He says the idea germinated in his days as a New York reporter covering the courts and seeing how the little guy without adequate funds generally got a terrific booting around in comparison to the justice received by his better-heeled neighbor. Mr. Faulkner, a Texan by birth, has some good ideas on how to enforce the Bill of Rights.

◆ Norman and Amelia Lobsenz literally went through fire and water to bring you HOW OFTEN HAVE YOU SAID—"ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO . . ."? A fire destroyed the home of this husband-and-wife writing team and only a time-planning system enabled them to straighten out the chaos. But the Lobsenzes have produced material under happier circumstances too. Three years ago they spent 18 months on a honeymoon trip throughout the West and came home with everything from color slides to juvenile fiction. They're both former newspaper people—Amelia from Atlanta, and Norman from New York. They also have a plan to avoid marital friction: everything they write goes out under a joint byline. (P.S.: We're rather proud of our own time-saver: the Liberty reading-time notations.)

◆ Now that you have been practicing your Canasta diligently since our October Canasta story, you should be stepping into the advanced class. And Albert Ostrow is all ready for you with MORE FUN WITH CANASTA. As the organizer of the first U. S. all-Canasta club and Canasta teacher to top names like Harold Lloyd, etc., Mr. Ostrow is certainly king among the four-joker crowd. But don't think he had to wait for the Latin Americans to make him famous—he's an international card authority from way

(*Continued on page 14*)

Liberty

THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

CONTENTS • FEBRUARY

OSBORNE B. BOND, Publisher
JOHN B. DANBY, Editor

J. WALTER FLYNN, Art Director
ELSIE CHRISTIE, Books and Fiction
GERTRUDE WILKINSON, Home Editor
EILEEN BURKE, Shopping Editor
RUTH KUPFERER, Non-fiction
ELIZABETH WILSON, West Coast Editor
BEULAH KARNEY, Food Editor
OTTO KURTH, Art Associate
ED CUNNINGHAM, Roving Editor
JAMES A. GIAMMO, Production Manager
RUTH BROWN, Editorial Make-up
MAUDE J. TAIT, Research
JOAN GILLEN, ELNORA HEKKING, PATRICIA A. STEINER, Editorial Assistants

ARTICLES and FEATURES

Is There Equal Justice for All?.................*Joe P. Faulkner* 15
More Fun with Canasta......................*Albert A. Ostrow* 18
Crash—Or Escape.....................*Winsor H. Watson, Jr.* 22
Death: More Friend Than Foe.........................*J. D. Ratcliff* 25
Teachers' Pet...................................*Elizabeth Wilson* 28
How Often Have You Said—......*Norman and Amelia Lobsenz* 32
Beware of the Dog.........................*Paul H. Fluck, M.D.* 36
Seasickness—Cured at Last!...................*William R. Sears* 38
A Matter of Size...................................*Willy Ley* 70
Just Before Deadline.. 4
Vox Pop... 6
Shopping.. 8
Crossword Puzzle.. 12
Shananagrams.. 51
Movie Reviews... 52

FICTION

Bright Golden Girl..............................*Elizabeth Roy* 20
Small Towns Don't Forget....................*Henry G. Felsen* 26
The One-Man Slum.........................*Samuel W. Taylor* 30
Deep Salvage—Part III..........................*H. Vernor Dixon* 34

LIBERTY HOME SECTION

Your New Servants... 40
Showmanship in the Kitchen.......................*Beulah Karney* 46
Stay Home for Beauty.........................*Jean King Marshall* 48
Tile Design Is a Hobby for Amateurs............*Robert Scharff* 50

BOOK CONDENSATION

Sixty Below....................................*Tony Onraet* 81

COVER BY YLLA-RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

Published by Liberty Magazine, Inc. President and Publisher, Osborne B. Bond; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; Circulation Director, A. J. Cutler.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence. Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, February, 1950, Vol. 27, No. 2. Published monthly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Re-entered as second-class matter, September 5, 1947, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Twenty cents a copy. Subscription price $2.25 one year, $4.50 two years, $6.50 three years in the United States and possessions; $2.75 one year, $5.00 two years, $7.00 three years in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $4.00 one year, $6.50 two years, $8.50 three years. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least sixty (60) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1950, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

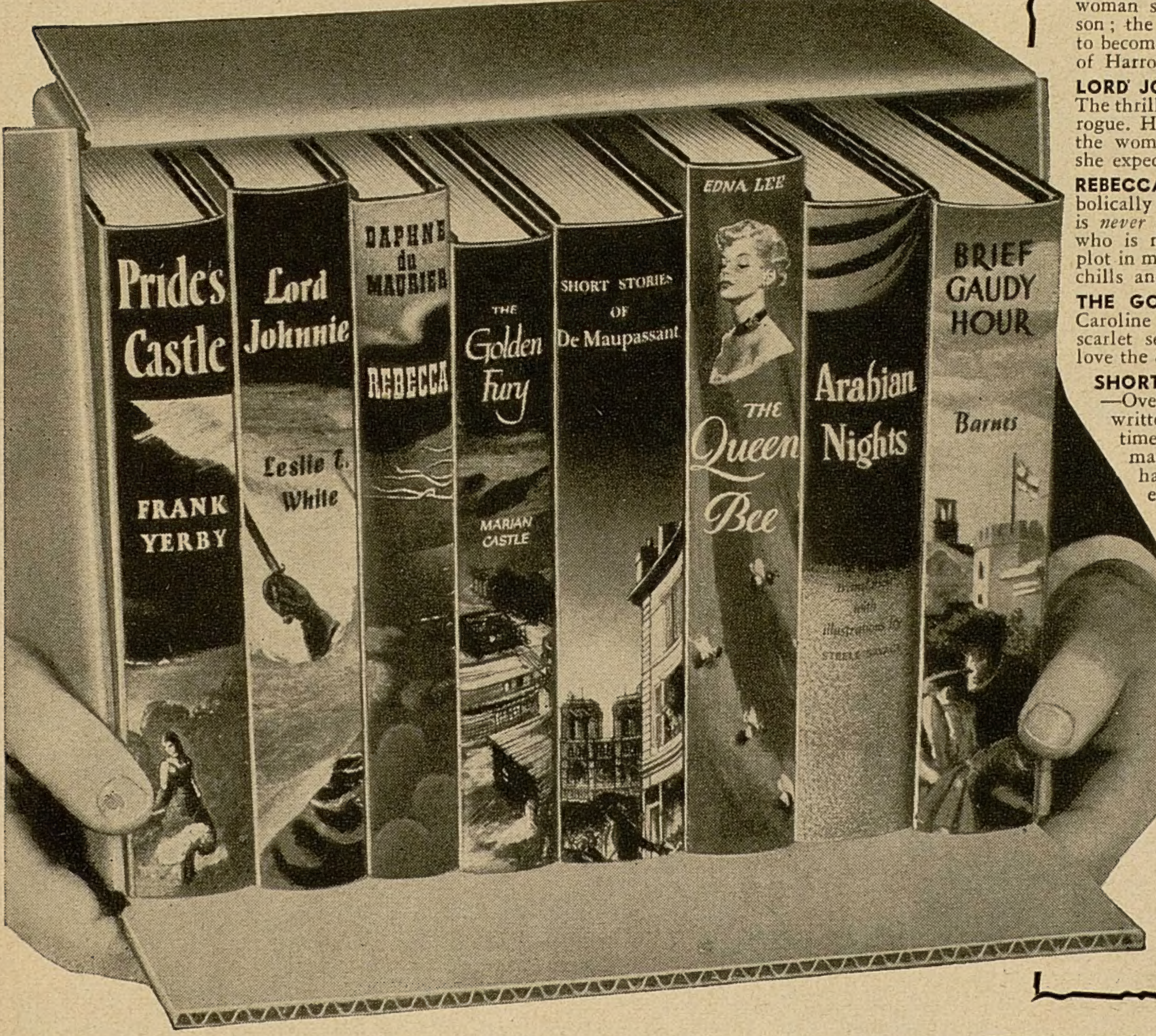
NOT ONE! NOT TWO! NOT FOUR! NOT SIX! *but*

EIGHT FREE!

ON THIS AMAZING OFFER

YES—all 8 of these best-read books are YOURS FREE . . . to *prove* how much you will enjoy the thrilling love stories and the exciting adventure novels which Book League members receive regularly at *trifling* cost.

Ordinarily, you would get your Club Bonus Books at the rate of one *free* with every two Selections (or alternates) purchased. But on this *special offer*, we send you ALL 6 *right away!* AND IN THE SAME PACKAGE you get 2 MORE best-sellers free, as your new membership gift! Read the description of each popular book here. Then mail coupon for your 8 FREE BOOKS *today!*



Thousands Have Paid $18 For These 8 Books— But YOU Get Them FREE

—if you join the Book League Now

PRIDE'S CASTLE, *by Frank Yerby*—One woman sacrificed honor to win Pride Dawson; the *other* only PRETENDED goodness to become his wife. By author of "The Foxes of Harrow" and "The Vixens."

LORD JOHNNIE, *by Leslie Turner White*—The thrilling and passionate story of a dashing rogue. He risked death and torture to possess the woman who married him only because she expected him to die on the gallows!

REBECCA, *by Daphne du Maurier*—The diabolically clever tale of a strange woman who is *never seen*—told by an even stranger girl who is never named! The most astonishing plot in modern fiction—packed with suspense, chills and excitement!

THE GOLDEN FURY, *by Marian Castle*—Caroline Lawlor tried desperately to forget the scarlet secret of her past—yet continued to love the *one man* who made her remember it!

SHORT STORIES OF De MAUPASSANT—Over 50 of the most daring stories ever written, by one of the great authors of all time! Amazing tales of love, intrigue, madness, jealousy, and passion that have often been imitated but never equaled!

THE QUEEN BEE, *by Edna Lee*—Eva Avery's ruthless heart stopped at *nothing* to destroy all who opposed her—from the rich husband she tricked into marriage, to the lonely young niece she pampered, then crushed!

ARABIAN NIGHTS—The fabulous "thousand-and-one" tales of adventure, magic, and exotic romance which have captivated millions of readers for generations. With new and daring illustrations.

BRIEF GAUDY HOUR, *by Margaret Barnes*—What shocking secret drove Anne Boleyn into the arms of Henry VIII—*and changed the course of history?* Here's the throbbing, intimate story of a bewitching girl who arose from nothing to become the Queen of England . . . a gripping historical drama you'll read straight through!

Why "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club" Gives You $18 Worth of Books FREE

BOOK LEAGUE membership is an adventure in exciting reading. You never pay any dues or club fees—and every month you get *your own choice* of fine new novels of romance and adventure . . . best-sellers by authors like John Steinbeck, Ernest Hemingway, Somerset Maugham. And although the book you select may cost $3 or more at retail, YOU pay only the Club's bargain price of $1.49, plus few cents shipping charges. Imagine the great savings your membership will mean to you on the twelve novels you take during the year. Imagine, too, the pleasure you will get from your 8 free books, pictured above!

You Can Get MORE Free Bonus Books, too!

Moreover, there is NO LIMIT to the number of free bonus books which you may receive! If you remain in the Club, you will CONTINUE to get gift books like these, including not only popular best-sellers by *today's* great authors, but also masterpieces by writers like Shakespeare, Dumas, Balzac, Poe, etc. These are handsome volumes which grow into an impressive library which you will be proud to own and display to others.

No Need to Take Every REGULAR Selection

The best-selling book you receive each month need NOT be the Club's *regular* Selection. Each month you get, without extra charge, the Club's "Review," which describes *other* popular best-sellers; if you prefer one of these to the *regular* Selection, choose it instead. There are no membership dues; there is no further cost or obligation.

Send No Money— JUST MAIL COUPON NOW

Mail coupon today—without money—and receive your BIG membership gift package containing the 8 splendid books described on this page . . . worth $18 in the publishers' editions!

You will *also* receive, as your first Selection, the current best-selling novel now being distributed to members. *Then* you will understand why the Book League has been known for years as "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"! Mail coupon—without money—now!

BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA
Dept. LIB2, Garden City, N. Y.

Mail WITHOUT MONEY to
BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA
Dept. LIB2, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me at once—FREE—all eight of the books described on this page (worth $18 in publishers' editions) and enroll me as a member of the Book League. You may start my subscription with the current Selection.

The best-selling book I choose each month may be either the **regular** Selection or any one of the **other** popular books described in the Club's monthly "Review." I am to pay only $1.49 (plus a few cents shipping charges) for each monthly book sent to me.

I may cancel my subscription at any time after buying twelve books, or I may **continue** to take advantage of the Club's book bargains for as much longer as I choose. I will then be entitled to **additional bonus books**—one for each two Selections or alternates I buy. There are no dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

Mr. }
Mrs. } ....
Miss } Please print plainly

Address ....

City ....(Zone No. (if any)).........State..................

Slightly higher in Canada. Address: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2

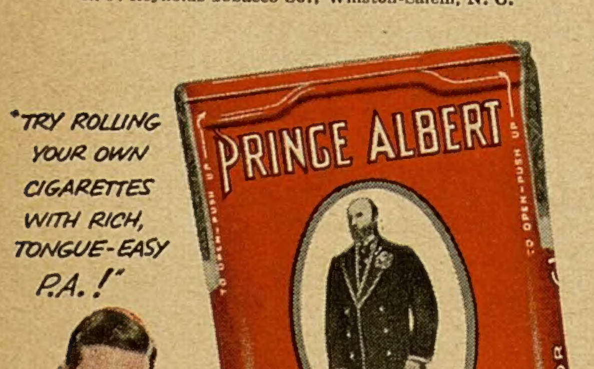
Happy is the word for the man with P.A.*

means Pipe Appeal and Prince Albert

You can tell he has Pipe Appeal by her happy look. And you can tell by *his* happy expression that he has a pipeful of mild, rich-tasting Prince Albert.

Try Prince Albert—it's America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.


*TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN CIGARETTES WITH RICH, TONGUE-EASY P.A.!"
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

The National Joy Smoke

VOX POP

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Ever Happen to You?

CHICAGO, ILL.—A couple of men wrote to Vox Pop (November) about their pet peeves. Well, I want to contribute mine. I don't mind women not looking where they are going and bumping into me, but what gets my angora is, when I go shopping with my wife and hold the door of a store open for her, to have a string of women coming out of the store keep me standing there holding the door for them. Not one of them has ever said, "Thank you" to me yet.—*J. Z. Ryan.*

Cussin' Out Canasta

TIGARD, OREG.—Up to October, 1949 B. C. (Before Canasta), I led a pleasantly sluggish life. Then Liberty printed an article on Canasta by the one and only Albert A. Ostrow. Everything would have been all right if my husband hadn't seen the article. I look back with keen nostalgia to the peaceful evenings when he would come in from milking and stretch out on the davenport and snore away the evening until time to go to bed! Now the lug rushes in, gulps down the dinner I have spent care-taking time to prepare, and while I am still munching on my first forkful, he tells me to hurry up so we can have a game before he goes out to milk!

The first evening we played two games and the cows got milked around eleven thirty. The next evening they got milked before dinner and I got to bed at twelve thirty, and inasmuch as I have to get up at four thirty every morning and I am not so young as I used to be, I felt rather resentful when the trusty alarm sounded. This has gone on night after night, and now I have circles under my eyes and find myself thinking in sets of three or canastas! We have a mixed canasta of kittens and I make Canasta salads by using seven bits of this and that.

Saturday I had a big washing and baking to do, and after lunch I ironed. Along about four o'clock the door opened and there stood the man in my life, all bright-eyed and eager. "Let that go," says he. "We have time for a good game before dinner." We played a game and, being in my usual form, I lost. As soon as he was out of the house I straightened up the room and got ready for my shower. Just got my clothes peeled off when he opened the back door and yelled for me to come help him find the cows. Seems they got out. So I wearily climbed into my cow-hunting uniform and staggered out into the night. Six acres and a dark night—I'll skip the next hour. It is now nine forty-five and I am making a pot of chocolate and bitterly wondering why I had to pick a man who loved farming and had to work in town so we could afford to live on a farm! I hear the door open and his voice saying—yep, you guessed it. If I could just be sure the jury would have twelve Canasta players on it—Oh, well.—*Mrs. R. S. Morris.*

That Cow's Back

NORTH WEARE, N. H.—In reference to Mr. Larkin's letter in October Vox Pop (Will Some Cow Settle This?) and also to H. S. Arthur of Chilton, Wis. (December Vox Pop), I'd like to take issue with Mr. Arthur. He states: "When you milk the cow, you get milk, not cream. Mr. Larkin is correct only in saying that we churn the milk to make butter."

Shades of a Jersey cow! When you milk a cow you get whole milk, which contains cream. You separate the cream from the milk and churn the cream to make butter. Mr. Arthur would have a heck of a time trying to get butter out of milk!—*Mrs. Arthur S. Chase.*

Printed as Written

NÜRNBERG, GERMANY—I know you are astonished to get a letter from an unknown German who some years ago was your enemy. But in spite of this I beg you not to throw my letter into the paper basket.

I am a student of the University of Social and Economic sciences in Nürnberg. Since a long time I have the wish to visit Amerika in order to see how the Americans live in

(*Continued on page 10*)

WHETHER YOU ARE 15 OR 75 . . . READ THIS IMPORTANT MESSAGE

New Sickness and Accident Benefits Include $25.00 Weekly Payment Feature

Costs Only $12 a Year—Down Payment $2.50
Ages 60 to 69 Only $18 a Year—Ages 70 to 75 Only $24 a Year

The older you are, the harder it is to get protection against financial worries that come when accident or sickness strikes. That's why the reliable North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago has isued a special policy for men and women up to 75 years of age. It helps meet sudden doctor and hospital bills—and the cost is only $12 a year for both men and women from 15 to 59 years old . . . only $18 a year from 60 to 69 years . . . from ages 70 to 75 only $24 a year.

No doctor's examination required, merely your own statement as to your present health. If your policy is in effect at age 75, you may even continue it to age 80 at no further increase in premium. ABSOLUTELY NO REDUCTION IN BENEFITS REGARDLESS OF AGE. Protects you 24 hours a day.

This is the popular, sound "SERIES 500" Limited Accident and Sickness Policy which thousands of men and women are carrying, all over the country—it pays these same worry-saving benefits to help tide you over expensive illness or accident emergencies: pays $25 a week for 10 weeks for certain specified accidents and sicknesses; AN ADDITIONAL $25 A WEEK for 4 weeks for accidents requiring hospital confinement; up to $25 cash for doctor bills (at the rate of $3 per visit) even for a minor accident such as a cut finger. In case of accidental death the policy pays $1,000.00 cash to your family.

This new policy also has a double indemnity feature covering travel accidents. You receive $50 a week if disabled by an accident in a bus, taxi cab, train, subway or street car, and $75 a week if the accident requires hospital confinement. The death benefit increases to $2,000.00 if caused by a travel accident.

In addition, the policy covers many sicknesses including pneumonia, cancer, appendicitis operation, ulcer of stomach or intestines, diabetes, etc., paying the weekly benefits whether confined to home or hospital.

Your benefits are never reduced, even though you are also insured in a Group Plan, Blue Cross or other Hospitalization Insurance. So if you are now a member of some worthy hospitalization plan, you still need this additional protection. Only a small percentage of people are confined to a hospital, and even then only for a fraction of the time they are disabled. Most people—over 80%—are confined at home where hospitalization plans do not apply. Or, they are hospitalized for a few days or a week, then spend weeks of convalescence at home before they can go back to work again. The North American Policy pays specified benefits regardless of whether you are confined to your home or to a hospital.

North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago has been in business for more than sixty-three years, and is one of the largest sickness and accident companies with assets of over $17,000,000.00. It has paid out many millions to grateful policy holders when they needed help most. North American is licensed by the Insurance Departments of all 48 States and the District of Columbia.

Whatever your age, whether you are young or old, you need this sensible, necessary protection. Get full details about this new policy by sending for the revealing booklet, "Cash or Sympathy." The booklet is absolutely free. It will be mailed without charge or obligation of any kind. We suggest you get your free copy by mailing the coupon to Premier Policy Division, North American Accident Insurance Co. of Chicago, 830 Broad Street, Dept. 420, Newark 2, New Jersey.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET Premier Policy Division

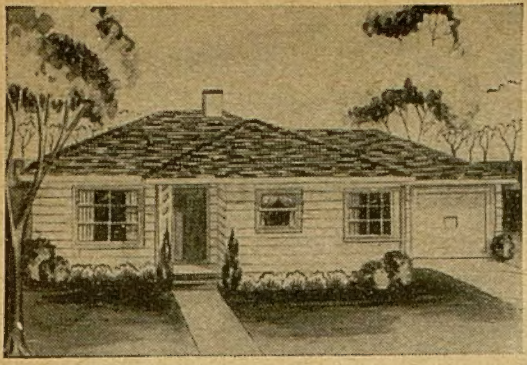
North American Accident Insurance Company
830 Broad St., Dept. 420, Newark 2, New Jersey

Please send me your FREE booklet, "CASH OR SYMPATHY." I understand there is no obligation whatever.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

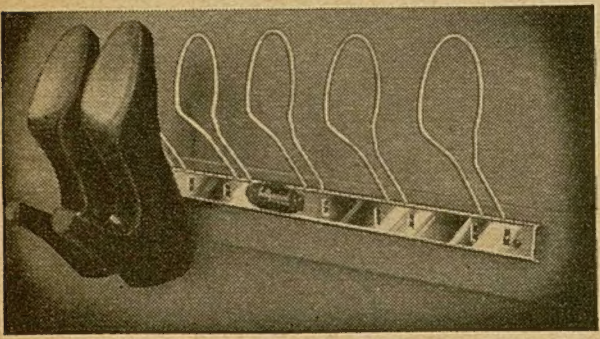
CITY .... ZONE NO. .... STATE ....



$1 BUYS NEW PLANS
FOR BETTER LIVING

Two new plan books—one of frame homes, one of concrete block homes . . . offering the ultimate in functional comfort at a price you can afford. Books include starter and garage homes, three bedroom homes, duplex homes in ranch styles, modern designs, Cape Cods and many others. Complete blueprints available for any home in either book. Books are $1 each. Specify books you desire: Block Masonry . . . Frame Construction.

HOME BUILDING PLAN SERVICE
2454-R, N.E. Sandy, Portland 12, Oregon



New HOLLYWOOD SHOE RACK

Holds 3 or 4 pairs of shoes—any style or size—on sturdy, smooth wire loops. Two lengths, 22½" and 29½". Takes but little space, attaches easily and firmly to door, base or wood strip. An indispensable addition to the wardrobe or closet; to the garage or service porch for golf and garden shoes, rubbers and sneakers. Bright nickle-plate finish. Only $1 each for 22½", $1.25 for 29½" postpaid. No COD's. Money back guarantee.

WACO MFG. CO. 6723 11th Ave., Los Angeles 43
California Dept. LB-1

$2.95
Postage Paid
Polished Aluminum

Pattie Press

Ummmm - - perfect patties just right for the pan. Place meat ball on wax paper, cover with another. Press it. *Order wax sheets, too: $1.00 per 500.* Ideal gift. Send check or money order. Guaranteed.

IDEAL PRODUCTS 179 E. MARION ST. ELKHART, IND.

STAMPS
FOR YOUR COLLECTION

For over 25 years we have supplied collectors with U. S. and Foreign Stamps, Airmail and First Day Covers, and all Accessories. This is the World's most fascinating and interesting Hobby.
We offer an introductory group of 8 all different U. S. First Day *or* First Flight Covers (please specify) for only $1.00. Your money back if not fully satisfactory.

STAMP COLLECTOR'S OUTFIT

Has everything necessary for starting a Stamp Collection. Contains Majestic Album (room for 8500 stamps); Packet of 200 all Different Postage Stamps; Book of Instructions and Stamp Glossary; Stamp Hinges; Magnifying Glass; Perforation Gauge and Rule; Watermark Detector. Packaged in handsome bi-colored box. Wonderful as beginner's outfit. Costs only $2.00 postpaid. Send for our Free Lists.

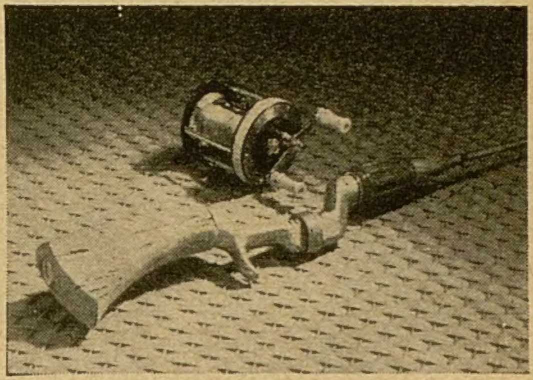
K. M. WALSH Westchr. Ave. Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Liberty shops

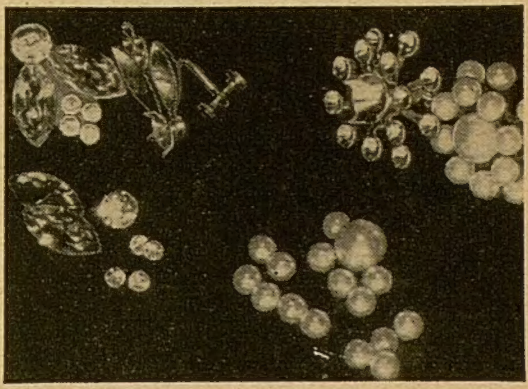
St. Valentine's Day, Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays make February a month for small remembrances. It's an excellent month to check up on household equipment, too. Do your shopping for both by mail

By EILEEN BURKE

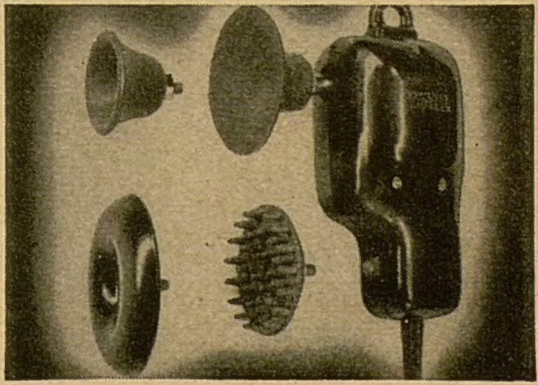
Fisherman's bargain—a balanced rod-and-reel combination. The brand-new rod is an amazing buy, because this model has been discontinued. It's the sturdy Gep actionized steel rod, in 4½-, 5-, or 5½-foot lengths, with pistol grip. Reel is the famous Admiral level wind type with anti-back lash, of the latest design. Klein's Sporting Goods, Dept. L, 227 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.; $9.95 ppd.



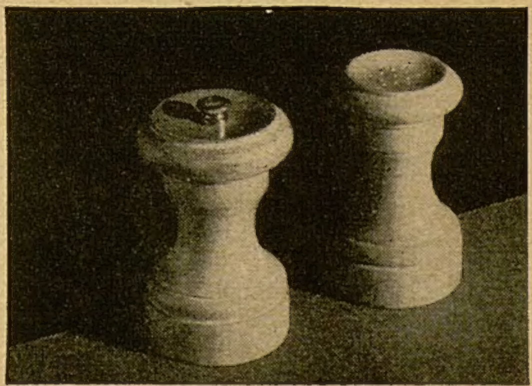
Fashioning your own costume jewelry gives you a feeling of accomplishment, dollar-savings, and fun. These sets contain earring or pin forms and the necessary pearls, or aqua or crystal rhinestones. You provide the household cement. Ask for No. 387. Frederick Herrschner Co., 33 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.; pearl earrings, $1; pin, $1; rhinestone earrings, $1.59; pin, $1.98; ppd.

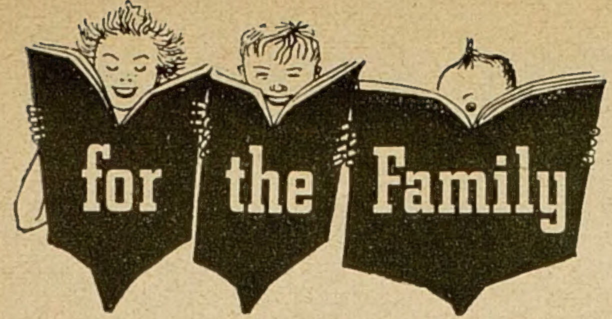


Complete relaxation is the secret of all kinds of success, we're told, and the laziest way to relax (aside from shopping by mail) is with this 5-piece Wahl electric massage kit for home use. Simply plug it into an AC outlet to give aching muscles a stimulating massage, to quiet taut nerves, or to give yourself a scalp massage. Eagle Sales Co., Dept. L-31, 2461 N. Clark St., Chicago 14, Ill.; $6.65 ppd.

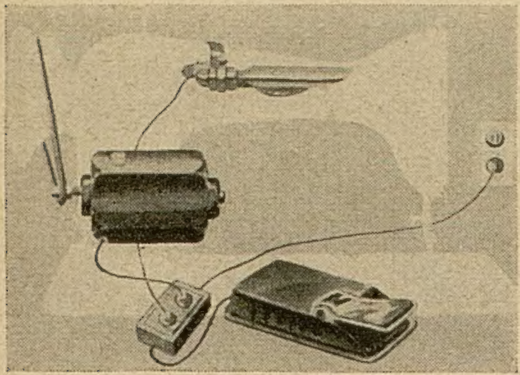


Sweet and substantial thought for a Valentine's Day gift, or a gracious hostess who takes pride in her table appointments. This pepper grinder and salt shaker, made of olive wood, are imported from Italy. The grinder is carefully built with precision mechanism. With each boxed set comes a package of peppercorns to start you off. Gift Finds, 8 W. 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.; $3.95 ppd.

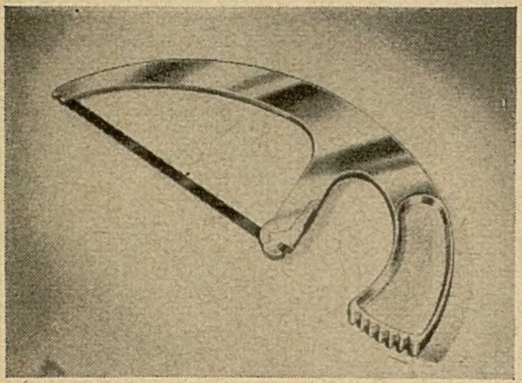




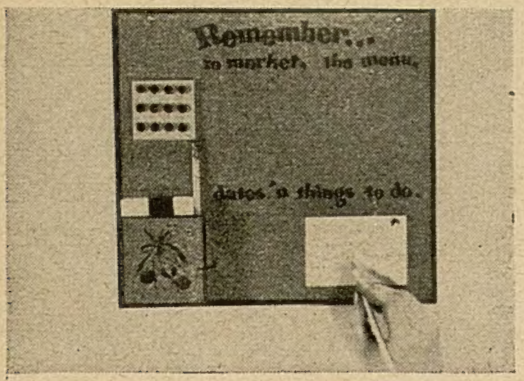
for the Family



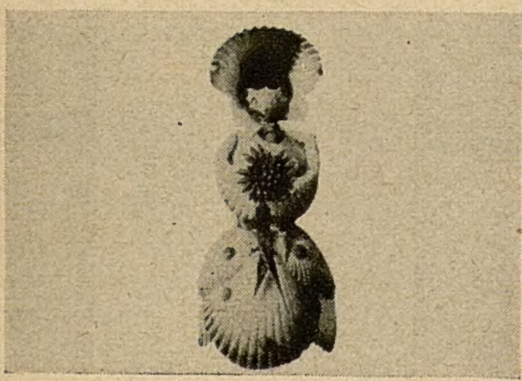
Electrify your treadle-style sewing machine with a Continental kit. Here are all the parts to modernize your machine—AC-DC motor, bracket and pulley, belt, multispeed foot control, light plug and motor block, and cord set. Illustrated instructions are easily and quickly followed. The kit is guaranteed for a year. Continental Sales Co., 83 Graham Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; $11.95; with sewlight, $12.95; ppd.



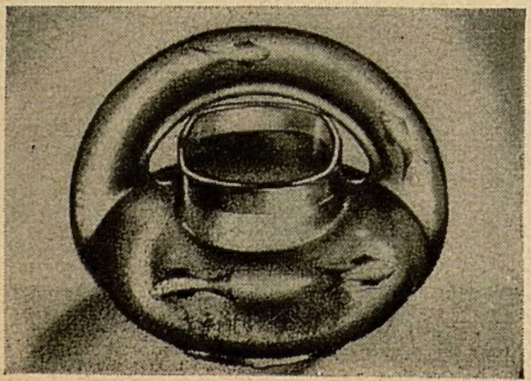
Be a professional in your own kitchen with a Chefsaw. Buy meat economically in quantity, and cleave right through bone to divide into serving portions. Tenderize not-so-choice cuts with the grooved handle. Prepare frozen foods, or dress game and fish—all with this admirable kitchen tool. Art Metal Appliance Co., Dept. LM, 6758 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.; $1; extra blades, 3 for 40¢; ppd.



Jog your memory, and smooth out household routine with a Kitchen Secretary bulletin board. Note menus you've planned, weekend marketing lists, duties for the family errand boy, or jobs for Father during his handyman hours. The 12"-by-13" board has a red-trimmed cork surface, and comes equipped with paper, pencil, and tacks. Greenland Studios, 5700 Wilkins Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.; $2.23 ppd.



Sea shells are the basis of this original and dainty night lamp to glow on your bedside table or in a child's room. The doll is made of selected, matched shells, properly matched and shaped for size, then decorated in red and white. A 7-watt, pear-shaped bulb is concealed in her skirt. Height 6½". Illinois Merchandise Co., Dept. 78, 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.; $1.98 with bulb, plug, and cord; ppd.



Round and round they'll go—your goldfish—in this fascinating version of an aquatic home. Fashioned of crystal-clear plastic, it's light weight and easily handled. Science keeps water up in the handle, to give the fish broader horizons during their daily swim. Only 9" by 10½", but you'll find it holds more than a gallon. Bancroft's, Dept. 700, 2433 S. Indiana Ave., Chicago 16, Ill.; $3.98 ppd.

"RUG MAGIC"
52 colors, designs
Your OLD RUGS CLOTHING... *Save You up to ½*

IT'S ALL SO EASY! Free Catalog tells how to ship your materials at our expense to the Olson Factory, where we sterilize, shred, merge materials of all kinds—reclaim the valuable wool, etc., then bleach, card, spin, dye and weave into lovely, new, deep-textured, *Reversible, Double Luxury Broadloom Rugs.*

OLSON FACTORY TO YOU!

Hundreds of sizes to 16 ft. seamless, any length
Solid Colors Tweed Blends Early American Embossed
18th Century Floral, Leaf Oriental Designs Effects

FREE RUG BOOK in Colors

Satisfaction guaranteed. Over 3 million customers. We do not have agents or sell thru stores. Our 76th Year.
Chicago New York San Francisco
Mail Coupon or 1c postcard

OLSON RUG CO., A-51, Chicago 41
Mail Catalog of Rugs and Model Rooms *Free* to:
NAME..........
ADDRESS.......... © ORC
TOWN.......... STATE..........

Embed Real Flowers In New MAGIC PLASTIC

Now create lovely things like the unusual pansy coaster shown—made by embedding real pansies in Castolite, the "Magic" liquid casting plastic. Comes crystal clear or may be colored. Produce gorgeous effects. Make jewelry, book ends, candle holders, picture frames, figurines. Embed real flowers, butterflies, coins, photos, for novel plaques, paper weights, tiles, other objects. Use only home tools.

• New Book SHOWS HOW

Big, new book explains simple methods to get started. Also gives proved Success Plan for making extra money. Hundreds succeeding. Send 25c today for "A Way to Success."

The Castolite Co., Dept B12 Woodstock, Ill.

BUTTONHOLE MAKER SCISSORS
Only 98¢
Instead of $2.95

FREE! BUTTONHOLE MAKER

Others charge $2.95 and more! Now, for only 98c you get this marvelous, adjustable, precision-cutting BUTTONHOLE MAKER SCISSORS! Adjusts to cut exactly the size buttonhole you want—up to 1⅝"! Will accurately and cleanly cut buttonholes without error or readjustment! No more fumbling, guesswork, ruined garments, wasted labor! Use like ordinary scissors. Steel-forged, beautifully nickel-plated, made by expert craftsmen. FREE! Amazing Buttonhole Maker, fits any sewing machine. Makes buttonholes, sews buttons, zippers, darns stockings, does quilting. Sews any direction, front, back, sideways. SEND NO MONEY! Pay mailman only 98c plus postage. Or send money and we pay postage. Money-back guarantee! Order NOW!

L & M Co., Dept. 115-B, 510 St. Charles St., St. Louis, Mo.

VOX POP

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

(*Continued from page 6*)

reality. Would it not be possible that an American student or somebody else comes over some months to Bavaria to visit me and later on I come over to his country?

My father owns a chemical factory in Bavaria and I could have his car to make little trips with my friend. Therefore I believe I could make his holydays very interessant and show him German people and country.

It would be a great pleasure for me to have an American guest. The cost of his holidays would be borne by me. I am 22 years old and love sports above all.

I think it would be better if we young Germans and Americans are acquainted more personally. I believe also that it would be a great progress in the struggle of peace, if one people knows the other better than it does at present time.

Please excuse my bad English grammar, but whenever my English is bad my will is good!—*Heinz Schreitmüller.*

Liberty is not in the pen-pal business, and takes no responsibility in this case. The letter seems worth printing, in the cause for which our country is working, through the United Nations.—Vox Pop Editor.

Opinions, Please

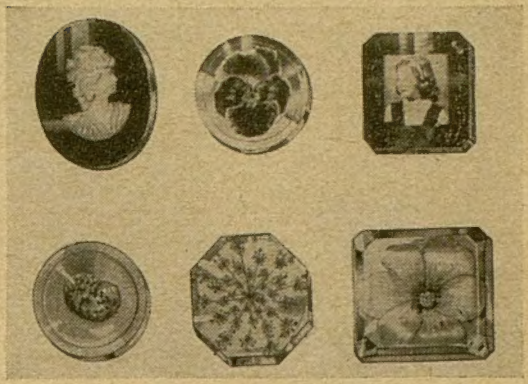
Philadelphia, Pa.—A grammar-school boy in our neighborhood heard his father and mother talking about money and how they could hardly pay the bills and save something too. Without telling them, the boy went and got a job Saturday mornings with a store. Of course the parents had to find it out, and then his father thanked him and said he was glad to have him help and take some responsibility.

But his mother said the child should not give up his free day and that he will get an inferiority complex because none of his friends work. The money he earns is very little.

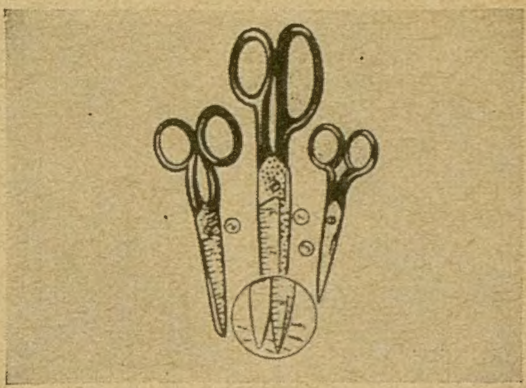
She asked me what I thought, and I did not like to say, because I agree with the father. I would like to know if I am right and I thought some of the other Liberty readers might express their opinion.—*Mrs. S. N. Denham.*

Liberty shops

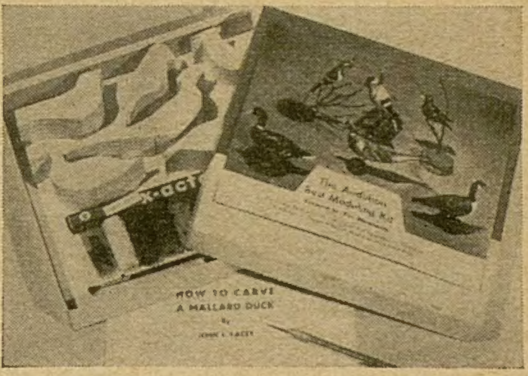
Is it smart buttons you need, or a picture frame, or original coasters? Design and mold them yourself at home with a canned liquid plastic. It pours like syrup, solidifies crystal-clear in the oven. Before it hardens completely, add color, and embed coins, flowers, or photos for novel effects. Kit has all necessary materials and directions. Castolite Co., Dept. L, Woodstock, Ill.; $3.95 ppd.



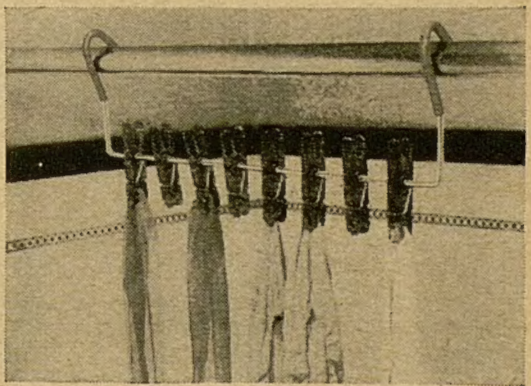
The new look in scissors has given them magnetic tips, to pick up pins and needles, and ruled edges for accurate cutting. Choose 4" embroidery scissors with magnetic tips; 5" double-point scissors for all fabrics, or 7" dressmaking trimmers with bent handle with both improvements. All are nickel-plated steel. L & M Co., Dept. 115-B, 510 St. Charles, St. Louis, Mo.; 79¢ each, or all 3 for $1.98; ppd.



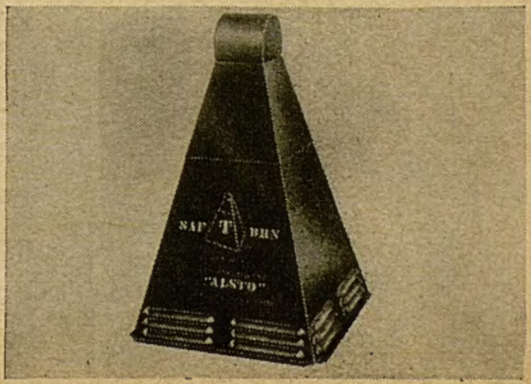
There's a worth-while hobby in this Audubon bird-modeling kit with exact-scale models of a bluejay, goldfinch, Canada goose, pheasant, robin, and mallard. Instructions and materials—sugar-pine blocks, knife, sandpaper, and oil paints—are also included. The four-color picture on the box cover will guide you in the final painting. John Lacey, 539 Hudson St., New York 14, N. Y.; $2.95 ppd.

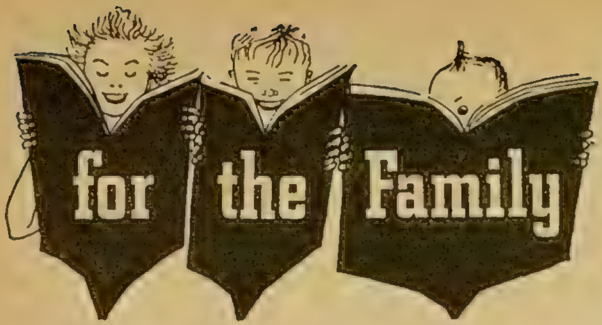


Gift yourself with a Handy Hanger. It's really a portable clothesline, just right to hang in the bathroom with a light, in-between washing, or for your suitcase when traveling. Or save time outdoors on a wintry day by pinning up handkerchiefs and socks in the warm house; then slip the hanger on the line when you do venture out. Red or green plastic. Perks, 226 Murdock Rd., Baltimore 12, Md.; $1.25 ppd.

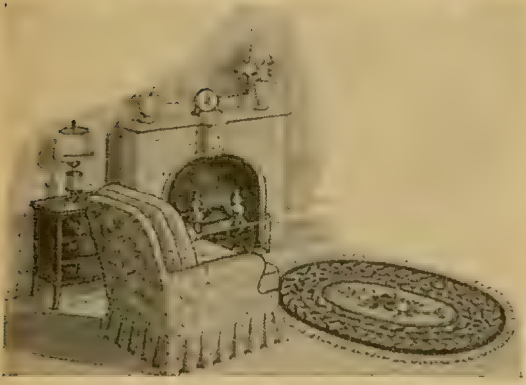


Fire control for your yard in a scientifically designed trash-disposal unit. The Saf-T-Brn consumes all refuse, damp or dry, with no danger from flying sparks and no dirty smoke. Works in any weather. To fill, just lift the hood. Fire-resistant alloy steel; 40" high and 23" square at base; weighted so that it won't blow over. Alsto Co., Engineers Bldg., Cleveland 14, Ohio; $9.95, F. O. B. Cleveland.

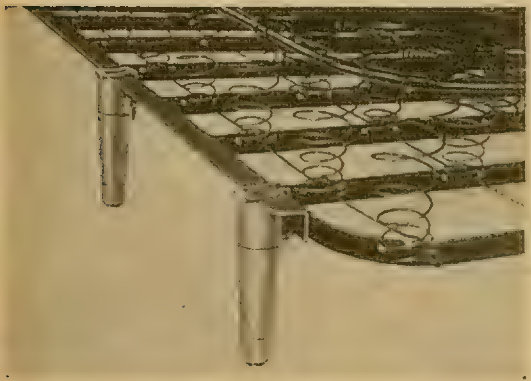




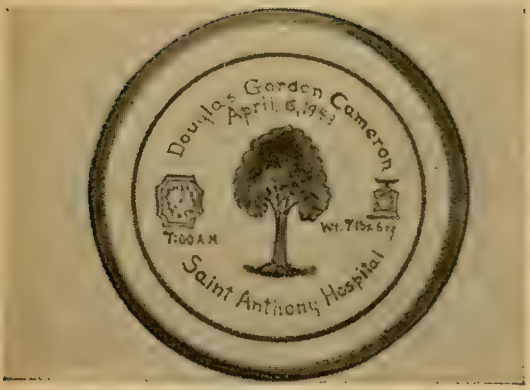
for the Family



New rug from old. Turn in old carpets, even worn ones, that don't fit into your new home; outgrown woolen clothing, especially knitted garments; even cotton sheets and tablecloths, to Olson's. You'll save up to 50 per cent on a new rug, any size or color, made of reprocessed materials. Write for free 40-page book in color, to learn all the details. Olson Rug Co., Dept. A-51, Chicago 41, Ill.



Smart trick for budget decorators hunting short cuts—these Snap-On bed legs which convert almost any type of open bed-spring to a Hollywood bed or studio couch. Hardwood, in natural or walnut finish. Each 7-inch leg locks to the spring frame with a steel clamp; supports any weight the springs will hold. Colson Bros., 6059-F Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.; a set of 6 bed legs, $6.95 ppd.



Mark the arrival of a special baby—perhaps the first grandchild—with this very personal gift, a handsome 9½" white stoneware plate, hand-decorated in blue. All his vital statistics are recorded thereon for the years to come—name, weight, date, time and hospital. Be sure to send complete information, and allow about three weeks for delivery. Agnestrong, 39 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y.; $3 ppd.

Bitter cold ahead—and whether you're outdoors through choice or necessity, you'll want this Jon-E' hand warmer. Chromium-plated, it's shaped to fit snugly in the palm, even under a mitten, or in a pocket. Depending on fuel used, a filling lasts from 24 to 36 hours. Directions for lighting come with the warmer. Comes in soft flannel bag. Hoffritz for Cutlery, 331 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; $3.50 ppd.

Happy Birthday

Party in a package. If that birthday party on your spring schedule gives you the jitters, order this party kit. Assembled for you are 6 paper cups, hats, nut baskets, napkins, and plates, a 54"-by-90" cloth, 6 balloons, 5 invitations, and a donkey game with a prize for the winner. Saves time, money—and forgetting. Fineline Co., 303 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; $2.49; for 8, $2.98; for 12, $3.98; ppd.

ELECTRIFY your SEWING MACHINE only $11.95 complete kit

1 YEAR GUARANTEE!

Now—enjoy workfree electric sewing. Kit comes fully wired, instantly installed. Fits all machines.

- Motor & bracket
- AC-DC 115v 60c
- Pulley & belt
- 7-speed foot control
- Cord set, plug block
- Simple instructions

10 DAY FREE TRIAL AT OUR RISK!

SEND NO MONEY, pay postman plus COD *or* send check, money order and we'll pay postage. State whether wheel on your machine turns *toward* you or *away* from you.

KIT COMPLETE WITH SEWLITE (as illus.) $12.95

CONTINENTAL SALES CO., Dept. L2
83 Graham Avenue Brooklyn 6, N. Y.

Dealer inquiries invited.

HERE'S EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO LEARN THE MATCHLESS ART OF LEATHER CARVING—AT HOME

Now carve your own beautiful bags, belts, billfolds, moccasins, key cases—anything from leather—at one-tenth the cost. We supply everything: patterns, tools, leathers, fittings, instruction books for craftsmen—turn hobby into a business. Send only $1 for big set of patterns and instructions, or SEND ONLY 25c FOR NEW CATALOG #103

BURTONS LTD., Dept. LB
1755½ Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles 26, Calif.

STOVE AND COAL BUCKET SALT & PEPPER SET

Unusual pair in glazed ceramics to thrill collectors & homemakers.

$1 per pair postpaid

Join the SALT & PEPPER CLUB. It's FREE! Write Today! News of unique sets for collectors. Try this exciting hobby.

GREENLAND STUDIOS—Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

SHOE SHINES ARE EASY WITH THE HOME VALET

A Good Gift!

Fits on the wall, elbow high, all the family will like it. Strong aluminum, demountable, with 2 toe plates to fit all shoes. Excellent for whites and two-tones. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

$2.50 *P.P. with Check or M.O. Postage extra for C.O.D.*

CRIMMINS PRODUCTS, Norristown 40, Pa.

BANK ADDS 5c 10c 25c

Fun to save small change. Only bank with drawer like cash register. Automatically pops open at $10. Holds up to $50. Dial indicates exact total of deposits at all times. Handsome, rugged Styron and metal 6¾ x 7. Choose beautiful Lustre Black or Deep Maroon color. Letters and Dial in Gold. Send $3. Receive Bank postpaid.

$3 POSTPAID
Add 25c W. of Rockies
GUARANTEED

RAPAPORT BROS.
1826 S. Washtenaw Dept. LF, Chicago 8

NEW LOWER PRICES ON CROSLEY CARS!

Reductions up to $105. And the 1950 Crosley cars have hundreds of improvements, many exclusive features such as Hydradisc (airplane type hydraulic) Brakes and Crosley engine with rugged cast iron block and 8 to 1 compression ratio. Save with a new Crosley—costs less to buy, less to drive—up to 50 miles on a gallon of regular gasoline.

STATION WAGON
Price reduced $105. Seats 4, or 2 with ¼ ton load. All steel.

SEDAN DELUXE
Price reduced $101. Speedline styling. Rich fabric upholstery. Seats 4, plus luggage.

CONVERTIBLE
Price reduced $101. 4 passenger. Easy-to-handle top. Big luggage space.

HOTSHOT
Price reduced $51. A new thrill in motoring. America's own sports car. 2 passenger.

Crosley Trucks, both Panel Delivery and Pick-up have also been reduced—$83 on each model! Dealers and driver agents wanted!

CROSLEY
a FINE car
You see them everywhere!

✻ IT'S FREE! IT'S NEW! the 1950 CROSLEY CATALOG. Write Crosley Motors, Inc., 2530-VL, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati 14, O.

Sell Everyday Cards

MAKE MONEY . . . and Have FUN, Too!

Show these adorable Greeting Cards. Friends will be delighted with smart Birthday, Get-Well, Plastics, Metallics, Secret Pal, Eastern Star, Scripture Text and Catholic Everyday, Easter and Relative assortments. They'll buy $1 box of 14 folders in a jiffy. You keep up to 50c PROFIT. BONUS EXTRA. Also Gift Wraps, Gift Items, Kiddy "Pop-Up" Books. Scented Stationery. Write for Samples on Approval.

MIDWEST CARD CO., Dept. 43-V
415 N. 8th • ST. LOUIS 1, MO.

FINANCING
PROFITS
POLICIES
TAXES
COSTS
AUDITS

Become an
ACCOUNTANT—
Expert Bookkeeper—C. P. A.

The demand for skilled accountants—*men who really know their business*—is increasing. National and state legislation is requiring of business much more in the way of Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Organization, Management, Finance. Men who prove their qualifications in this important field are promoted to responsible executive positions.

Free Book—"Accountancy, the Profession that Pays"

Knowledge of bookkeeping unnecessary. We train you from ground up, or according to your individual needs. Low cost: easy terms.

Send name and address on the lines below for *free* 48-page book describing the LaSalle accountancy training and the opportunities in this highly profitable field.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
417 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 231-H, Chicago 5, Ill.

Name..
Address..
City..........................*Zone*....*State*.......

Liberty COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 They made a clean-up
10 A Happy (?) New Year
14 It's out of this world
15 Expensive hunk of glass
17 S'ti in drawkcab
18 Eve's sweetie-pie
20 Hold-up on the highway
21 Where to stay during the fox-hunting season
22 Krime kastigator
24 The vitamin-laden, citrus-scented Los Angeles air
26 What rompers do
28 Person who looks as if he smelled something bad
30 Cause of the world's splitting headache
32 Heard of the B-36? This is 36-Bs
34 Jerk of an umpire
36 May all yours be little
38 Oodles 'n' oodles
39 Equine economist (two words)
43 Pacific pigeon
44 Informal the
45 Military hardware exhibit
46 It's Cupid, stupid!
48 Cockney 'ead 'older
49 When one's in the air, one should be in you
51 Well-known marine rag
53 Grab him by these, girls, and he'll never get away!
55 Rich man's rheumatism
57 Theatrical football
59 Time knights were bold
60 Beginner's *notes* for a Shananagram
62 It clears your throat
64 A new dress for a fat lady
67 Nip, K-9 fashion
69 First thing a fat woman looks for in an apartment
71 Famous female ham
72 A bore's favorite word
74 World's most phoney connection
76 Sea-going glamarine
78 O let her be a girl! (abbr.)
79 First he pays the bartender, then the piper
82 It comes natural to any bone shaker
84 The deep-down pokey
85 Bike with athlete's phutt!

VERTICAL

1 What Mrs. Astor does with arm bared to the shoulder and little finger extended
2 Device for getting the two-day week and five-day weekend
3 Pop (abbr.)
4 British babble-water
5 Men who didn't offer grammaw a seat
6 "I llove ewe!" cried this lload llugger of Llima
7 Shrunken teakettle
8 What Eskimos are during August in Miami
9 What women do to flatten their arches and husbands' wallets
10 They come with every marriage (two words)
11 May you live this long—
12 —still better, this long!
13 They hang around apartments looking positively hideous (fem.)
16 Answers to an M.D. prayer
19 You'd lose your bearings were it not for these old smoothies (two words)
23 What you are after payday
25 Many a Jap was one after this battle
27 Old New England mental institution
29 Plant in need of a haircut
31 One man's this was another man's Persian (old saying)
33 Gee and whoa area
35 Many highballs're dispatched from them
37 Doity sompn in Brooklyn
39 What most business men will have after Jan. 1, '50
40 Tearful turnip
41 Yakata machine
42 Place where a motorist can run into an old friend
47 Ankle diaper
50 What the angel face he loved to stroke became after marriage
52 Makes moosical sounds
54 Big soulful things with which she takes in you, the size of your bank account, etc.
56 What the 75c loin wasn't
58 Christmas liabilities
61 The cow's end
63 His mouth's wide open
65 Something new in books
66 It makes for home ties
68 What rocked the cradle
70 Infant dust
73 Dunk
75 Them Bums' ex-boss
77 King of Spain
80 Six
81 Rooty Toot (abbr.)
83 Cross the British hero bore (abbr.)

H	E	A	R	I	N	G	A	I	D	■	S	M	O	G
A	C	R	E	■	E	A	N	E	R	■	H	U	L	A
S	H	A	M	■	E	V	E	R	Y	■	E	N	I	D
H	O	N	E	Y	D	E	W	■	D	Y	E	I	N	G
■	■	■	D	A	L	L	■	G	O	A	T	■	■	E
S	A	T	I	R	E	■	B	A	C	K	S	E	A	T
T	R	I	E	D	■	W	E	E	K	S	■	L	I	E
R	O	T	S	■	P	O	L	L	S	■	C	A	R	E
I	M	A	■	T	E	R	L	S	■	W	A	T	E	R
C	A	N	A	S	T	R	A	■	C	A	R	E	S	S
T	■	■	M	A	R	Y	■	M	I	N	D	■	■	■
N	O	M	U	R	A	■	S	U	N	D	I	A	L	S
E	R	O	S	■	R	I	N	S	E	■	N	I	L	E
S	A	L	E	■	C	L	A	I	M	■	A	D	I	T
S	L	E	D	■	H	O	G	C	A	L	L	E	R	S

January Answer

1	2	3	4	5	6		7	8	9	■	10	11	12	13
14						■	15			16				
17		■	18			19	■	20				■	21	
22		23	■	24			25	■	26			27	■	
28			29	■	30			31	■	32			33	
■	■	34		35	■	36			37	■	38			
39	40				41					42	■	43		
44		■	45				■	46			47	■	48	
49		50	■	51			52	■	53			54		
55			56	■	57			58	■	59			■	■
60				61	■	62			63	■	64		65	66
	■	67			68	■	69			70	■	71		
72	73	■	74			75	■	76			77	■	78	
79		80					81	■	82			83		
84				■	85									

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

ENJOY WONDERFUL ENTERTAINMENT AND SAVE MONEY AT THE SAME TIME!

Treat Yourself, your Family and Friends . . . **NOW** . . . to

LIBERTY FOR A YEAR . . . ONLY $2.25 . . .THE BEST READING

Wonderful reading days in your future with Liberty's Gift Subscription rate—$2.25 for a year-full of informative and timely articles, good fiction by America's best-known writers, and other features to keep you home and happy.

Send Now So That in the March Issue You Will Read:

- **Hijackers at Your Dinner Table** by Myron Sterns. *You* are paying for the Hijackers racket. Clothing and food trucks are being held up more than ever. Read how this racket operates, why it is rampant, and its costs to you.
- **Asthma Sufferers Breathe Again** by Margaret L. Smith. Who says asthma can't be cured? What the Gay Asthma Clinic is doing for sufferers.
- **Brooklyn's Gift to the Orange Groves**—How one enterprising young man parlayed a ten-dollar bill into an international fruit-and-jam business. An inspiring success story with some good advice as to how you might become a millionaire.
- **FASHION DEBUT IN LIBERTY MAGAZINE**—Cottons for *all* occasions, featuring Spring styles. Everyday, afternoon and evening—washable cottons at budget prices.

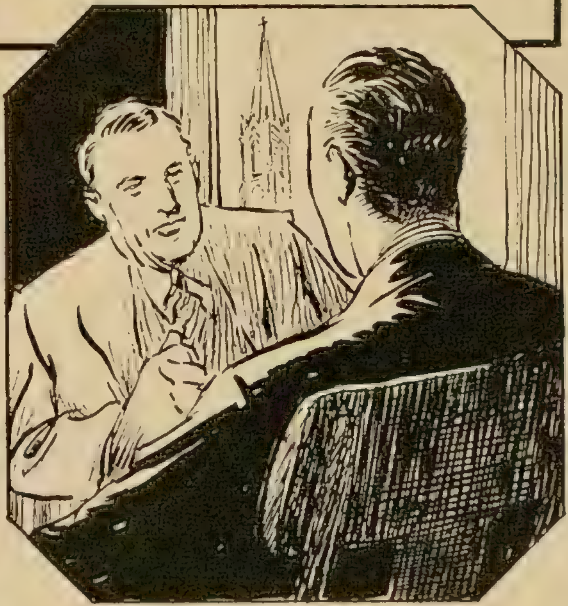
Plus—the famous Vox-Pop, Liberty Home Section, intimate movie reviews by Elizabeth Wilson, famous Liberty cartoons, and a Book Condensation.

The coupon below needs only your name and address and the names and addresses of friends to receive Liberty from you. . . . Enclose check or money order and Liberty will be on its way to you quickly.

Name ____________________
Street No. ____________________
City ____________________
State ____________________

Name ____________________
Street No. ____________________
City ____________________
State ____________________

"Yes...I Condemned THE CATHOLIC CHURCH"



"And you would, too," wrote a non-Catholic recently, "if all the things I heard about it were true.

"For years, I kept hearing that the Catholic Church was opposed to the Bible and tried to suppress it. I was told that the Church had changed Christ's teaching and practiced pompous pagan forms of worship. It was told to me that Catholics worship statues and images, and that the Catholic Church defied God's law and changed the Sabbath.

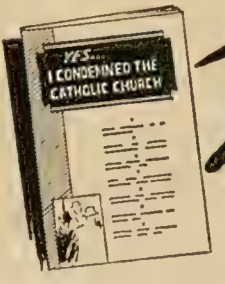
"But now I have learned that these stories and many others about the Catholic Church are not true—and never were."

Every day, thousands of our non-Catholic friends and neighbors are discovering, as this man did . . . that Catholic belief, worship and history are widely misrepresented and misunderstood.

That is why we publish these advertisements . . . and invite you to write for free explanatory pamphlets. We want you to know us as we are — not as false rumors and slanders represent us to be. We want you to know . . . if only for your own information . . . what the Catholic Church actually teaches, and what we Catholics actually believe.

This enables you to get authentic information about the Catholic Church—to investigate in the privacy of your own home. Then . . . even though you may not agree with Catholic beliefs and practices . . . you will at least understand them. Only then will you be able fairly and in good conscience to judge our Faith and what it is founded upon.

But more than truth and fairness are involved. For if it is true . . . as we claim it is . . . that the Catholic Church is the Church established by Christ, it is vital to your salvation that you investigate the genuineness of this claim. That is why we publish these messages. That is why we are happy to send you . . . without cost or obligation . . . authentic information about the Catholic religion on which to form your judgment.


YES...
I CONDEMNED THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Free

An interesting pamphlet to read in the privacy of your home. It explains Catholic teaching on such matters as divorce — mixed marriages — gambling and drinking—why Catholics do not attend non-Catholic worship — and answers many of the false rumors you have heard about the Catholic Church. No cost — no obligation. Write today — ask for Pamphlet No. L-15.

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 LINDELL BLVD. ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI

JUST BEFORE DEADLINE

(*Continued from page 4*)

back! The first U. S. college course in bridge is an Ostrow invention, and even the Brooklyn Dodgers use his popular Bridge Primer.

◆ Did you know that the causes of 90 per cent of all heart disease are still unknown? And that about one out of every three deaths in the United States is caused by diseases of the heart? Here's your opportunity to do something about it. Six million dollars is needed by the American Heart Association to carry on its services. The week of Valentine's Day will be American Heart Week for 1950 and the campaign will be right in your town. Why not give a donation for your valentine instead of sending a card?

AMERICAN give HEART WEEK
FEBRUARY 13-20

◆ Maybe life does begin at 40, but not for the Boy Scouts of America. This month they observe their fortieth anniversary and no one can say they are just getting started. Members numbering 2,300,000 will "Crusade to Strengthen the Arm of Liberty" in celebration of their four-decade year, and we hope they'll be carrying on their worthwhile projects for a long time to come.

◆ February 19 to 26 is Brotherhood Week. This year marks the beginning of a brand-new decade, and we have a chance to make the 1950s the brightest spot in our century. Grasping the meaning and importance of interreligious and interracial co-operation is the best possible start. The National Conference of Christians and Jews is sponsoring this campaign. All they ask is your open mind.

◆ Liberty's March issue will have some important news for asthmatics. It will be covered in an article titled ASTHMA SUFFERERS BREATHE AGAIN. Childless couples, especially fathers, won't want to miss ADOPTION IS A TWO-WAY STREET. If you're a basketball fan—and who isn't?—you'll want to know what's with the professional cagers. We will have an up-to-the-minute report on the sport as played by the pros. In the fiction department we have a darb in GRANDMA WINS THE JACKPOT. The book condensation will be SPENDING FOR HAPPINESS.

—J. B. D.

VOL. 27, NO. 2. ★★★★★ Liberty ★★★★★ FEBRUARY 1950

Is There Equal Justice for All?

According to many of our top leaders, the answer is an emphatic NO!

But there can be equal justice for all in our courts. Here's how

By JOE P. FAULKNER

READING TIME 20 MINUTES As the shameful parade of "justice" marches on in countries behind the Iron Curtain, snaring religious, political, and other victims, the average American complacently regards himself comfortably distant from courtroom injustices.

But—is he?

Assuredly under our Constitution and Bill of Rights there can be no deliberate persecutions. No mock trials. No government-sponsored perjury to condemn the accused.

Equal justice for all, regardless of the sound of a man's name or the size of his pocketbook, we proclaim. But do all persons actually receive the same type justice in our courts?

According to many of our unchallenged leaders,

Liberty asked outstanding American leaders, "Do you believe all persons receive equal justice in our courts?" These are the answers:

JAMES A. FARLEY, former Postmaster General; now chairman of the Board of Coca-Cola Export Corp., Inc.:

"Equal justice is everyone's indisputable right in American courts. However, sometimes defendants are subjected to hardship because of circumstances, including inadequate funds to finance a thorough investigation and proper preparation and presentation of their cases."

JAMES M. LANDIS, former chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Securities and Exchange Commission; for nine years dean of the Harvard Law School; now a Park Avenue attorney:

"Unfortunately, too many persons do not have the means to provide counsel of the quality necessary to protect them against unjust and erroneous accusations. To this extent, money talks even in the field of justice, be our judges as honest as man can make them. The institution of Public Defender is very essential."

REPRESENTATIVE HAROLD H. VELDE (D.-Ill.), former judge and F.B.I. agent and veteran investigator:

"Our judiciary system is woefully inadequate in protecting legal rights of indigent criminal defendants. Our courts should be very vigilant and prepared to safeguard the innocent from conviction, and to protect all from any form of injustice. Equality is this nation's foundation."

MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM J. "WILD BILL" DONOVAN, World War I commander of the "Fighting 69th"; World War II commander of the Office of Strategic Services; former federal prosecutor; now a Wall Street attorney:

"Persons of reduced means frequently find themselves at great disadvantage when charged with crime. It is extremely important to our democratic form of government that we do everything to insure equal justice for all in our courts."

EDWIN J. LUKAS, executive secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Crime; criminologist, writer, and lecturer at Columbia University, New York University, and the College of the City of New York:

"Needless disparities in social and economic status, plus gross imperfections in our system of justice, conspire to produce much unevenness in results obtained in civil and criminal courts. Public Defenders go a long way toward closing those gaps and overcoming these differences."

WHITNEY NORTH SEYMOUR, attorney and president of the Legal Aid Society:

"Equal justice for the rich and the poor is an essential part of our system. Obviously, those who cannot afford counsel must have counsel provided, either by the Legal Aid Society, which does such splendid work in many communities, through some form of Public Defender, or in some other way."

Is There Equal Justice for All?

Continued

including the late President Roosevelt, New York's Governor Dewey, and others, the answer is an emphatic NO.

Tragic but true, an estimated 10 per cent of all those arrested and accused of crime in this country are innocent of the charges against them. An estimated 80 per cent of the total are unable to hire private defense counsel.

What is the possible fate of an accused person, innocent and without money to pay for an adequate defense—a person who might be you, your husband or wife, your son or daughter, sister or brother?

Joseph Majczek spent 12 years of a life sentence in an Illinois prison for a murder actually committed by someone else. His mother turned charwoman in a Chicago skyscraper, saved her dimes, mortgaged her home. Eventually, offering $5,000 reward for evidence to prove her son's innocence, she succeeded in obtaining her boy's exoneration.

Illinois gave Majczek $24,000 for the mistake.

Perhaps you saw the motion picture, Call Northside 777, based on this case.

In New York, Bertram Campbell, Wall Street securities salesman, highly respected, was convicted of forgery, which he denied. After serving three years and four months of a five- to ten-year sentence, he was freed on parole. Another man later confessed the crime, exonerating Campbell.

New York State awarded the wrongfully convicted man $115,000, granted him a full pardon, and issued personal and public apologies for the injustice. Campbell died shortly afterward, crushed in spirit and in heart.

Former U. S. Attorney General Homer Cummings, long an advocate of the Public Defender system, recommended that Congress adopt it throughout the federal courts. Only two days before his retirement he told Congress: "One of the many troublesome problems in connection with criminal prosecutions is to make certain that an indigent defendant is properly represented . . . the government should be as anxious to shield the innocent as it is to punish the guilty."

Roosevelt, while New York's Governor, asked a committee formed to study judicial reforms to consider creation of Public Defender offices. "I am convinced," he stated, "that a man charged with crime may suffer from lack of funds."

Thomas E. Dewey required only a short time in office as New York County District Attorney to become appalled at the great number of persons brought into court suffering from inability to hire defense counsel. "This is a crucial point at which our system breaks down, and needs urgent attention," he observed. The Sixth Amendment to our Constitution states, in part: "In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right . . . to have the assistance of counsel for his defense." Note the guaranty is for the right *to have—there is no stipulation that he* must have *legal representation. As poverty and ignorance commonly chaperon each other, many impoverished persons, guilty or innocent, do not know that they can demand and usually receive free counsel. Hence, many indigent defendants stand trial without legal guidance.*

Parallel cases are more frequent than you think.

In Alabama, four men, protesting their innocence, were sent to prison for life, convicted of murder. Eleven years later two other men confessed the slaying. Pardons were drawn up. But only one of the four unjustly imprisoned men benefited. He was released with an award of $750 and the usual expression of regret.

The other three innocent men? One was killed in prison by a falling rock. Another died of tuberculosis in prison. The third died before the pardon reached him.

Paul V. McNutt, while Governor of Indiana, pardoned Mrs. Louise Botts, after she had languished a year in one of that state's prisons for a forgery another woman finally admitted. Indiana awarded the unjustly convicted woman $4,000.

Justice?

Gus Colon Langley, convicted of murder, was sentenced to death in North Carolina's electric chair. Three times his head was shaved, the electrodes tested. Last-minute reprieves saved him each time, once only 25 minutes before he was scheduled to start his walk to the execution chamber. He was pardoned after more than two years in the death house. It was established he was not even in the same city at the time of the slaying of which he had been convicted.

Unfortunate persons fall victims of injustice often enough for some states to have in constant operation "indemnity laws," which provide balm for those who receive "bum raps." Other states have laws under which a person may possibly collect "innocent pay." Still other states permit such matters to be taken before the Court of Claims, where pleas are heard from those who wish to sue the state because of unjust convictions.

Where these provisions are not in effect, state legislatures sometimes appropriate sums to pay off innocent persons wrongfully sent to prison.

A progressive stride toward preventing many courtroom injustices, in the opinion of many foremost jurists, including the Conference of Senior Circuit Judges, is the establishment of Public Defenders' offices.

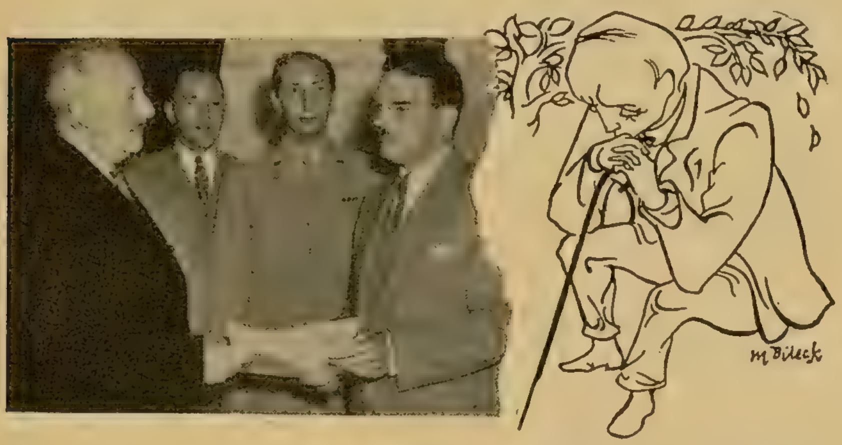
At least 24 such offices now exist throughout the country. Their services tend to eliminate what the late President Roosevelt referred to as "the growing impression that there are two kinds of justice in this country, one for the rich and the other for the poor."

Without charge to the impecunious defendants they represent, Public Defenders make it possible for them to go into court on the same level with more fortunate neighbors. They make no effort to free the guilty. They simply assure the indigent of thorough investigations, adequate trial preparations, and proper presentations of their cases.

Public Defenders are the legal crutches for the financially crippled to grasp while trying to stand up before an onslaught of accusations, sometimes false, which could, and frequently do, result in loss of liberty or life, ruin, disgrace.

Former U. S. Attorney General Homer Cummings, long an advocate of the Public Defender system, recommended that Congress adopt it throughout the federal courts. Only two days before his retirement he told Congress:

Joseph Majczek spent 12 years of a life sentence in an Illinois prison for a murder actually committed by someone else. His mother, shown with him above, turned charwoman in a Chicago skyscraper, saved her dimes, mortgaged her home. Eventually, offering $5,000 reward for evidence to prove her son's innocence, she succeeded in obtaining her boy's exoneration. Illinois gave Majczek $24,000 for the mistake. Perhaps you saw the motion picture, Call Northside 777, based on this case.



In New York, Bertram Campbell, Wall Street securities salesman highly respected, was convicted of forgery, which he denied. After serving three years and four months of a five- to ten-year sentence, he was freed on parole. Another man later confessed the crime, exonerating Campbell. New York State awarded the wrongfully convicted man $115,000, granted him a full pardon, and issued personal and public apologies for the injustice. Campbell died shortly afterward, crushed in spirit and in heart. He is shown above receiving a full executive pardon from Governor Thomas E. Dewey.

Gus Colon Langley, shown here with his sister, was convicted of murder and sentenced to death in North Carolina's electric chair. Three times his head was shaved, the electrodes tested. Last-minute reprieves saved him each time, once only 25 minutes before he was scheduled to start his walk to the execution chamber. He was pardoned after more than two years in the death house. It was established he was not even in the same city at the time of the slaying of which he had been convicted.

"One of the many troublesome problems in connection with criminal prosecutions is to make certain that an indigent defendant is properly represented . . . the government should be as anxious to shield the innocent as it is to punish the guilty."

Roosevelt, while New York's governor, asked a committee formed to study judicial reforms to consider creation of Public Defender offices.

"I am convinced," he stated, "that a man charged with crime may suffer from lack of funds."

Meyer C. Goldstein, prominent attorney who spent a lifetime working to expand the Public Defender system, said, "Any discrimination under the law between the rich and the poor is opposed to every concept of justice."

United States Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black commented: "A practice cannot be reconciled with common ideas of fairness which subjects men to increased dangers of conviction merely because of poverty."

Thomas E. Dewey required only a short time in office as New York County District Attorney to become appalled at the great number of persons brought into court suffering from inability to hire defense counsel.

"This is a crucial point at which our system breaks down, and needs urgent attention," he observed.

The Sixth Amendment to our Constitution states, in part: "In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right . . . to have the assistance of counsel for his defense."

Note the guaranty is for the *right to have*—there is no stipulation that he *must have* legal representation.

As poverty and ignorance commonly chaperon each other, many impoverished persons, guilty or innocent, do not know that they can demand and usually receive free counsel. Hence, many indigent defendants stand trial wholly without legal guidance.

Former New York State Supreme Court Justice J. Edward Lumbard, "speaking in the strongest possible terms in favor of Public Defenders," cites a typical case of an unjustly accused person, financially helpless to prove his innocence:

"A young veteran is arrested, charged with burglary. Without money for bail, he is lodged in jail. In court he states his inability to hire a lawyer. The judge scans the courtroom for an attorney to assign to his free defense. His eyes light on a young lawyer recently admitted to the bar, eager for experience.

"The fledgling attorney confers hastily with his nonpaying client in a corner of the courtroom. The young veteran denies breaking into the victimized store, although he admits living near it and passing it on the night of the crime.

"He mentions persons who were with him and places where he was at the time of the burglary. His story sounds highly authentic. The case is probably one of mistaken identity. But to prove his story satisfactorily in court he must finance an investigation to support his claims. He has no money.

"The District Attorney informs the unpaid attorney that *he* has a witness, but is willing to permit the defendant to plead guilty to *attempted* burglary, a lesser offense. In such event, he says, he will recommend a shorter sentence.

"Feeling he has no choice, the young veteran follows the advice of his inexperienced counsel. He is sentenced to prison.

"Should he subsequently become involved in crime, justly or unjustly, the odds will be arrayed against him. He will be an

(*Continued on page 67*)

More Fun With Canasta

By ***ALBERT A. OSTROW***

Consultant for the Association of American Playing Card Manufacturers

◆ A charming story has it that Canasta, the current glamor game of the nation, was originally cooked up by some Uruguayan ladies to keep their husbands from straying off by themselves to play poker. Since they couldn't get the men to join them in bridge or rummy sessions, the women worked out a game with the partnership appeal of bridge, the excitement of poker, and the simple elements of rummy.

Their brain child has taken on the proportions and character of wildfire. Practically everyone who owns two decks of cards is having a try at this double-deck rummy game in which four jokers are used and all deuces are wild. Since it is played with a pack of 108 cards, including what amounts to 12 jokers, Canasta is not particularly amenable to hard-and-fast rules of strategy or tactics. It is primarily a fun game. Teen-agers of average intelligence have been known to beat the spots off deep-thinking adult "experts."

But you can increase your enjoyment of Canasta if you know more about its unique features and possibilities. For instance, too many Canasta neophytes confuse its objectives with those in such other rummy games as gin, where the main idea is to knock or meld out in a hurry.

In Canasta the big thing is to build up canastas for your side. A canasta, you remember, is a meld (set) of seven cards of the same rank. Canastas may be built on a starting meld of three cards to which you add similar cards as you go along, or they may be melded as a complete group of seven cards. A natural canasta—one built without wild cards—carries a bonus of 500 points. A mixed canasta—which may not contain more than three wild cards—rates a bonus of 300.

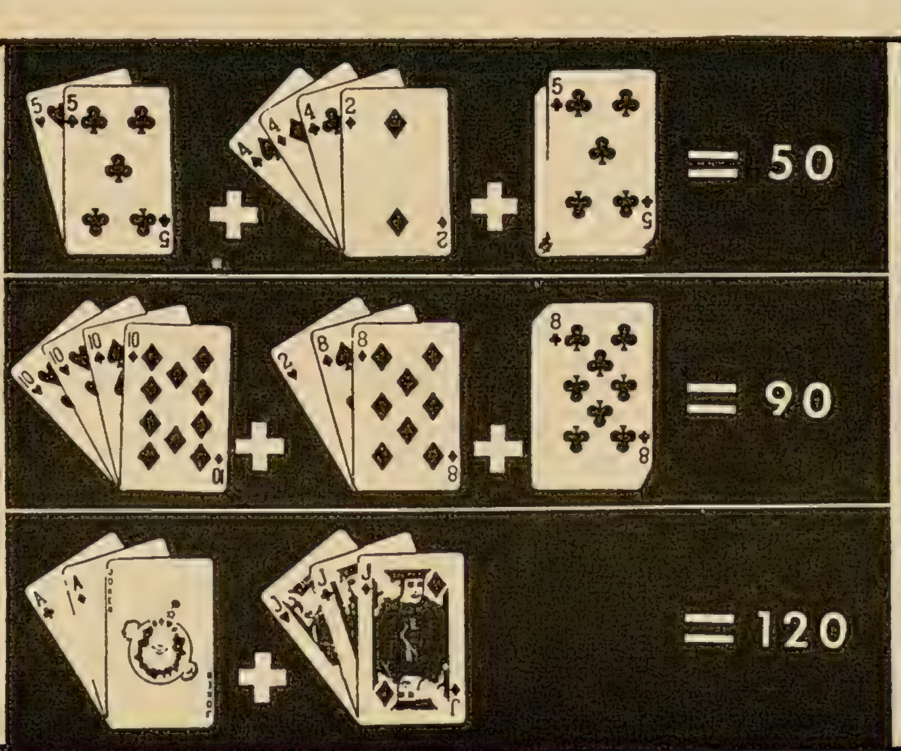
Considering that going out (melding all your cards—or all except one, which you may discard) is worth only 100 points, you can see that making canastas is much more profitable. Unless your opponents are garnering points in big bunches, your play is to keep the hand going and build canastas. Lay down as many melds as possible. They will give you bases to which your partner and you can add cards toward canastas. When adding to melds, remember you may lay off only on melds of your partnership; never on those belonging to opponents.

To build lots of canastas you need lots of cards. You were dealt only 11 cards originally. So you should bear in mind that the bulk of your building material must come from the up-pile, or pot, to which the players in the game have been making face-up discards. In Canasta the pot is the automatic property of the player who can establish his right to the top card, according to the rules. And in Canasta, unlike practically any other rummy game, grabbing the pot can be a very desirable thing.

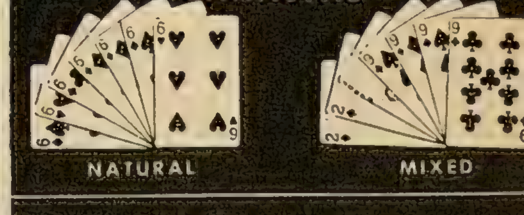
You will want to take the pot when your memory tells you that it contains cards very useful to your side for melding purposes; or when you hold too few cards in your hand and you are strapped for discards that won't help your opponents. You will pant to take it when it is a frozen or prize pot. That is, when it contains a joker, deuce, or red three. With the rules most popular at present, you may claim a prize up-pile only when you show a pair of natural

SCORING

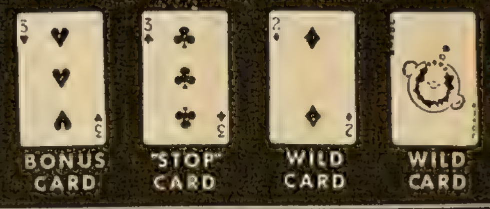
BONUS CARDS	RED 3	100
	ALL FOUR RED 3's	800
CANASTA	MIXED	300
	NATURAL	500
WILD CARDS	JOKER	50
	DEUCE	20
OTHER CARDS	BLACK 3's	5
	4's - 7's	5
	8's - KINGS	10
	ACES	20
GOING OUT		100
" " with	CONCEALED HAND	200
VULNERABILITY Requirements for initial meld	TOTAL SCORE	MINIMUM COUNT
	MINUS	0
	0 - 1500	50
	1500 - 3000	90
	3000 - 5000	120



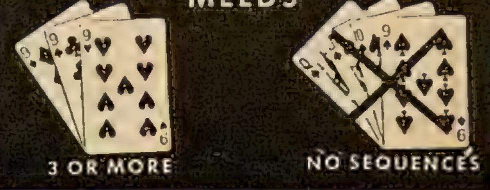
CANASTAS



SPECIAL CARDS



MELDS



The October Liberty told you how to play Canasta. Now our card expert tells you how you can get even greater pleasure from this fascinating game

Drawing by Albert Behar

cards that make a meld with the top card of the pot.

Probably you've discovered for yourself that deliberately creating a prize pot by throwing a wild card into the up-pile can take the pressure off your partner or yourself when you have a discarding problem. Aside from this move, the techniques of discarding in Canasta differ little from other rummy games. You don't throw the player following you anything he is likely to want, if you can help it. You try to draw favorable discards from the fellow preceding you.

If the latter is susceptible, you can use the standard rummy dodge on him: With several cards of the same rank, discard a couple or more. Thinking you are not interested in cards of that denomination, he may oblige by throwing you enough of them for a canasta. Or you can put down only three cards of a five- or six-card meld in one turn when there is a prize pot. This may draw a discard of a similar card from an unwary opponent, enabling you to grab the pot. Other deceptive plays of a like nature will occur to you as you become more experienced at the game.

Another Canasta feature you must get to know well is the scoring. It affects the play closely. When your score is under 1,500, there need be no rush to get down a qualifying meld of 50. You can afford to wait if that seems the better strategy. At 1,500, with 90 points required for a qualifying meld, you can't wait too long. When you reach 3,000, at which point your qualifying meld becomes 120, you'd better not wait at all.

Remember, if you don't get your qualifying meld down, you can't use the up-pile, make melds, or build canastas. And if you *(Continued on page 51)*

Bright Golden Girl

What can dungarees and an old sweater hold for a boy who yearns for glamor and sweetness and love?

By **ELIZABETH ROY** READING TIME 8 MINUTES

David Harrison, Jr., carefully tore the advertisement out of the magazine.

"Cripes, you wouldn't really send it to her?" asked Pete McCann, who lounged on David's bed, his No. 12 moccasins cozily digging into the bedspread. "Are you gonna sign your name and everything?"

"Look at it," said David, surveying the clipping with grim satisfaction. " 'Sloppy Sadie. Nobody wants to dance with Sloppy Sadie!' It even looks like her. Look at the stringy hair and the baggy skirt. Isn't that Margie all over?"

"Yeah, but what good'll it do to send it to her? The hop's next week. She won't have time to go to this charm school and get fixed up before then."

"You don't get the point, stupid," David said. "I don't want her to go to any charm school. Ten years in charm school wouldn't do *her* any good." He folded the clipping and began searching the room, cluttered with sixteen years of different hobbies, for an envelope.

"Aw, Margie's not so bad," said Pete. "You used to like her fine."

David turned on him angrily. " 'I used to like her fine!' I used to like lollipops, too, and I used to like to ride around on a kiddie car. Cripes, you sound like my mother, I swear you do. Just because I used to play softball with her, does it mean I have to take her to the Junior Hop?"

(*Continued on page 71*)

Illustrated by Ric Grasso

CRASH or ESCAPE

By WINSOR H. WATSON, JR.

Can you handle your car with split-second timing in an emergency? Here's how expert drivers react to five specific common hazards. Compare their methods with what you would do

READING TIME 8 MINUTES Can you handle a car in a highway emergency? Will you do the right thing in an instant when that instant means crash or escape? Don't wait for the answers till a breathless crisis folds your car around a tree by way of a negative answer: for the answers are here, and will probably surprise you.

When a highway crisis arises, most drivers make a bad mistake which usually magnifies the danger that threatens them. Rather than reveal this mistake in a simple statement, we'll let you discover it by comparing what you would do in specific common emergencies with the proper action followed by professional drivers.

Now jot down on a piece of paper the driving maneuvers you would use in each of the five situations described on the facing page. Then read the advice of experts who have made their living driving trucks, buses, and cars for scores of years.

Professional drivers agree pretty much on the proper—in many cases the only—way to pull out of these and other emergencies. Their instructions for each situation are invaluable. Here's how the experts would react in the five emergencies cited.

1. *A high-speed blowout:* A front-tire blowout can throw a car into a quick swerve in the direction of the blown tire so quickly that an accident can be prevented only by instantaneous and proper action. A blowout isn't a plain flat tire—it doesn't develop; it explodes without warning. First thing to do? Don't jam on the brakes! Keep your foot on the accelerator to maintain the controlling forward motion and direction of the car. Hold the steering wheel steady. Gradually reduce speed by easing up on the accelerator. When you know the car is once more under complete control, apply brakes slowly. If you slam on the brakes, the car's tremendous momentum takes control in a tangent from the road, and you no longer have any choice of where you're heading.

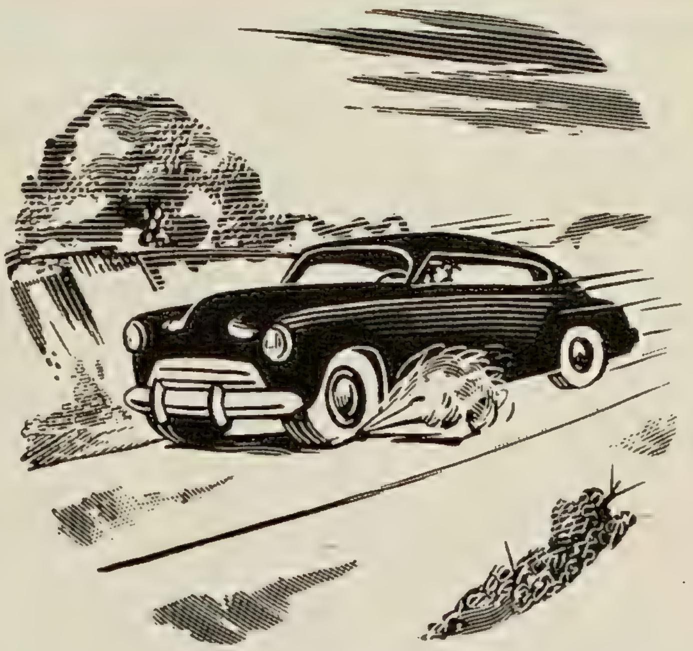
2. *Right wheels run off the pavement at high speed:* Road shoulders are usually softer than the highway surface, which means the right wheels can be wrenched from your control by soft earth, or sudden changes in speed or direction can be multiplied in effect and cause an overturn if you have to "hit the dirt." Don't touch the brake and clutch when you hit the shoulder. Concentrate on holding the wheel and steering while you let up gradually on the accelerator. Avoid sharp turns back onto the highway if possible; a quick twist onto the road at good speed can turn your car upside down.

3. *Taking a fast curve:* If you find you've misjudged a curve, don't get panicky and jam on the brakes. Such action can toss you off the road. Keep your foot on the gas, give the car its traction in the direction you must follow—into the curve. Put all your attention on steering. Don't coast or push the clutch or brake. If you can think fast enough, press the brake with your left foot as you press the accelerator with your right, but don't push hard on the brake; just enough to keep it on the road and under control.

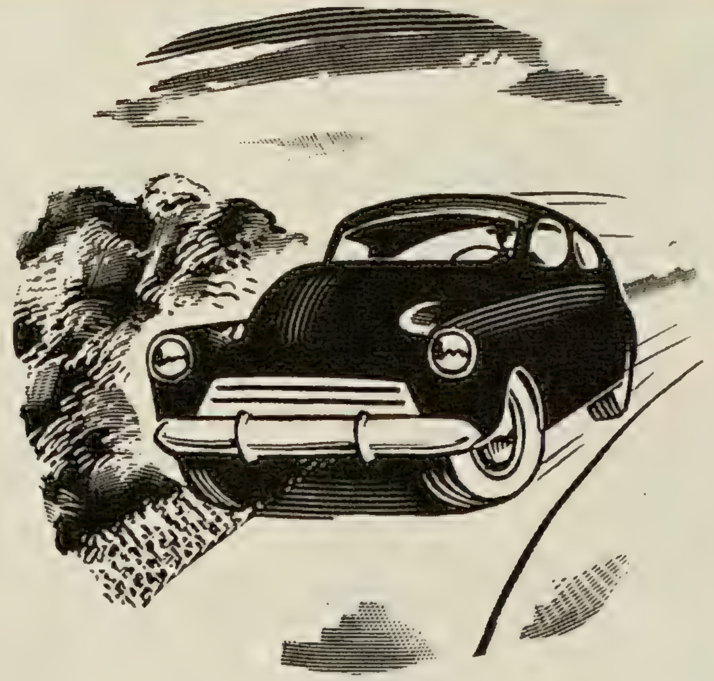
4. *Handling a dangerous skid on glare ice:* If you've ever ridden a bicycle, you'll remember that when the bike lost momentum and started to fall off to one side, a quick yet careful turn of the handle bars in the direction you were falling could keep you upright. That almost instinctive turn in the direction of the fall is the first move

(*Continued on page 51*)

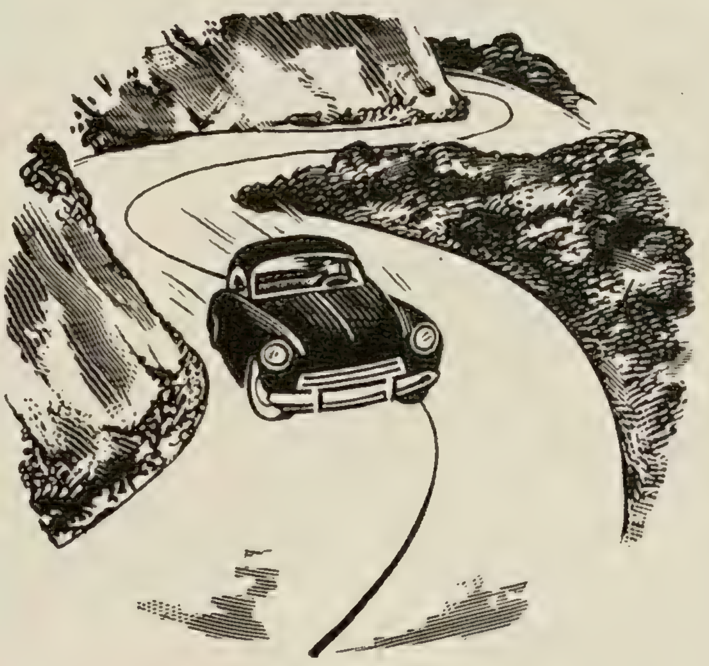
Jot down the driving maneuvers you would use in each of these five situations, then read the advice of experts.



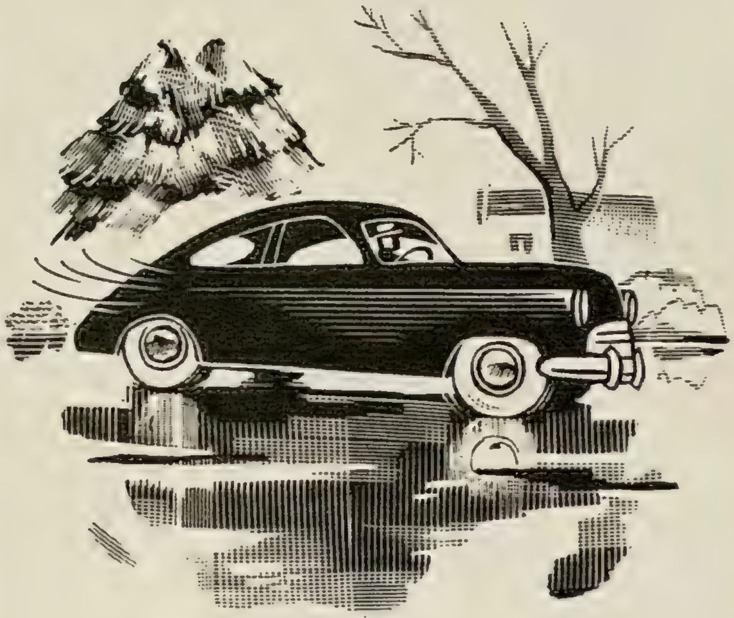
1



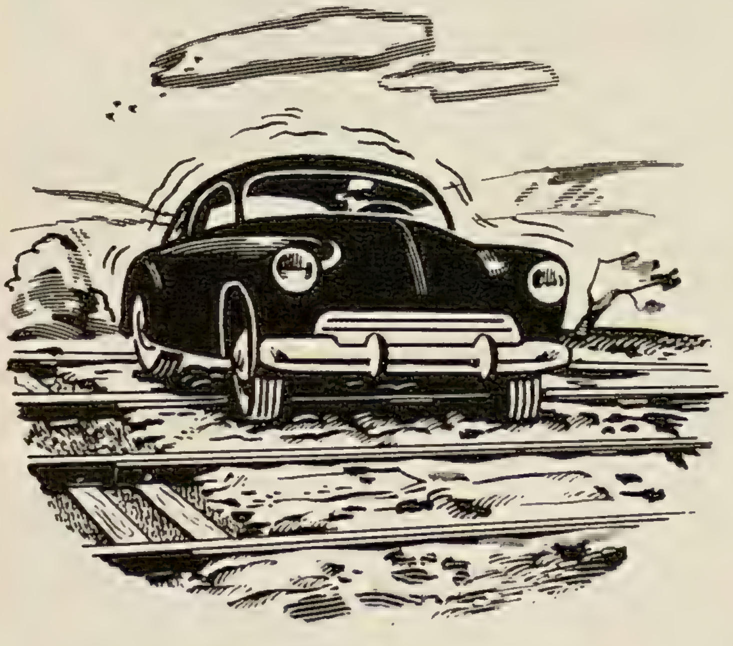
2



3

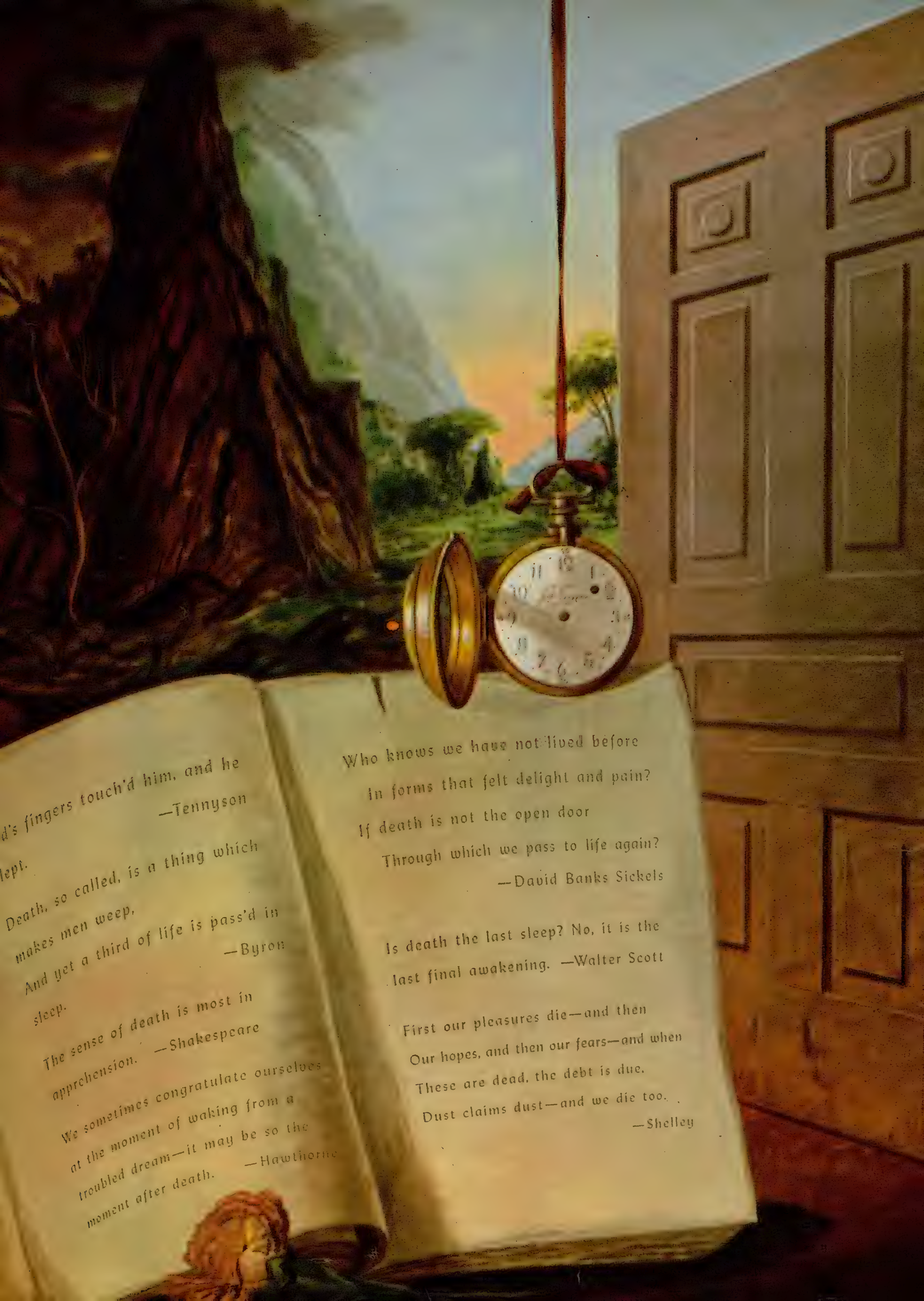


4



5

1. ***A front tire blows out at high speed.***
2. ***The right wheels run off the pavement at high speed.***
3. ***Suddenly you find the car is going out of control on a curve. You're going too fast or you've misjudged the severity of a curve.***
4. ***Your car goes into a skid on a long stretch of glare ice.***
5. ***You hit a cluster of bumps that throws the front wheels off the road and swerves the car sharply.***



d's fingers touch'd him, and he
lept. —Tennyson

Death, so called, is a thing which
makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is pass'd in
sleep. —Byron

The sense of death is most in
apprehension. —Shakespeare

We sometimes congratulate ourselves
at the moment of waking from a
troubled dream—it may be so the
moment after death. —Hawthorne

Who knows we have not lived before
In forms that felt delight and pain?
If death is not the open door
Through which we pass to life again?
—David Banks Sickels

Is death the last sleep? No, it is the
last final awakening. —Walter Scott

First our pleasures die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
These are dead, the debt is due.
Dust claims dust—and we die too.
—Shelley

DEATH

MORE FRIEND THAN FOE

Nearly all of us fear death, but here's evidence that indicates his countenance isn't so terrifying when we finally meet him

By J. D. RATCLIFF

READING TIME 10 MINUTES As he ascended the gallows to settle political accounts with King Henry VIII, Sir Thomas More smiled wryly at the headsman. "See me safe up," he said, "for coming down I can shift for myself."

Few people can face death with such gallantry. The great majority agree with H. L. Mencken that it is "the last and worst of all practical jokes played on poor mortals by the gods." The very terms we use for death express a universal fear: grim reaper, dark angel, hell's tyrant.

Yet all evidence indicates death is more often friend than foe. It is generally welcomed by the aged and infirm. It offers merciful release to the sick, lifting burdens they can no longer carry. In sum, most people are willing to meet death when it comes, although they have feared it all their lives.

Thousands have "died" by drowning, electric shock, asphyxiation—only to be revived by prompt medical attention. They have indeed returned from the dead. They invariably report that there was no anguish, no pain, no terror. A man who fell from a building and survived because his fall was broken by an awning, reported that his descent seemed an eternity—but at no point was he fearful of death.

Sir William Osler, a medical immortal, studied 500 deaths. Only 11 showed mental apprehension, and only two showed signs of terror. "The great majority," he noted, "gave no signs one way or another; like their birth, their death was 'a sleep and a forgetting.'"

Arthur MacDonald, another medical man, adds his testimony:

"The idea that dying is accompanied by severe suffering may arise from misinterpretation of the physical signs accompanying it. Also, the death act is confused with the symptoms of the disease which preceded it—which are as severe and often more severe in those who recover. Dying begins after symptoms have subsided; there seems to be a pause in nature—the disease has conquered, the battle is over. The body is fatigued by its efforts to sustain itself, it is ready to die. All is tranquillity."

If further evidence is needed, Dr. John A. Ryle of famed Guy's Hospital, London, notes:

"Dying is not so terrible a thing as we have been led to believe. It is often the witnesses who suffer the greater mental pain. Their suffering is usually a matter of untutored sympathy—of imagining what the victim must be feeling, and imagining what they themselves may be called upon to endure.

"If a bomb or a bullet or bacteria takes a man unawares, he will find in all probability that the phase of passing is something quite different from all imagined experience and from all that fiction and superstition have made it. In their leave-taking from the green earth and from their friends they may or may not feel a fleeting wistfulness, but they will know no terror and no shame."

The most reliable information on what death is like comes from physicians who have faced it. One doctor, carried to the brink by a severe heart attack, described his sensations as those of mild intoxication. Yet outwardly he appeared to be in severe pain.

Another, nearly carried away by pneumonia, remembered nothing of the critical phase of his disease, although he gave signs of being in great distress. He remembered nothing until the crisis was over and he sat up in bed demanding breakfast. Three who drowned but were revived found only peace and pleasantness after the initial struggle was over. William Hunter, great eighteenth-century anatomist, murmured with his last breath: "If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant it is to die."

Paul Scarron, French poet, gave similar evidence. As he lay dying, he observed: "If I am restored, what a fine satire I will make of the death sob. By my word, I would have never imagined that it was so easy to laugh at death."

One form of widely used medical treatment produces all the sensations of sudden death each day for scores of people. This is the electro-shock treatment for mental disease—where jolts of electricity are used to knock patients unconscious. Larger voltages would kill them.

What sensations do they have? None. From their mule kick of electricity they suffer no pain, no sensation whatsoever. There *(Continued on page 63)*

DEATH Liberty asked Homer Hill to make a painting of J. D. Ratcliff's thoughts on death. Explaining his illustration for this provocative article, Mr. Hill says the open volume is the Book of Life. The red ribbon tied to the watch denotes the flow of life, and the watch with no hands indicates that time has run out and life has stopped. Beyond that, the portal opens, and life, running its course, must pass through the usual difficulties indicated by the massive rocks and the gnarled tree on the left to the glorious peace of death beyond it. Highlighting the whole scene is the crushed flower in the foreground, which is a symbol of memories.

Small Towns Don't Forget

And Jeff Taylor, after seven long years in prison gray, was to learn it—almost the hard way

By HENRY G. FELSEN

Illustrated by Ray Johnson

READING TIME 10 MINUTES Jeff Taylor sat on the edge of his chair feeling awkward and uncomfortable in a cheap blue suit and bright tan shoes. He was painfully aware of his clothes, not because they were cheap, but because it was the first time in seven years he had worn anything but the gray uniform of the penitentiary.

"Well, Taylor," the warden said, smiling across the desk, "how does it feel to be a free man?"

Jeff stared sullenly at the cap he twisted in his hands. "I don't know yet," he said in a flat tone.

"Well, boy, your debt to society has been paid in full," the warden continued in a friendly voice. "You've had a good record here, and I know you'll get along all right from now on. Just keep out of fights; and if you do get in one, be sure there's no iron in your hand when you swing. It means the difference between a knockout and murder."

Jeff wanted to protest and tell his side of the fight that had started over a girl at a dance and ended with a corpse and a convict. But again prison habit made him keep his mouth shut in front of the warden.

"We appreciate your blood donations and your part in the malaria experiment," the warden continued. "I'm giving you official certificates for both. They may help you get a job on the outside. You've lost seven years in here, Taylor, but you're still young. You can go home with your head up, and take up living where you left off."

"Home?" Jeff laughed curtly. "I don't have a home any more, warden. I had a farm, but that went to pay for my trial. Anyway, I come from a small town. They know everybody's business in a small town, and they don't forget. They'd never give me a chance. I'm heading for the city. Nobody knows who you are or where you've been in the big cities, and nobody cares."

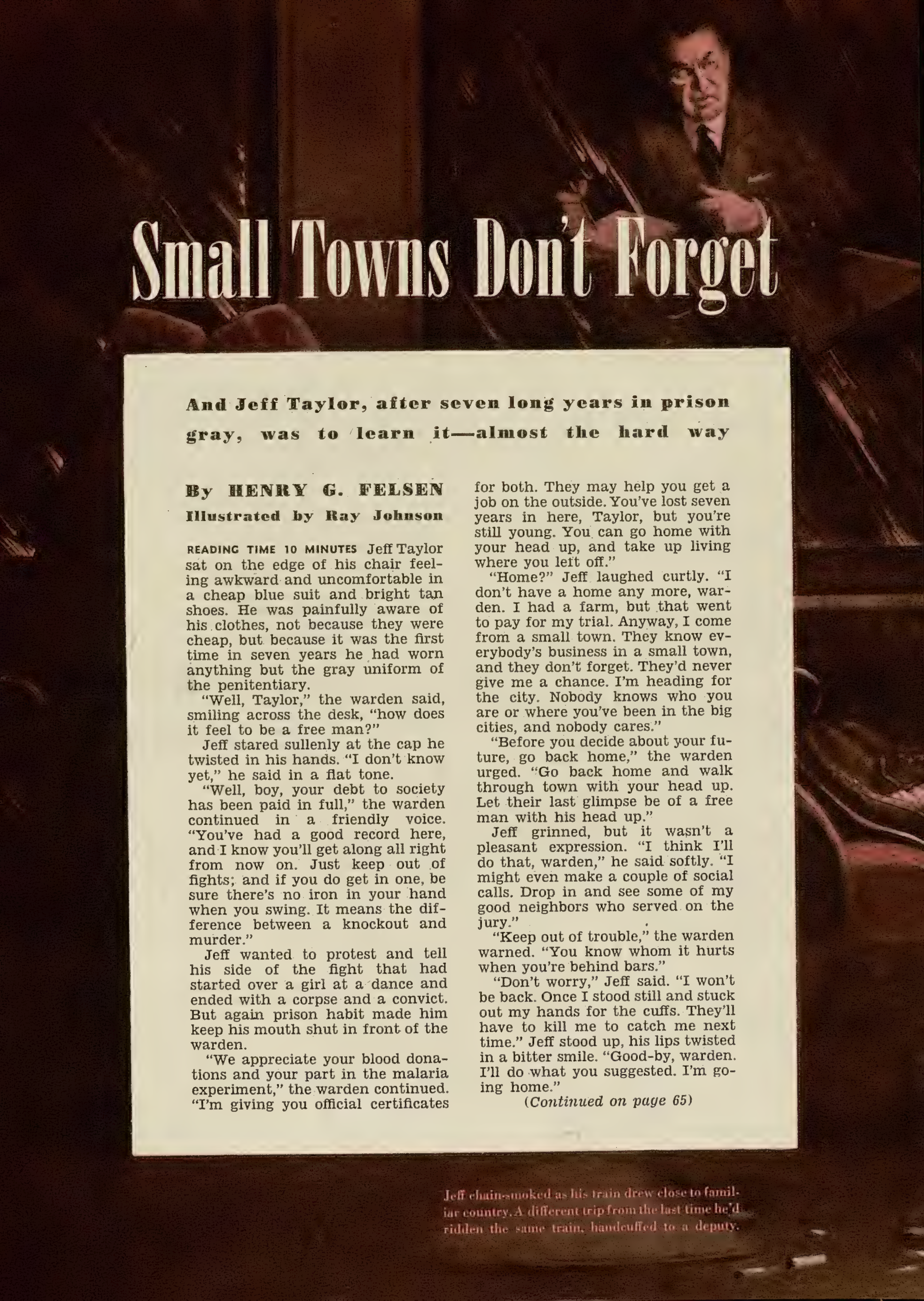
"Before you decide about your future, go back home," the warden urged. "Go back home and walk through town with your head up. Let their last glimpse be of a free man with his head up."

Jeff grinned, but it wasn't a pleasant expression. "I think I'll do that, warden," he said softly. "I might even make a couple of social calls. Drop in and see some of my good neighbors who served on the jury."

"Keep out of trouble," the warden warned. "You know whom it hurts when you're behind bars."

"Don't worry," Jeff said. "I won't be back. Once I stood still and stuck out my hands for the cuffs. They'll have to kill me to catch me next time." Jeff stood up, his lips twisted in a bitter smile. "Good-by, warden. I'll do what you suggested. I'm going home."

(Continued on page 65)



Jeff chain-smoked as his train drew close to familiar country. A different trip from the last time he'd ridden the same train, handcuffed to a deputy.

TEACHER'S PET

Eve Arden has sparked many a movie with her wisecracks, but she never expected to become the darling of the teaching profession

By **ELIZABETH WILSON**

READING TIME 9 MINUTES If the schoolteachers of America seem a little more perky and cheerful on Monday mornings, their pupils can credit Eve Arden with an assist.

Screen comedienne Arden as the star of Our Miss Brooks, the CBS radio show about a schoolmarm (aired in the East at 6.30 P.M. on Sundays), has endeared herself to the teaching profession with such wisecracks as:

"One thing that schoolteachers of either sex have in common is the fact that he, she, or them was, is, and are underpaid." Or "Teaching school can be a very rich life for a young woman—that is if she happens to be a very rich young woman."

And the fan letters literally crackled with pedagogical approbation after she cracked to one of the characters on her show: "Two dollars? Let's see—no, I haven't two dollars. I'm a teacher, too, remember."

On her radio show, Eve, whose waspish wit has saved dozens of pictures from being flops, plays a romantic fun-loving teacher of English at Madison High. She chases shy biology professor Boynton (Jeff Chandler), and gets into hassles with choleric principal Mr. Conklin (Gale Gordan).

Eve is bored with the caustic, brittle predatory females she portrayed in Mildred Pierce, The Unfaithful, and Voice of the Turtle. "They've got to find someone else to play Eve Arden," she keeps insisting.

More than half the mail is from schoolteachers. Ninety-nine out of 100 like the program. They are pleased that at last a teacher is portrayed as a human being with a sense of humor, instead of the usual prissy old maid. The critical 1 per cent claim that the situations are too exaggerated. Which they are. But that's radio.

"In gay-hearted Connie Brooks," wrote a schoolteacher from Dallas, Texas, "Eve Arden has created the prototype of an ideally popular teacher. Connie is youngish, glamorous, sympathetic. She wisecracks, but she possesses a boundless enthusiasm for her work and a deep regard for her profession."

From Lewiston, Maine, came a letter signed, "A grateful English teacher," which said, in part, "Thanks for publicizing the human side of our profession. For so many years teachers have been stereotyped as poker-faced leftovers of the human species, that many of us have entered the teaching profession reluctantly. Social stigmas plus small salaries have been little incentive to barter our souls for the cause of education."

A school superintendent in Los Angeles wrote, "I believe that such a program as Our Miss Brooks, which depicts a classroom teacher as a capable, clever, likable person, will do much to encourage high-caliber youth to choose teaching as a profession."

Eve Arden has received three letters from principals offering her a teaching job. One of them wrote, "All principals are not like Mr. Conklin. I would like to offer you a job as English teacher in my school. I have enclosed an application."

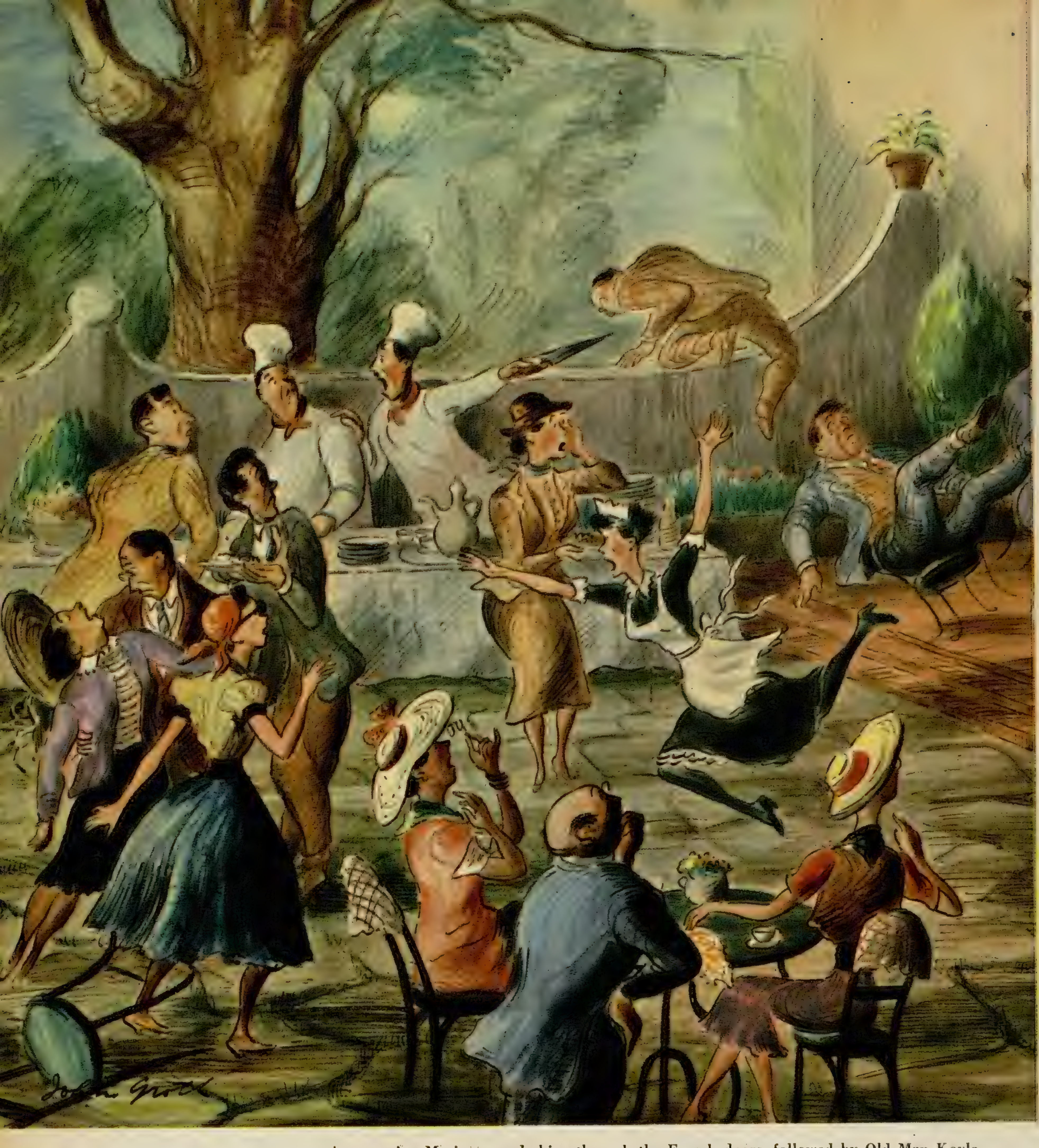
Several teachers have written Eve, "Can't you possibly land that bashful Mr. Boynton?" Eve hurriedly writes back, "And have the program go off the air!"

(*Continued on page 55*)

The only house in Hollywood where you'll find a baby toilet chair in the foyer is Eve Arden's. She is mad about Early American antiques and spends a fortune on them. "I buy," she says, "until the money runs out."

Eve, at a rehearsal of her CBS show, Our Miss Brooks, wasn't interested in the role till she found the small-town schoolmarm could be a real character, not just the usual gag machine.

Thirtyish, friendly, intelligent, Eve is a devoted mother to her adopted daughters, Liza, 5, and Connie, 1½. Her household (including a lady dachshund) is almost 100-per-cent feminine.



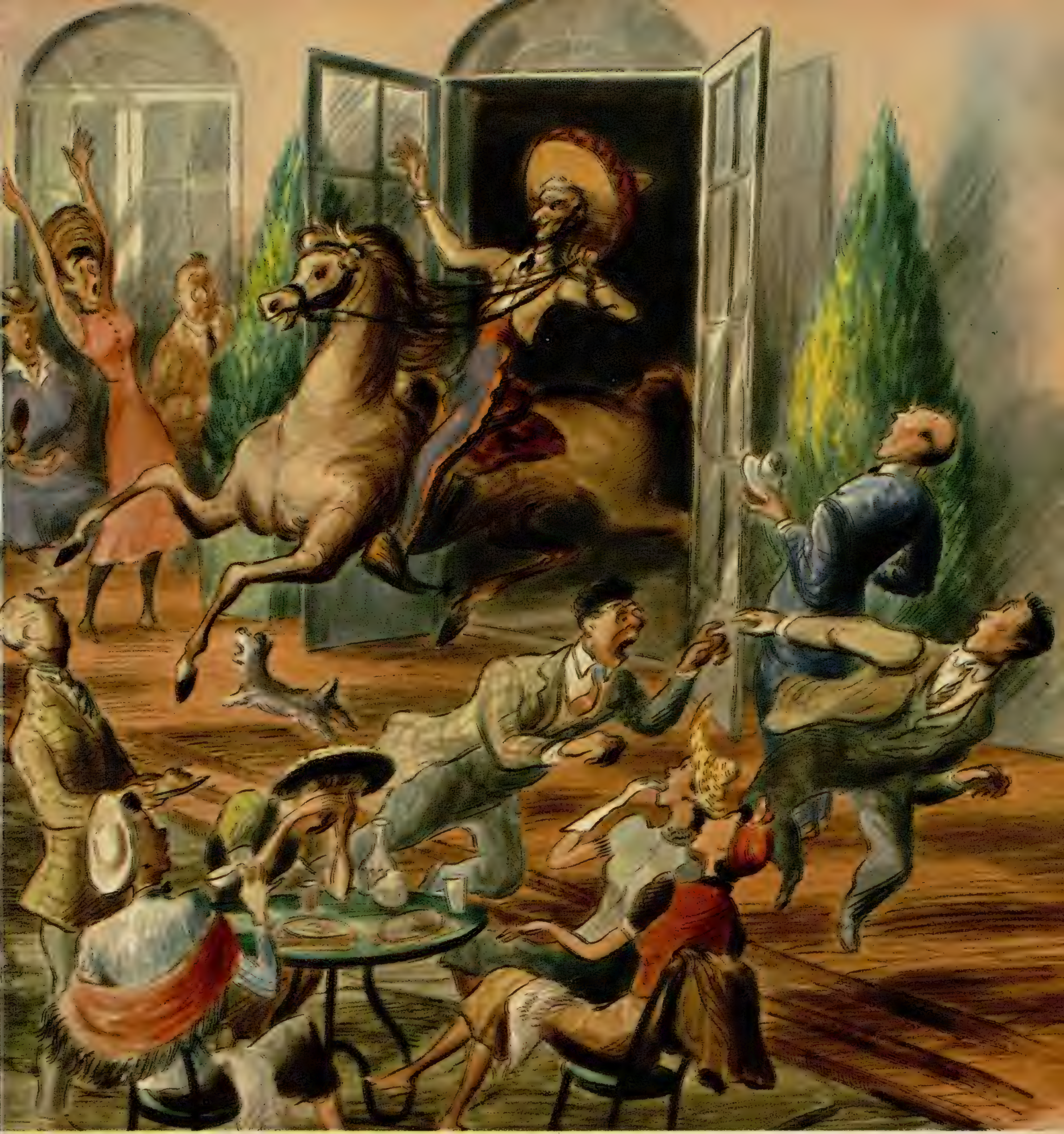
A screaming Marie came dashing through the French doors, followed by Old Man Koyle

Maybe Old Man Koyle was cracked, and maybe his de luxe neighbors weren't, but what they did and how they did it will give you lots of hearty chuckles

ONE MAN SLUM

By SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

Illustrated by John Groth



astride his charger and dressed in an ancient and outlandish costume. "Greetings!" he cried, and rode away.

READING TIME 18 MINUTES First came the surveyors. Then the big sign. A tract office sprang up, and business began. Among the organized confusion of the bulldozers, the trenchers, the jack hammers, the trucks, the salesmen, and the gangs of workmen, the old man went practically unnoticed by the buyers of lots in Grandview Estates. Occasionally a kid, being more observant, would say, "Look, Dad, there's a man with a horse." At which the parents would smile at this relic from a vanished past and immediately revert to financing, cost per square foot, whether the city would grow this way and Woolworth would buy this lot, and other important things.

Most of the ancient oaks had been spared, because the curving roads of Grandview Estates were laid out to retain the natural beauty of the gently rolling terrain, and because an oak on a lot increased its value by $1,500. However, a few of them had to be sacrificed to the march of progress. These uprooted trees were sawed by the old man into convenient sections and dragged away by his horse.

Some of the customers (*Continued on page 58*)

How often have you said: "One of

Making the most of your 168 hours a week can add as much as nine days to your year

By ***NORMAN*** *and* ***AMELIA LOBSENZ***

READING TIME 10 MINUTES "We haven't had a chance to see the folks for weeks. Don't know where the days go."

"Those letters ought to be answered, but I can't find a minute to write."

"I know that closet has to be straightened, but I just don't seem to have the time."

How often have you said those very words? How often have your days whirled by like the quick-dropping pages of a movie calendar symbolizing the passage of time? How often have you said, "One of these days I'm going to . . ." but the day somehow never comes?

Efficient living is an American dream. Prompt service, quick transportation, minute-saving short cuts are national fetishes. But we pay no attention to the hours we dawdle away in slipshod organization, unnecessary effort, outmoded habits. Worst of all, most of us rarely realize that our time is a-wasting.

To prove this, we made an informal but thorough survey among people ranging from housewives and physicists to students and skilled workers. They were of all age groups. They lived in big cities, small towns, rural areas. They kept track for one week of the amount of time they spent in each of 21 different categories of activity.

The results were startling. For the first time the chart keepers had more than a vague idea of what they were doing with their days. For the first time they had an answer for the plaintive query: "Where does the time go?" Every one of the guinea pigs made essentially the same comment when the experiment was over: "I was shocked to see the amount of time I waste. And I'm going to try to do something about it."

No wonder they were shocked. Combined over-all averages of their charts showed they put in more time in one week worrying and waiting for people or services than they did on hobbies, indoor and outdoor sports, and appreciation of art and nature all put together.

They spent as much time traveling to and from work or shopping centers as they did in listening to the radio or going to plays and movies. They devoted 24 hours of the week to bathing, dressing, and routine meals such as breakfast and lunch. The category on the chart labeled "Merely Relaxing" drew an average total of only two hours out of the week's 168.

But the results of the experiment also proved that something can be done about achieving the dream of efficient living; that concrete action based on a black-and-white appraisal of one week's existence can turn waste time into creative and enjoyable hours.

Take a long vacation.

Take, for example, the case of a young Schenectady, New York, housewife with two young children. Call her Caroline. Before marriage she had enjoyed hiking in the country. Now she rarely got beyond the corner grocery. She had once reviewed new books for the local newspaper. Now she seldom managed even to read a book. She used to do publicity for her club. Now she counted herself lucky if she could get to a meeting. Caroline was not particularly surprised that her family and her house kept her so tied down. Yet she watched women with larger families and heavier responsibilities get a great deal more out of life than she did.

Caroline jumped at the chance to time-check herself. At the end of the week she saw for the first time her daily life in true perspective.

"I used to blame housework—cooking, shopping, and looking after the youngsters—for all my troubles," Caroline told us. "You know how many hours that actually takes me? Only four a day.

"And the telephone. I always thought the phone was a time-saver. Look at the chart: Twelve hours a week on the phone. That's more than twice as much time as I spend at movies, plays, concerts, and church combined."

Caroline found other time-wasting habits. She analyzed the ten hours listed under "Visiting." More than half of it, she realized, was "second cup of coffee" chats with neighbors. Another four hours a week went into "waiting"—waiting to be served in stores, waiting for trolleys and buses, waiting for the laundryman to come, waiting for the groceries to be delivered. On the other side of the ledger, such activities as hobbies, sports, reading, pleasure walking—all averaged two hours or less each week.

Travel for pleasure.

these days I'm going to....”?

Caroline buckled down to the job of saving time. She halved her hours on the telephone by two simple techniques. Instead of making phone calls for minor household items she needed, she marked each item on a list as she thought of it. Then she purchased everything on her next downtown shopping trip. On social calls she simply forced herself to be brief. And brevity soon became as much of a habit as long-winded rambling had been. Her friends weren't offended. They didn't have much spare time either.

The neighborly morning visits were a gracious and pleasant interlude. With a little advance planning Caroline was able to make them contribute to her efficiency. When the visit was at her house, Caroline scheduled mechanical tasks such as silver polishing, potato peeling, or ironing. When she went to a neighbor's home, she took along her knitting or her mending.

By doing a little detective work, Caroline discovered that early Tuesday morning was the slackest period at the super market, and made it her business to do her week's shopping at that hour. She arranged for the laundryman and the milkman to arrive at a definite time each week. She got a bus schedule and timed herself to get to the bus stop soon enough but not too soon.

Paint for the fun of it.

After a couple of months during which the new habits were formed into patterns, Caroline found herself with a smooth-running household—and time on her hands. She started to catch up on her reading, managed to take an occasional publicity chore. She renewed her long-dormant hobby of painting. And by taking her easel to the park while her children played near by, she found that adding to the range of her creative activities actually gave her more usable time than she had before.

A salesman who commuted from his suburban home to his city job was another who filled out the time chart. Tom knew that travel was chewing a huge hunk out of his day. Train schedules were such that he had either to get to work half an hour early or else be 15 minutes late. And he had to wait another 20 minutes after work each evening for the train home. That totaled four hours and ten minutes each week of wasted time.

Write a book.

For months Tom had been mumbling about "doing something" to overcome this situation. But when he saw the figures in black-and-white, he blew up and made those long-postponed investigations.

When we saw him next, he was all smiles. He had discovered a fellow suburbanite who drove to a midtown office only eight blocks from Tom's. The actual commuting time is about the same, but Tom is saving that weekly four hours he wasted in waiting. On a yearly basis he has gained an additional nine days —he calls it his extra vacation.

Learn to play the piano.

Cheered by this successful effort at efficient living, Tom searched for other time-saving methods. He found he was putting in several hours each week waiting for people who were late for appointments. By making a telephone check or sending out a post card the day before, Tom cut this wasted time by 60 per cent. He also found it a time-saver to visit a client rather than have a client call on him. Paradoxical? Not at all. When Tom is the caller, he can leave promptly when his work is done. But when he is the host, he must sit politely no matter how long the session drags on.

A woman who lived in the country and was seldom able to see her friends and family found that she was spending six hours a week—or two weeks out of each year—writing the same news over and over to different persons.

"You couldn't hurt their feelings by writing to one aunt and not the other," she explained.

But the time chart gave her other ideas. She started two round-robin letters: one for the family, one for her friends. Each letter covered all the news, made the rounds of the entire group, and—since it picked up comments from readers on its way—served to keep them all better informed than before. It also saved the writer four hours a week.

What can you do to live more efficiently? First, rate yourself for at least a week on the time chart. Record under each

(*Continued on page 56*)

Drawings by Kelly Oechsli

DEEP SALVAGE

By H. VERNOR DIXON

Illustrated by Ric Grasso

PART III

READING TIME 28 MINUTES Sam took one look at me and hurried into the bathroom. He came back with a wet towel and proceeded to wash my face. I explained what had happened and then gingerly felt my nose. It was broken. I got some adhesive tape out of my baggage and Riley fastened it expertly over the bridge of my nose.

I said, "It's been broken before."

Riley stepped back and looked me over. "You didn't get it too badly. You were lucky. But if you hadn't started slugging first, you'd be in the emergency ward right now. Ever see either of the goons before?"

"No. They're a dime a dozen on the water front. Ten bucks for the job I got and twenty if they had made it good."

"Yeah. You didn't get the license number of the car?"

"No; but the guy in the leather jacket should have some broken ribs."

Riley grinned. "It felt that way, eh?"

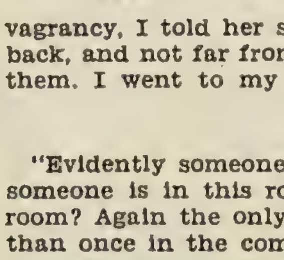
I looked at my bruised knuckles and nodded. "They'll be broken all right."

"O.K. Maybe we'll find out who got their ribs repaired tonight."

I threw my coat and shirt over a chair, felt the lumps on my head, then looked inquiringly at Sam. *(Continued on page 73)*

SYNOPSIS

PART I



PART II

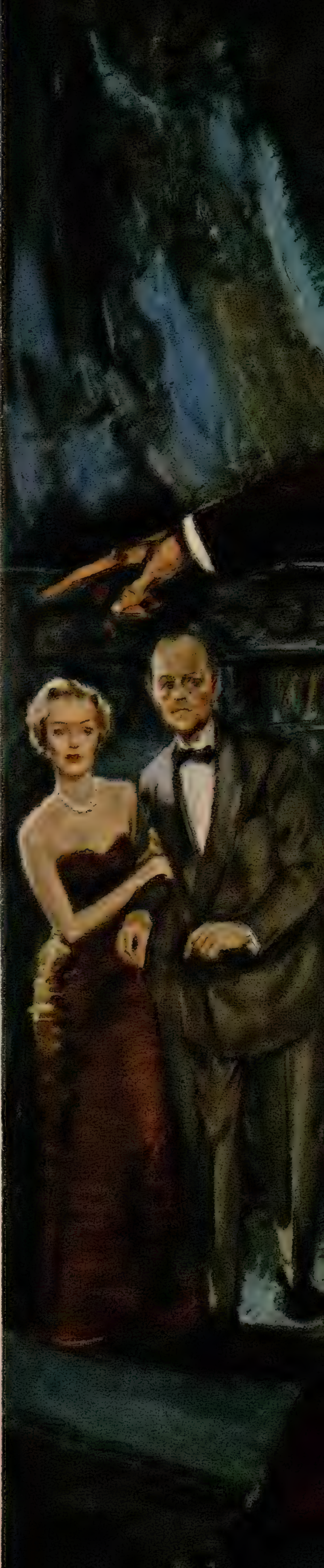
PART I: Red Donnelly had died diving on the torpedoed S. S. Vega in 100 fathoms. I, Jim Bradley, suspected foul play.

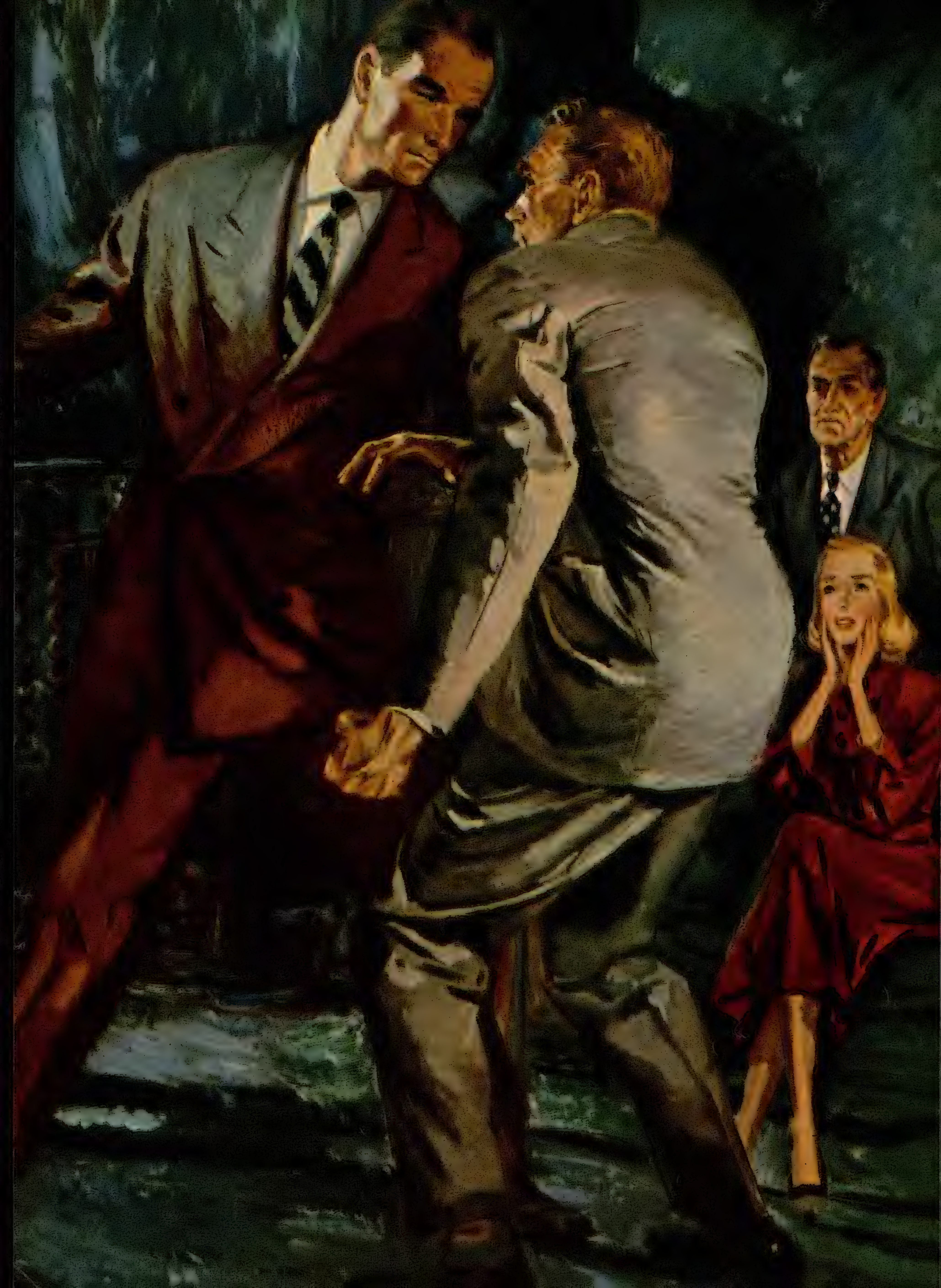
Sam Wise, Red's lawyer, and Lieutenant Riley of Homicide agreed to help me. But Thomas O'Keefe, owner of the Vega, Mark Chandler of the Atlas Marine Insurance Company, and his son Gary were opposed to my trying to salvage the cargo of copper and the $36,000 in the captain's safe. Even Pat O'Keefe, Tom's younger daughter, begged me not to dive.

Then there was Karen O'Keefe Chandler, Gary's wife. She made an obvious play for me, which was unnecessary—and suspicious; the more so when, as she and I were driving from the Marine Insurance Building, a shot was fired that came unpleasantly close to my head. That and the murder of Pete Jefers, Red's pier caretaker, convinced me my hunch was right.

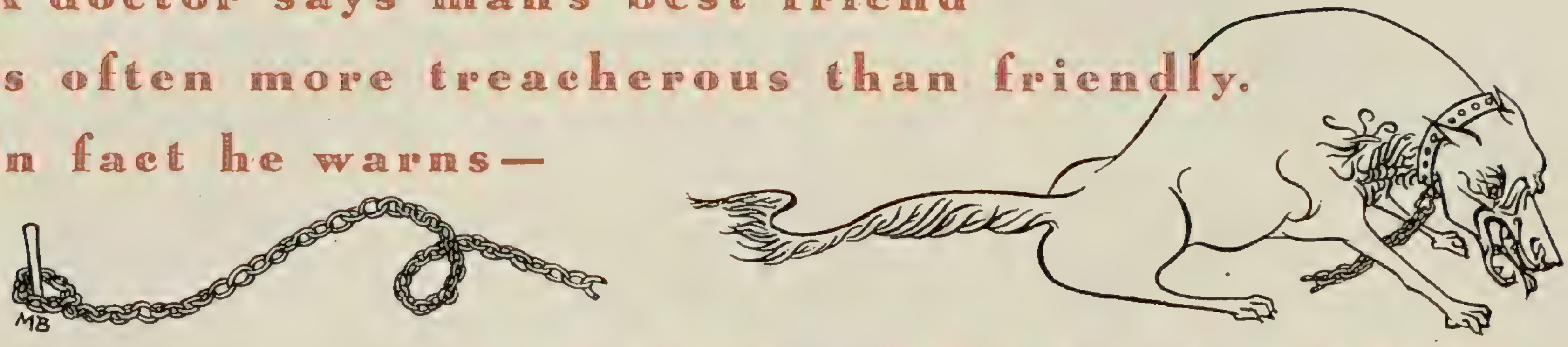
PART II: Though the Japs had torpedoed the Vega, the O'Keefes and Chandlers had certainly prospered since that event. Returning to my hotel after lunching with Karen, I found Pat there. Among other things, she told me Red had had a girl, Irma Gibson, a cocktail waitress. I finally located her in a flat on Nob Hill. She admitted being Red's friend, but that was all. With a threat of cops and a charge of vagrancy, I told her she'd better be at my hotel the next day. On my way back, and not far from the hotel, I was set upon by two thugs, but I chased them. I went to my room and found Wise and Riley there, playing gin.

"Evidently someone will get hurt if I board the Vega. And I think that someone is in this room." . . . Is Jim Bradley right? Is the killer in this room? Again the only hint we can give you is that the killer appears more than once in the complete series of illustrations. How good a detective are you? You should know the answer by now.





A doctor says man's best friend
is often more treacherous than friendly.
In fact he warns—



BEWARE OF THE DOG

By **PAUL H. FLUCK, M.D.**

READING TIME 8 MINUTES A car door slams. The screaming of a tortured child reaches my ears. Then the doorbell rings.

Another dogbite. Another case of a child playing with a *friendly* dog. Another episode in the long and continuing line of dog depredations. Every accident dispensary and every doctor treat too many of these casualties. Yet we adhere to the erroneous dictum that asserts, *"A dog is man's best friend."*

Annually, in the United States, dogs take more human lives than bears, mountain lions, and all other wild animals combined. In one eastern state, New Jersey, where dogbites are reportable, more than 14,000 people were bitten in 1946, more than 13,000 in 1947, and the reports for 1948-49 are still pouring in. These, remember, are only the *reported* cases. The unreported ones must be far more numerous.

Every dog enthusiast has his day of disillusionment. Doctors who treat mangled children whose little lips have been torn from their faces know all too well how many parents rue the day when they were misled by the seeming friendliness of a winsome pup.

According to tradition, dogs love their masters to the end. It has been reported that dogs have pined away beside their masters' empty chairs. And, in rare instances, such accounts may have been true, although very few of them will stand up under impartial inspection. For dogs, like all animals with human caretakers, have become accustomed to their comforts, so the loss of a caretaker upsets a dog's regular routine. It is this change, and not a soft spot of affection, which causes the dog to act strangely after its master's demise.

No human addict, sect, or fan is more unswervingly loyal than the dog lover. He subjects himself, his family, and his friends to embarrassment, an unhygienic home, and the destruction of valuables, and, in the case of the *well-trained* dog, to disturbances at all hours, for usually it is the dog's master who is well trained and not the dog. If a dog joins his owner on a picnic, or on a jaunt through the countryside, damage suits, state regulations, and danger to his beloved pet make the trip a fearsome farce. But, like all addictions, the dog addiction is so subversive that the dog addict enjoys his Spartan rituals, his confinement, and his animal companion.

In fairness to the dog, it is just to point out that he has little to do with this state of affairs. Even attacks on children are generally provoked. For dogs are dogs, and as dogs they have the characteristics of dogs. They never have been, or pretended to be, "man's best friends."

While we have become accustomed to reading newspaper stories about Great Danes tearing children to pieces, or of German Shepherds killing an old woman who had befriended them for years, even these horrible accidents cannot equal in gruesomeness the indescribable agony which precedes death from rabies.

Every dog owner, animal handler, and state lawmaker should have an opportunity to observe a patient in the final throes of rabies. The dying patient, usually a child, writhes from the agony of pain-racking spasms. His rasping breathing and the snapping of his jaws are too reminiscent of a mad dog. Over his little blue lips bubbles the thick froth which characterizes the rabid animal. And although he pleads for a drink, the fearful spasms brought on by swallowing even a drop of liquid soon induce the youngest child to fear the sight of water. *Hydrophobia* is appropriately named.

Death, a merciful death, interrupts this suffering which makes rabies the *worst* disease that doctors are called to attend. When the groaning, choking, and jerking finally end, every member of the hospital staff breathes a sigh of relief for the patient.

◆ Rabies in 1950 is just as deadly, although not so common as it was before the time of Pasteur, when the most humane treatment for human beings afflicted with hydrophobia was to *smother them to death*. Even modern medical science is powerless to check the ravages of rabies after the disease has developed. Death is inevitable after those terrible symptoms begin. The only successful treatment for rabies is to prevent it, and that calls for a long and sometimes dangerous series of injections of rabies vaccine. At times, as many as 21 injections are required. Some states provide the vaccine free, but doctors use it only when it is absolutely necessary, for at times rabies vaccine is responsible for severe cases of neuritis and, occasionally, of paralysis.

The treatment of rabies should begin long before the dog takes the first bite. Actually, a rabid dog doesn't always have to bite. Even a drop of the rabid foam which falls on abraded skin can add another hydrophobia victim to the terrible total. Until rabies vaccinations are made compulsory for all dogs in every state in the Union, and Canada and Mexico as well, no one of us will ever know whether or not he or his child will be the next victim of a mad dog running at large. In one state, New York, more than 900 people were bitten by rabid animals between 1938 and 1948. There is no hydrophobia in England, where a rigid vaccination program for all dogs is required by law, and where a strictly enforced quarantine of all incoming dogs has been conducted.

Even after the victim of a dogbite has been rushed off to the nearest hospital accident dispensary, or to the closest doctor's office, his family and neighbors still should not rest until the dog offender has been identified and confined. A dog with definite signs of rabies should be speedily destroyed, but one which appears to be in good health should be closely observed for at least four months. Only a careful microscopic examination of a piece of brain tissue, or a section of the spinal cord will establish a positive diagnosis of rabies. And this examination shows absolutely nothing in the early stages of the disease.

The treatment of the wound itself is important, but no modern doctor depends upon the cauterization of a dogbite to prevent hydrophobia. Even the cauterization itself is not too simply performed. The ancient and erroneous adage, "There is nothing cleaner than a dog's fang," is not subscribed to by medical practitioners. A dogbite must be considered as a possible source of lockjaw, and to prevent this many physicians use an injection of tetanus antitoxin routinely in all such injuries. Penicillin and other new antibiotics may help to clear up or to prevent an ensuing infection, but the value of penicillin in rabies is exactly zero.

A list of dog diseases which can be contracted by human beings is long and includes some highly dangerous ailments. One such disease is due to a small parasite, the *echinococcus*, which causes cystic disease in the human liver. This condition is far more common than it was once believed to be, and frequently it brings death to those afflicted with it.

Many other parasites which enter the human body are carried by dogs. Intestinal worms are often contracted by small children who share the floor with their canine pets. A number of skin diseases, allergies, and even ivy poisoning can be blamed on dogs. But such dangers mean little to those who allow their four-legged "friends" to share their beds, lick their faces, and to lap ice cream from their dishes.

◆ Children by the thousand pay a bloody tribute to *animal enemy number one* whose ravages pass unnoticed, while the fox that steals a chicken is cursed and shot. The dog population of the United States is growing rapidly, far too rapidly. And dog supervision lags. For dog lovers are far too numerous for even the most experienced lawmakers and law-enforcement agencies to cope with.

If a man wants a rhinoceros for a pet, he builds suitable quarters to house it. If a herpetologist has a

(*Continued on page 62*)

Vacation Fun... is a family affair
in NEW MEXICO
THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

Far from humdrum, every day life at home, yet so close at hand, a memorable vacation experience awaits you. Gay *fiestas* add spice and color to the ancient Spanish culture... throbbing tom-toms lend rhythm to the picturesque Indian ceremonials, indescribably glorious sunsets add majesty to scenic grandeur. Ancient missions and eight National Monuments make possible the turning back of the pages of time, and Carlsbad Caverns National Park, awesome and majestic in its beauty, will thrill you. In this great land of vast, sweeping mesas, bounded only by towering mountain ranges covered with virgin forests, linger the color and fascination of three great epics of the early Southwest... the days of the Spanish, the Indian and the adventurous Old West.

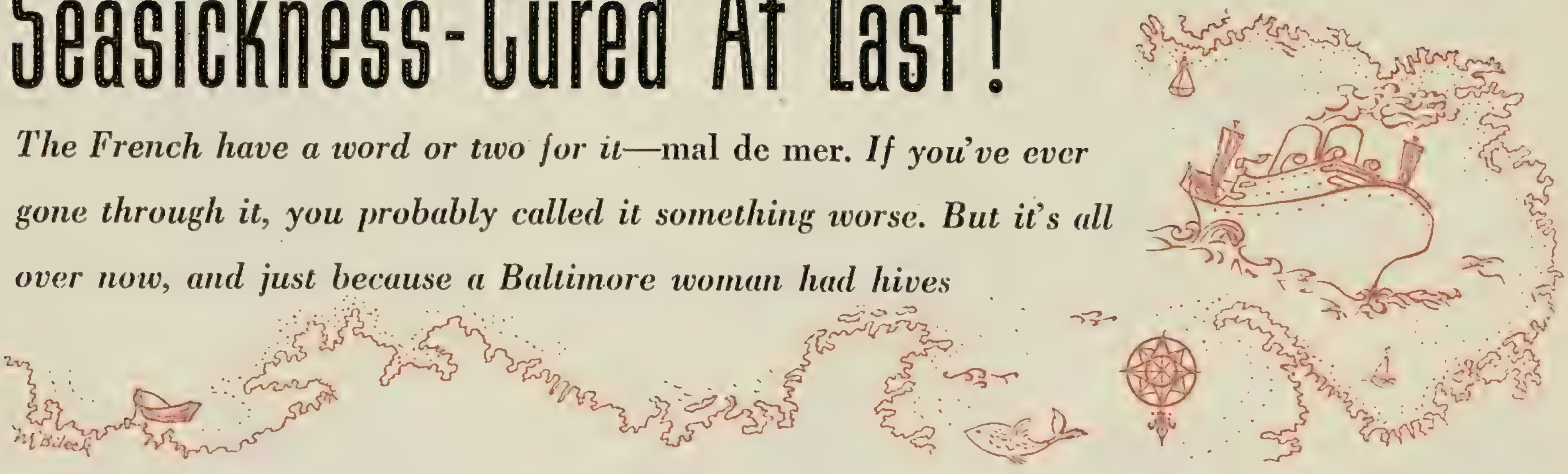
NEW MEXICO
NEW MEXICO

NEW MEXICO STATE TOURIST BUREAU
Room 1310, State Capitol • Santa Fe, New Mexico
Please send free: ☐ New booklet "Land of Enchantment," ☐ Official Highway Map, ☐ New Mexico "Recreation Map."
NAME . . . .
STREET . . . .
CITY . . . . ZONE . . STATE . . . .

Mail This
COUPON
AND WE'LL SEND YOU OUR FREE BOOKLET AND MAPS — PRONTO

Seasickness-Cured At Last!

The French have a word or two for it—mal de mer. *If you've ever gone through it, you probably called it something worse. But it's all over now, and just because a Baltimore woman had hives*



By WILLIAM R. SEARS

READING TIME 5 MINUTES You can now sail the seven seas in fair weather or foul without your stomach doing flipflops, and all because a case of hives led to a cure for seasickness.

It began with a comely Baltimore housewife who was suffering from urticaria—a skin condition sometimes called hives, and due, it is thought, to an allergy. It was more annoying than usual because the woman was pregnant. To add to her discomfort was her lifelong susceptibility to carsickness. Along with seasickness, it comes under the heading of "motion sickness" in scientific parlance.

Frequently on the long trolley ride from her home to the Johns Hopkins allergy clinic, she would have to get off because of nausea and dizziness.

One day early in 1947 she sat down in the office of Dr. Leslie N. Gay. Familiar with the success of antihistaminic drugs in treating allergy, he was ready with a new derivative of those he had been trying on her.

"It's called Dramamine," he explained. "Maybe it will help you. Try it."

Obediently the patient gulped down a little yellow pill and set out for home. Halfway there, she noticed the nausea was overdue. On arriving, she joyfully announced it had not occurred at all.

On her next visit to the clinic she mentioned this to Dr. Gay. Its effect on her hives was uncertain; but that she had enjoyed her first trolley ride free of vomiting and nausea was a fact.

If the little yellow pill did that for carsickness, what would it do against seasickness?

Dr. Gay's first opportunity for tests came on the S.S. America in the summer of 1948. He was a passenger on the ship which also carried the U. S. Olympic team members to London for the 1948 games. The vessel wasn't long at sea before the athletes began to get seasick.

Dr. Gay hauled out his supply of Dramamine, and the results were instantaneous. On his return home he rushed his findings to the War Department.

Remembering wartime seasickness aboard troop carriers, the army brass quickly arranged for a full-dress test of Dramamine.

For the North Atlantic crossing, generally a stormy trip in late fall, they selected the 13,000-ton U. S. Army Transport General C. C. Ballou. It was purposely chosen, since it had been designed as a navy transport for use in the normally calm Pacific. It rode high out of the water and in a moderately heavy sea a list of 28 degrees at least could be expected. Its effects on the men could be predicted with confidence.

"The Ballou doesn't sail to Germany," observed the Baltimore Sun; "it rolls there. One passenger claims that it was on the Ballou that the idea for the automatic washing machine first came to an unhappy inventor."

On November 27, 1948, the 1,336 recruits filed up the gangplank at New York for the history-making trip to Bremerhaven.

Group I (134 men) got Dramamine before every meal and before bedtime. Result: No seasickness, save two who got dizzy. The drug was discontinued; seasickness appeared; drug was reapplied and the malady disappeared.

Group II (123 men) got pills resembling Dramamine but which were actually sugar-paste phonies. Result: Twenty-eight per cent reported sick but were cured with administration of Dramamine.

Group III (129 men) got Dramamine only after seasickness developed. Result: Fourteen of the first 15 to report to sick bay got relief within 30 minutes.

Group IV (99 men) got phony tablets even after seasickness developed. Result: Thirty-three reported sick. Fourteen continued sick after gulping the phonies, but on finally receiving the genuine Dramamine, were relieved in 30 minutes.

The 485 men assigned to the experiment, naturally, had no monopoly on getting or escaping seasickness. Of the 881 who were not participating, 195 reported sick. Dramamine relieved 95 per cent.

The War Department was impressed. Experiments were ordered continued.

Now Dramamine is standard equipment for many shipboard medicine chests.

◆ To this day, science cannot fully explain why some of us get sick from motion—on ships, planes, cars, elevators, roller coasters, swings, broncos, pick-aback, or roller skates.

It is known that the cause lies somewhere in the fluids of the ear's inner chambers. Dr. Gay still can't figure out how Dramamine affects those fluids. Chemically, it is beta-dimethylaminoethyl benzohydryl ether 8-chlorotheophyllinate. Druggists who carry it charge around seven dollars for 100 tablets.

Perhaps they're justified in hanging such a long name on such a tiny yellow pill, for it displaces more remedies than syllables in its name.

While the new drug is a boon to mobile mankind, the medical profession points out that its indiscriminate use may adversely affect some people.

"Consult your physician before using," is the advice of one spokesman of the New York Medical Society. "In some cases, very old people and those with high blood pressure may be prohibited from using some antihistaminic drugs."

◆ ◆

LIBERTY HOME

FEBRUARY 1950

YOUR NEW SERVANTS . . . . . pages 40 to 45

Mechanical and electrical ones, we mean—not robots and not humans. Give some serious thought to your present kitchen equipment and its efficiency. We report on new cookware, small electrical appliances, and news on freezers and refrigerators.

SHOWMANSHIP IN THE KITCHEN . . . . . pages 46 and 47

Your well-cooked meals can be exciting as well as nutritious if you will follow the counsel of the chefs of the famous restaurants given in this issue of Liberty. Here is profitable reading, with effective, simple suggestions and recipes for you.

STAY HOME FOR BEAUTY . . . . . pages 48 and 49

Don't be a slave to a beauty shop; today's special shampoos, creme rinses, home permanents are so simple and efficient that home beauty care is a joy. This article gives valuable hints and suggestions that you can use to your own best advantage.

TILE DESIGN IS A HOBBY FOR AMATEURS . . . . page 50

A satisfying hobby adds a special interest to the routine of daily living; it holds a special charm for the hobbyist himself, and it also intrigues friends and family. The designing of ceramic tiles may be your answer to monotony or doldrums.

YOUR NEW SERVANTS

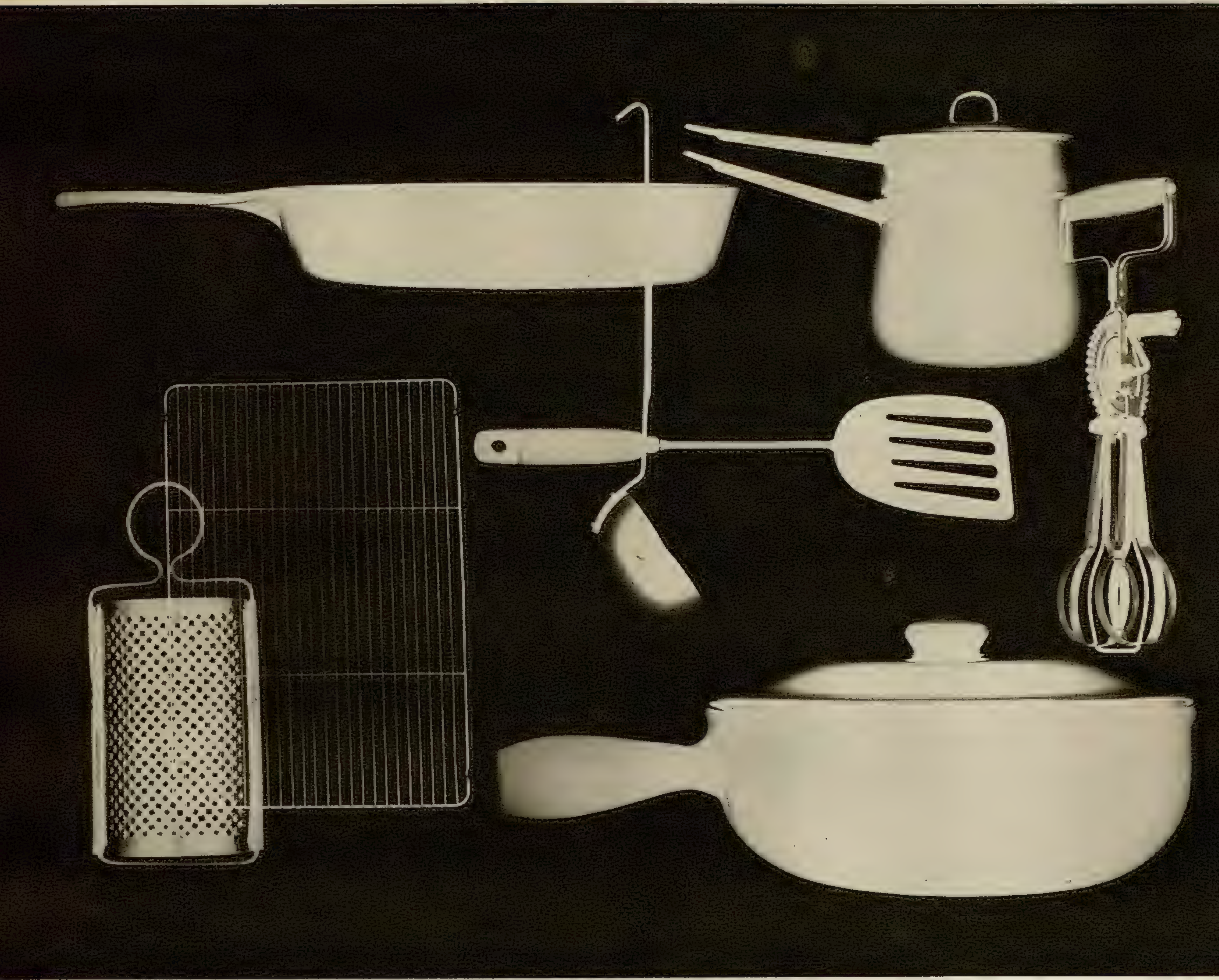


Photo by George Lazarnick

Match your meals to this year's **COOKWARE;** *explore their variety, sturdiness, and versatility*

◆ There's no secret to coaxing top results from 1950's cookware. These new utensils are designed to serve you with a minimum of scouring and polishing, of clattering and banging, of replacement, as good servants should.

Before you hand out cold cash (or drop your gift hints), look beyond gleaming copper or shining aluminum for service, versatility, and "extras." Individual pots and pans are comparatively inexpensive. No one type is best for every use—tin, aluminum, stainless steel, enamel, glass, earthenware—all have their strong points. *Your* equipment depends on family size, your food preferences, and the price you want to pay.

Weed out single-duty and once-a-year pans by planning menus to take advantage of versatile equipment. The top-of-stove oven bakes potatoes for the children's lunch, and also small batches of muffins or cupcakes. The glass percolator cooks corn, asparagus, or broccoli to perfection. The rectangular baking pan for Sunday-morning coffee cake does for uncovered meat roasting, a quick deep-dish pie, or chilling desserts in the refrigerator during the week. Prepare delicacies such as cream sauces or custards in the double boiler; but also separate it for use as two saucepans, or saucepan and casserole. That's just a start. Use your own tricks and match all your meals to your servants.

Equipment from Anchor Hocking Glass, Ekco Products, Enameled Utensil Mfrs., S. W. Farber, Pfaltzgraff Pottery, West Bend Aluminum

Long-time servant—copper-clad stainless steel. The steel discourages most stains—food, hard water, rust. The copper conducts heat quickly (clean it with lemon and salt). Ask for well-balanced utensils that won't tip over, pans with flat bottoms, straight sides, and heat-resistant handles.

Good all-round buy—aluminum. Durable and well priced, it warms up quickly, retains heat while distributing it evenly. Choose aluminum for saucepans, skillets, baking and roasting pans. Look for tight-fitting covers, firmly attached handles. Dry pans thoroughly to avoid pitting.

News—stainless steel bonded to aluminum, combining the good qualities of both, and trapping heat at the bottom. Resists warping; is ideal for waterless cooking, but can be used with high or low heat. Dome-shaped cover increases capacity, and its plastic handle is shaped to fit your grip.

Resistant to odors and acid food stains—porcelain enamel (glass fused onto steel), now available in colors. Sanitary and nonporous, food may be safely stored in these pans. Especially good for double boilers and stewing or preserving kettles. Easy to clean without a scouring powder.

ersatile and colorful—glass-
are. Molded into shape for
en use; or blown for flame-
oof top-of-stove ware. Some
ass is clear and transpar-
t, while some is brightly
lored and opaque. Washes
a flash; retains no odors or
vors. Detachable handles
r flameware are nice extras.

From oven to table—decorative earthenware. Make sure it's glazed on the inside to speed washing and prevent food absorption. Sensitive to temperature changes, but withstands oven heat well. Invest in individual dishes for desserts and soups, as well as a meal-sized one for casseroles.

YOUR NEW SERVANTS

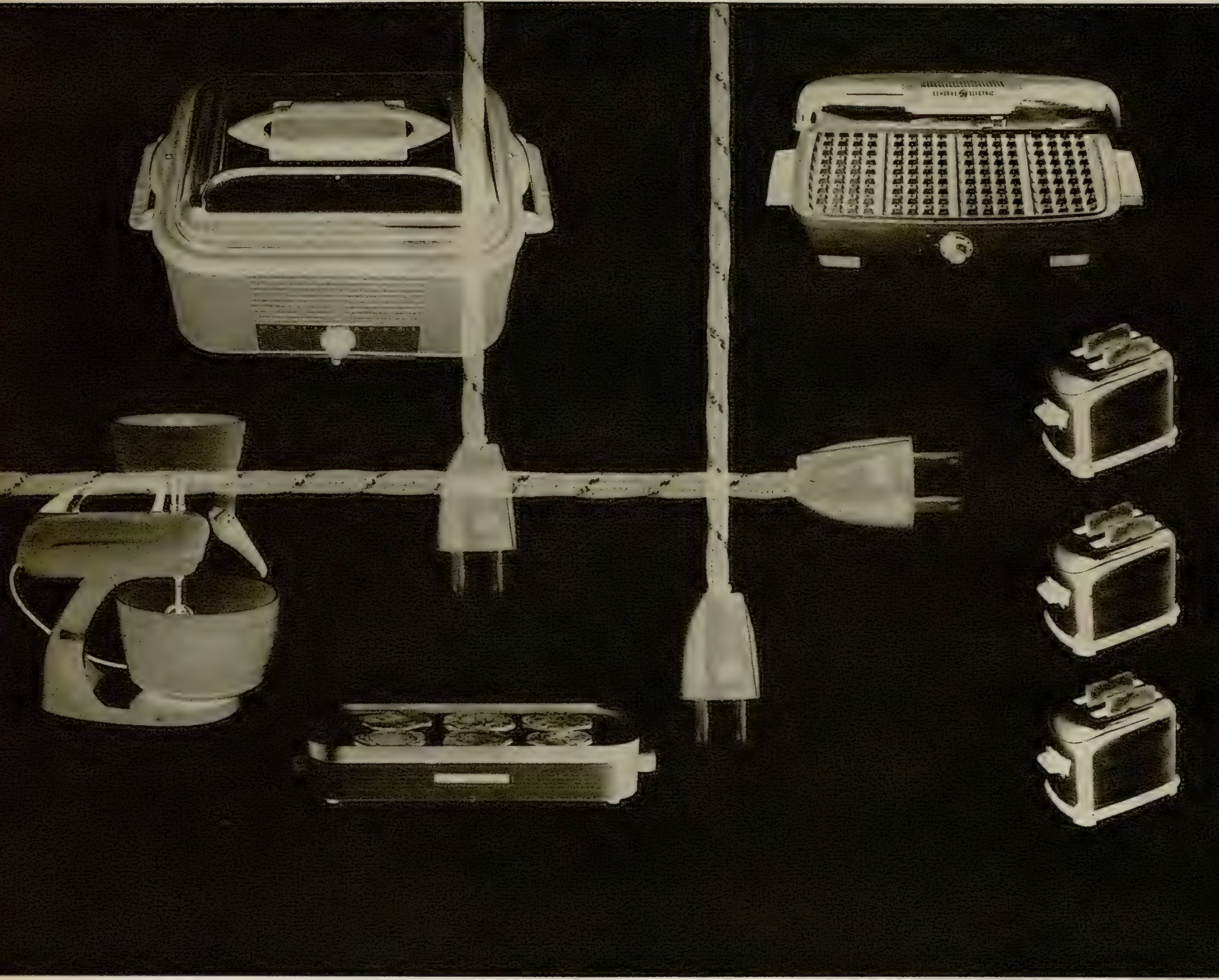


Photo by George Lazarnick

Match your meals to those small, invaluable ELECTRIC APPLIANCES; gain new leisure in the kitchen; add zest to your table

◆ You believe in small appliances. No doubt about it. The statistics gatherers report that about 23 million American homes have electric toasters; 10 million have waffle irons; 9 million have mixers. You own them—but we sometimes wonder if you work these servants hard enough. Unlike the disappearing maid-of-all-work, 1950's electric appliances are built to labor seven days a week.

The electricity is always on tap, so put your servants to work. These appliances cook with speed and convenience and add variety to your menus. Some come right to the table, to give you more leisurely meals with the family, free from up-and-down hopping. They widen mealtime horizons—you can perk the coffee in the living room, grill sandwiches on the porch, or use casseroles to serve outdoor gatherings.

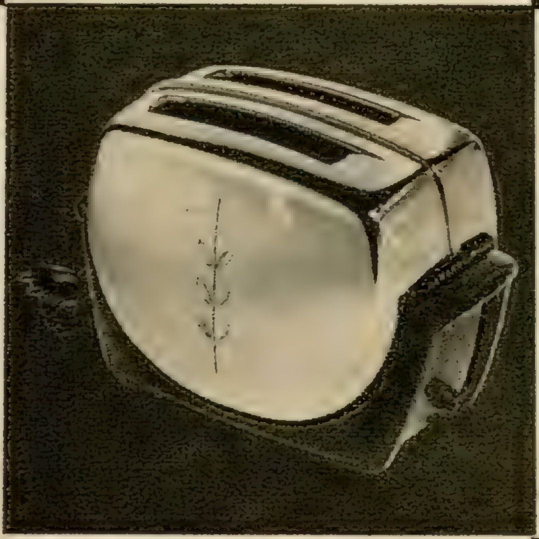
Save the booklets that accompany a new appliance. They contain instructions for care and suggestions for matching your meals to your servants.

READER SERVICE BULLETINS

☐ How to Buy Pots and Pans—Repeat Offer ....3-cent stamp
☐ Home Freezers—Their Selection and Use, No. M.P. 687................ 10 cents
☐ How to Choose and Use Your Refrigerator, No. AIS 56.............. 5 cents
(Order the above two from Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.)
☐ Refrigerator Desserts..................3-cent stamp
☐ Tiles: And How to Make Them............10 cents
☐ California Ripe Olive, Raisin, Almond, Cling Peach Recipes................3-cent stamp

If you're not accustomed to a mixer, you'll find by use that it's a modern miracle. The Knapp-Monarch vari-speed mixer whips cream, mixes batter, juices fruit. Motor detaches from base for use at range. Look for Underwriters' Laboratories' approval when buying electric appliances.

For coffee lovers (most of us) here's Universal's chrome-plated "Twosome" electric percolator. Make two or four cups; the water perks in a minute. Never, never put the heating element of any electric appliance in water. Keep the finish bright by wiping with damp cloth when cool.



Stand-by for a hostess—General Electric's waffle iron-sandwich grill with interchangeable grids which open flat to cook eggs or meat. Experiment with crabmeat sandwiches or coconut-cake waffles. Season grids before first use. Don't coil a cord around still-hot appliances.

Toast for breakfast; toast for croutons, poached eggs, or sandwiches; cinnamon or honey toast for tea—it all pops up evenly browned from General Mills' automatic toaster with removable crumb tray. Use wall outlet—light sockets and ceiling cords don't carry enough current for appliances.

Want a deep-well cooker, a small roaster, a stay-hot picnic hamper? Want to cook and serve casseroles at the table? Then see this Everhot roasterette with inset pan and automatic thermostat. Handle appliances with care, store safely. Remember that overheating shortens their lives.

Serve buffet on the porch in this Westinghouse electric roaster, cook multiportion dishes for church dinners, or fix a hot meal without lighting the oven. It roasts and bakes, stews and fries, as well. If you wish, order the broiler-grid, automatic timer, and cabinet-stand accessories.

YOUR NEW SERVANTS

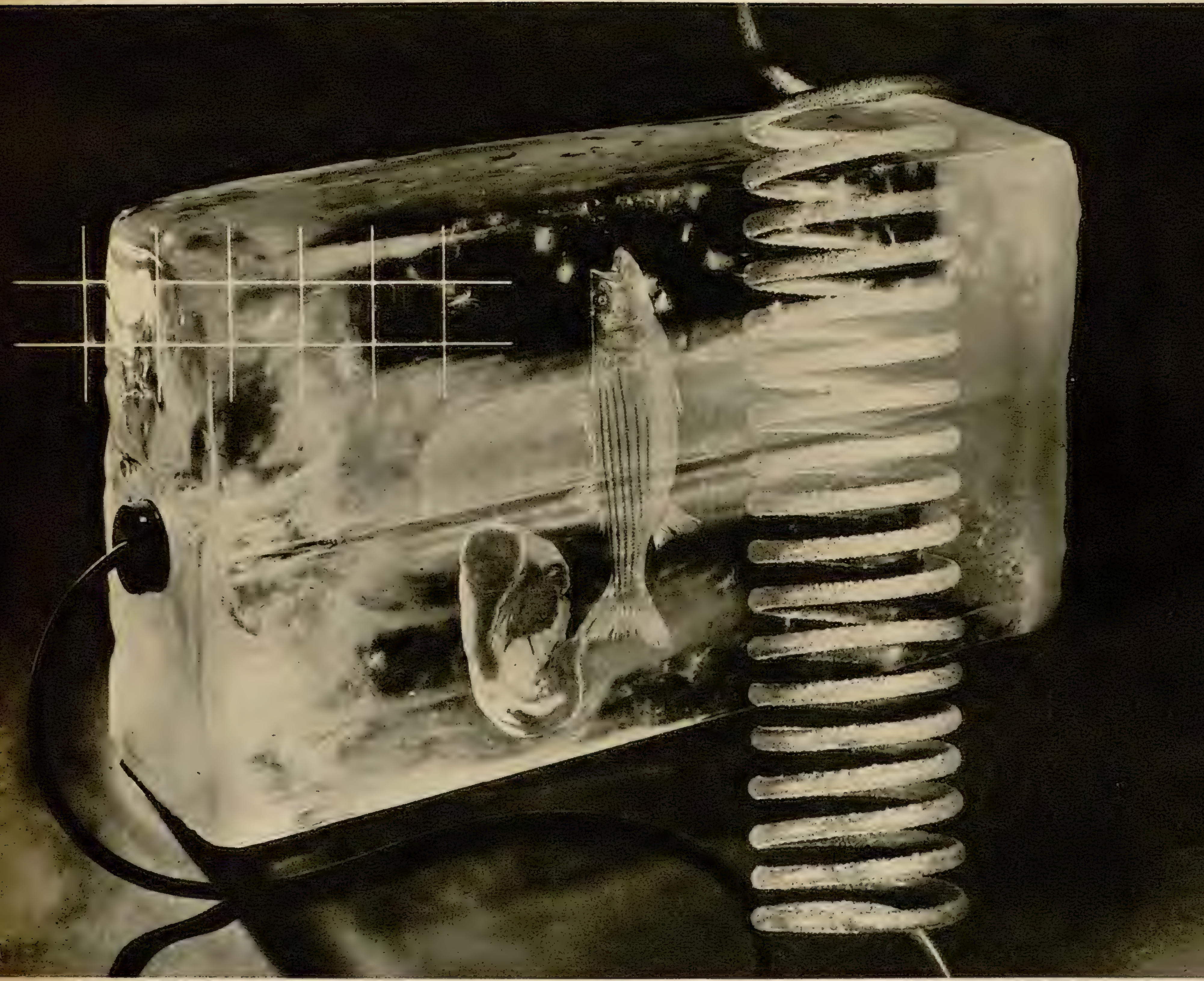
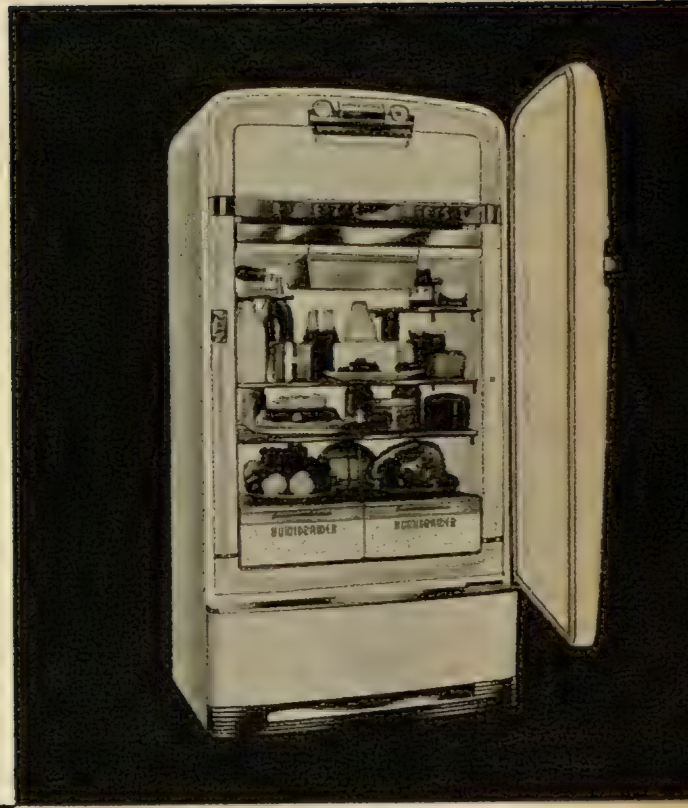


Photo by George Lazarnick

Match your meals—and your marketing—to the magic of new ***REFRIGERATORS*** *and* ***FREEZERS*** *with increased storage space*

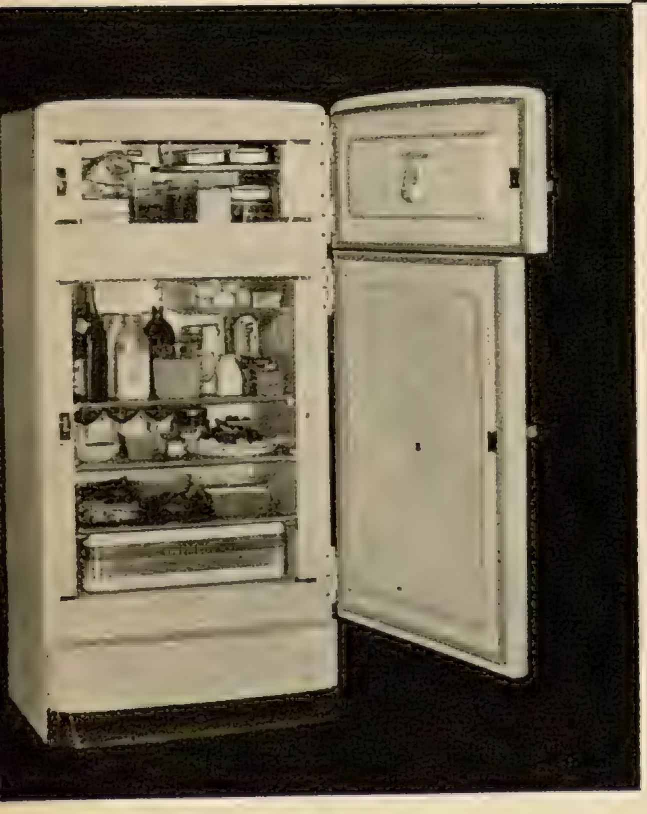
◆ Magic—that's what 1950's freezers seem to anyone faced with the recurring poser of three meals a day. The magic of dinner in 30 minutes from freezer to table; of fresh-tasting corn or peaches during a blizzard; of money saved by purchasing food in quantity and in season, or by buying bulk sizes of frozen foods. But don't count on that saved money for a new carpet—you'll be more tempted to spend it on a side of prime beef.

A 1950 refrigerator, too, can create mealtime magic. Frozen or chilled salads or desserts vary your dinners. Icebox cookies are quickly sliced and baked. A long, cool drink may not appeal to you now, but you can work up a repertoire of unusual drinks for next summer. Devote one ice tray to specialties—orange-juice cubes, or shrimp for Sunday dinner. An extra portion of a basic dough recipe can be stored safely for a few weeks in the refrigerator if wrapped in aluminum foil. In other words, learn to "cook" with the refrigerator as well as the range.



In freezers, look for storage flexibility with removable trays, improved plastic finishes which fight off stains and scratches, lid that stays open, alarm to warn of rising temperature. Insist on a reliable manufacturer, to be sure of mechanism and insulation, and on local repair service. Locate freezer in cool, dry, well-aired spot with solid flooring.

For families with limited floor space—the combination freezer-refrigerator. Freezer shelf usually holds about 40 pounds at about 0° F. Buy commercially packed food in quantities, at bargain prices; or freeze your own baked goods, fish, or prize strawberries. These latest refrigerators maintain a moist cold, so foods don't dry out when uncovered.



Freezing preserves top flavor and food value—but it won't improve poor foods. Make a habit of double orders when fixing pies, sandwiches, stews, to build a "bank" for box lunches or impromptu guests. But don't hoard your valuables—enjoy them. Count on storing 35 pounds per cubic foot; on 2 cents per pound of food for packaging materials.

◀ You miss magic if you miss the newest refrigerators. Improved insulation and smaller but more powerful motors help engineers fit increased storage room into less floor space. De luxe features now appear in standard models—automatic defrosters, flexible shelves, butter conditioners, large meat trays and hydrators. They cost less to operate, too.

Freezers and refrigerators from General Electric, Crosley, and Westinghouse

SHOWMANSHIP IN THE

Entrees and desserts at home can be glamorous.

Photos by George Lazarnick

M. BEAUMONT — chef of the Stork Club — says: "There's no secret in the preparation of fine food. Liking good food is essential; learning to cook it is next."

◆ Chefs with an international reputation are as thrifty as the most careful housewife, says M. Beaumont. His advice to American housewives is to learn how to prepare a menu; to prepare the essentials of a meal well in advance of serving; to use every bit of food that is bought and, by constant practice in cookery, learn to correct the errors they made earlier.

Smothered pheasant (Steve Hannagan) as illustrated above (send for recipe for the soufflé) is a Stork Club favorite. Stuff young pheasant with cooked wild rice. Brown in melted butter in roasting pan in 425° F. oven for 10 minutes. Place in casserole and moisten with 2 cups of stock and ½ glass of sherry. Let simmer about 20 minutes or until tender. When cooked, remove the rice, serve separately. Arrange on a platter with tartlets of black cherries and tartlets of sliced oranges. Strain the sauce and serve separately. The tartlets are simply small pastry boats which hold the fruits, covered with a glacé of thickened syrup. Serve currant jelly on the side.

M. LEON JOSEPH — the Waldorf-Astoria's pastry genius — says: "The American housewife can serve decorative desserts if she plans ahead, has delicacies on hand."

◆ The Waldorf-Astoria's pastry chef has the use of a tremendous icebox (large enough to hold a man), in which is row upon row of frozen delicacies, including one which is served at important banquets. This is known as the Bibescot. It is glamorous in looks, luscious in taste, yet so easy to prepare that any housewife can make it from familiar ingredients. What a thrill to serve your guests the same dish as served at the Waldorf! Chef Joseph says, "Ice cream is the number one dessert in America, but people do not like it served plain. If the ladies will buy a fancy mold, keep a few bottles of fruit juice on hand and make a syrup thickened with corn starch, then they can decorate the fancy mold with such delicacies as marrons, whipped cream, nut halves, or candied fruits." Recipe for Bibescot: Press ice cream into a fancy mold and place in freezer compartment of refrigerator several hours before serving. Remove from mold and place on a large platter. Decorate with meringue pressed through pastry tube and candied cherries.

KITCHEN By BEULAH KARNEY

These famous chefs tell you how it's done

Walnut Meats
Almonds
Meringue
Hazel Nuts
Coconut
Raisins

MR. VALENTINE SANDERS — New York's Statler star in ice-cream desserts — says: "Our famous ice-cream pie can be made at home easily. Let me tell you the trick."

◆ As American as fried chicken, New York's Hotel Statler has a list of dessert specialties that are mouth-watering. Every dessert must pass inspection for taste, flavor, and appearance before a guest ever sees it on the menu. One such dessert that received a star rating is the fabulous Statler ice-cream pie, as shown above. The Statler chefs agree that an American home kitchen has all the ingredients necessary to create this luscious dish. Here's how to make it: Take a 9-inch layer cake, chill well, cut off ⅛ inch from around the edge. Place cake in pie plate, cover with one quart vanilla and strawberry ice cream, spread evenly with spoon. Make a meringue (6 egg whites; add ⅛ teaspoon baking powder, flavor with lemon or vanilla), pile high and spread out to edges. Place under broiler flame in oven preheated to 500° F. The cake and meringue completely insulate the ice cream. It is a matter of seconds before the meringue will brown, so keep an eye on it. Return to freezer compartment of refrigerator until ready to serve. May be made a day ahead of time.

M. EDMOND BERGER — of the Colony Restaurant — says: "Showmanship at home is yours if you consider the meal as an artistic picture. Colors that go well taste well."

◆ When Liberty's Home editors interviewed chefs at famous restaurants, we asked these experts to translate their secrets into simple terms for the housewife. The name of the Colony Restaurant and fine food just naturally go together. When we put our questions to M. Edmond, he said, "Showmanship in foods? I think it is an understanding of the importance of contrast in the flavor and texture of foods. Take for example our sea-food platter (above). We cook all our sea food at simmering temperature in seasoned water, to preserve the delicacy and consistency of the fish. The shellfish are drained, chilled thoroughly, and covered until ready to serve. A bowl of herb-seasoned mayonnaise is served on the side, and a cool, pale green melon slice with a wedge of lime is served with each sea-food platter. Don't be afraid of using fresh fruits with either meat or fish." It's a gourmet's choice, and any housewife can cook and serve such an impressive dish. All the chefs agreed on the importance of planning meals with eye appeal in mind.

Stay

this is the way to treat your hair to keep it soft and beautiful

Brush hair with sweeping strokes, using brush that fits comfortably in hand. Try the new brushes with nylon bristles and make your daily brushing a beauty routine. It pays.

Before your home permanent, give yourself a shampoo so that hair will be spanking clean. To shampoo: Wet hair, lather, rinse; lather again and rinse twice to remove all lather and grime.

Home for Beauty

By JEAN KING MARSHALL

◆ The lines of Rupert Brooke—"These I have loved . . . live hair that is shining and free"—simply but brilliantly describe healthy, glossy hair. "Live" hair presupposes nightly brushings and good home conditioning. Hair that is "shining" indicates weekly shampooing and rinses to give your hair gloss; while hair that is "free" must be fastidiously trimmed and set, yet look casual and natural.

Your hair is alive when you treat it right. Shall we say, brush it a hundred times a night? That is an ideal formula, for vigorous daily brushing stimulates your scalp and helps keep hair glossy. While you brush, lean your head over so that the flow of blood to the head will increase the circulation. Brush small sections at a time, using sweeping strokes, and go upward and outward and on top and underneath.

If your hair is to be your crowning glory, it must be healthy and clean. A good rule to follow is to shampoo your hair each week if it is oily, and every ten days if your hair is normal. Just before shampooing your hair, brush thoroughly and massage your scalp with your fingertips.

Now you're ready to wet your hair with warm water before putting on the shampoo. Apply just enough of your favorite soap or shampoo—cream or liquid—to cover the entire scalp. Work up a heavy lather, rub, and rinse. Repeat process and follow with one or two thorough rinsings. And perhaps you may want to try a color rinse to add sheen to your hair. Towel-dry with a heavy Turkish towel, then brush till almost dry before setting.

READY TO TRY A HOME PERMANENT?

Home permanents have truly been perfected to a point where anyone can roll up her hair on curlers and give herself a soft, natural-looking permanent. One popular kit for home use made by a renowned house contains the very same type preparations and same cold-wave process used in its famous Fifth Avenue salon. You are certain to find this home-permanent kit easy to use and you will get successful results if you follow a few directions:

Have your hair thinned and shaped before you start. Be sure that all the dried and split ends are trimmed.

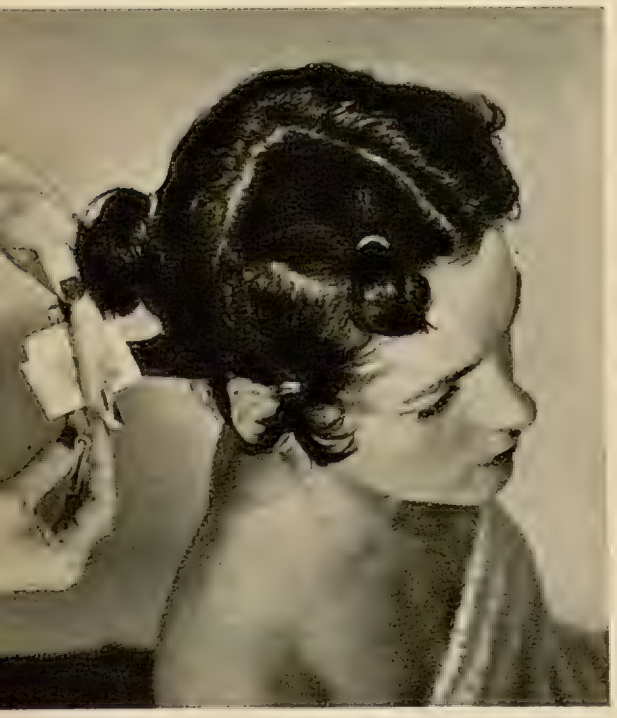
Do not use a home permanent if there are any abrasions on your scalp, neck, or hands. Postpone permanent until there are no skin ailments.

Read instructions carefully and follow explicitly.

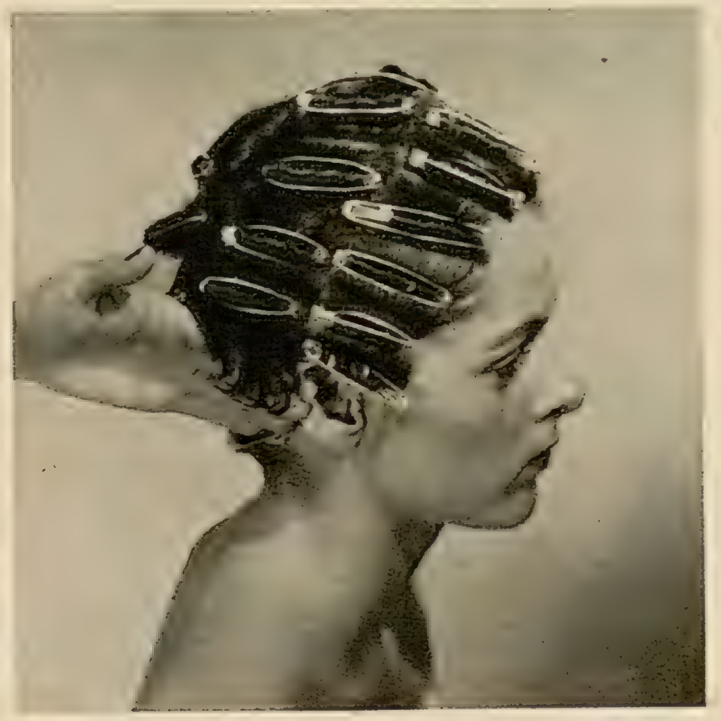
Gather your materials: Shampoo, waving kit, small shallow glass or china dish (not metal), two bath towels, cotton squares, alarm clock, make-up cape or towel to protect clothes against dripping of waving lotion.

Follow steps given in instruction book: Shampoo; block hair into several sections; wind sections of hair saturated with waving lotion according to directions in kit booklet; observe time chart and set alarm to ring; neutralize hair when desired amount of curl is obtained. If final rinse is called for, rinse in tepid water and then rinse with reconditioning creme rinse to make hair more manageable and easier to set. ◆ ◆

Photos by George Lazarnick
Hughes Brushes, The Richard Hudnut Home Permanent, Richard Hudnut Shampoo and Creme Rinse.



After hair is blocked off, start sectioning hair on nape of neck. Wet hair strand with waving lotion and, placing end-paper and rod against the end of hair, start winding curl toward scalp.



After all the curls are saturated with waving lotion, start timing. Use Time Chart in kit instruction book. Make a test curl: Take a curl in the front section, unroll curl about 3 or 4 turns of the rod, and see if the wave is clearly defined and the curl seems firm.

In the comfort of your own home and with the minimum of fuss, you have given yourself a lovely, flattering wave. Your soft, manageable curls can now be arranged into whatever coiffure style becomes you.

Tile bookends and lamps can be unusual.

Design a tile-top coffee table with originality.

Hospitality has a new appeal with tile.

Capture the charm of a Dutch hearth of tile.

Tile Design Is a Hobby for Amateurs

By ROBERT SCHARFF

A basement workshop becomes a creator's studio when you become absorbed in the making and designing of easy-to-do handmade tiles. It's a hobby that gives full play to the creative urge

◆ Decorative tiles can beautify any home. Although we think of ceramic tiles as a wall surface, these same tiles may be transformed into beautiful objects. Tile making is a fascinating hobby. It's also one that could be made profitable. Tiles are easy to decorate; their design and coloring are limited only by the originality of the person who makes them. However, you do not have to be a born artist to achieve satisfying results.

There are many ways of decorating tiles, but the simplest method is to use liquid glazes on ordinary purchased tiles. After the paint dries, the tile is baked at low temperature in your oven.

To eliminate the restriction of standard tile sizes, it is a simple matter to design your own shapes and styles with nonfiring clay, usually available at an art supply store, then decorate them with low-temperature glazes.

Later on you can make custom tiles in a kiln, using oxide glazes painted on tiles and baked or fired at high temperatures. These high temperatures permit many varieties of finishes. Complete directions in our service bulletin.

Tiles by Warner Prins and Soriano Ceramics

CRASH—OR ESCAPE

Continued from page 22

to make in a skidding car. Turn the front wheels carefully in the direction the car's rear end is skidding. This opposes the direction of the skid. But don't slam on the brakes to stop the skid! The only force to prevent a skid to the left or right off the road is another force pulling the car in a straight line down the highway. Stopping the back wheels with a brake eliminates the only force that can save you. So keep your foot at the accelerator. If the road ahead is open, apply gas slowly to build up traction. (If you're already moving along in a skid, additional accelerator speed won't make the car move any faster.) When the car is under control, let the engine stop the car (if you want to stop). Should a quick stop be necessary, jab the brakes quickly and lightly, allowing the wheels to roll momentarily between brake pressures. If you're skidding directly at a car ahead on the road, turn the front wheels right and left to increase the resistance of your wheels on the ice, and pick a favorable spot like a snowbank or open field to drive into if the zigzagging doesn't work.

Skidding tips: Look out for dangerously slippery roads. Remember that melting ice is more slippery than solid ice, and that ice melts unevenly along a shaded highway, where shaded spots stay icy hours after most of the road is clear. And don't let up on the accelerator suddenly when in second gear. The braking power of an engine can cause as quick a skid as an indiscreet foot on the brake.

5. *Hitting a cluster of bumps:* An uneven patch of road or a surprise stretch of bumps—hit at good speed—can quickly jolt your car out of control unless you immediately react in the right way. The first sharp bounce is not a signal to step on the brakes. Instead, it tells you to (1) hold firmly to the steering wheel; (2) keep your foot on the accelerator; (3) keep your feet off clutch and brake. Traction is again necessary to fight forces that throw a car toward the side of a road. When you hit bumps, concentrate on steering and slow down gradually when you get the car headed straight again. If the bumps are small (like a "washboard" road), swing the steering wheel slightly to right and left in order to reduce the jolting.

How do your answers compare with the advice of experts? Did you say "Put on the brakes" for any of the situations? If you did, this article may save you highway grief in the future. For its general, and very important, advice is—don't jam on your brakes in a highway emergency that threatens to swerve your car off the road. ◆ ◆

MORE FUN WITH CANASTA

Continued from page 19

don't have a qualifying meld when the hand ends, your red threes count as a minus against your score instead of a plus. This fact, incidentally, suggests that it can be a smart move to go out in a hurry when you are well behind in the score and your opponents have a number of red threes on the table and have been unable to make a qualifying meld.

When thinking of going out, do you take full advantage of the Canasta privilege of asking your partner's permission—after you've made your draw and before your play? You can go out without asking, of course, but if your partner happens to hold a mittful of meldable cards, you will be doing your side a favor by querying. If he says no the first time, you may ask him again whenever your turn comes. And do you avail yourself of your legal Canasta right to ask how many cards any player in the game, including your partner, holds? It can be important in making tactical decisions.

As in other rummy games, a flock of variations have made their appearance in Canasta, which itself owes a lot to Michigan and five hundred, rummy, Oklahoma and Arlington. Here are some variations you may like well enough to use in your own games:

In two-handed Canasta, with 15 cards dealt to each player, try the going-out requirements as two canastas instead of one.

Try two jokers instead of four with any number of hands playing. Permit sequences, or runs, in the same suit. You can meld a run of three or more, using an unlimited amount of wild cards as long as you have at least two natural cards in the sequence. A run of seven natural cards makes a canasta and counts 700. Canastas of matching cards can have as many wild cards as it pleases you to put into each one.

For your qualifying meld you can take the pot with *any* matching pair—it doesn't have to be natural—or with any two cards that will make a run with the top card. An extra gimmick is that you can use *any* of the cards in the pot to fill out your qualifying meld. Also, a prize pot can be taken according to the same requirements as those mentioned for a qualifying meld. This prevents the pot from piling up too much.

Black threes may be melded at any time, unlike Argentinian Canasta, where the discard of a black three denies the use of the up-pile to the next player.

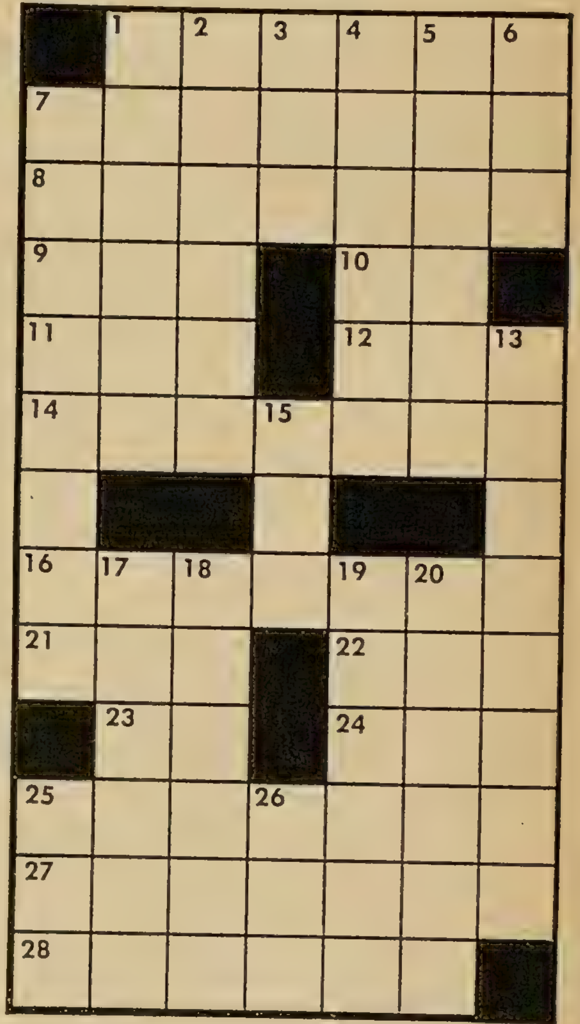
Perhaps other ideas will suggest themselves to you. Don't hesitate to try them. You cannot fix a rummy game into a rigid pattern and expect it to be fun for long. ◆ ◆

Liberty

SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagramatical Cockeyed Quizword

BY TED SHANE



ACROSS

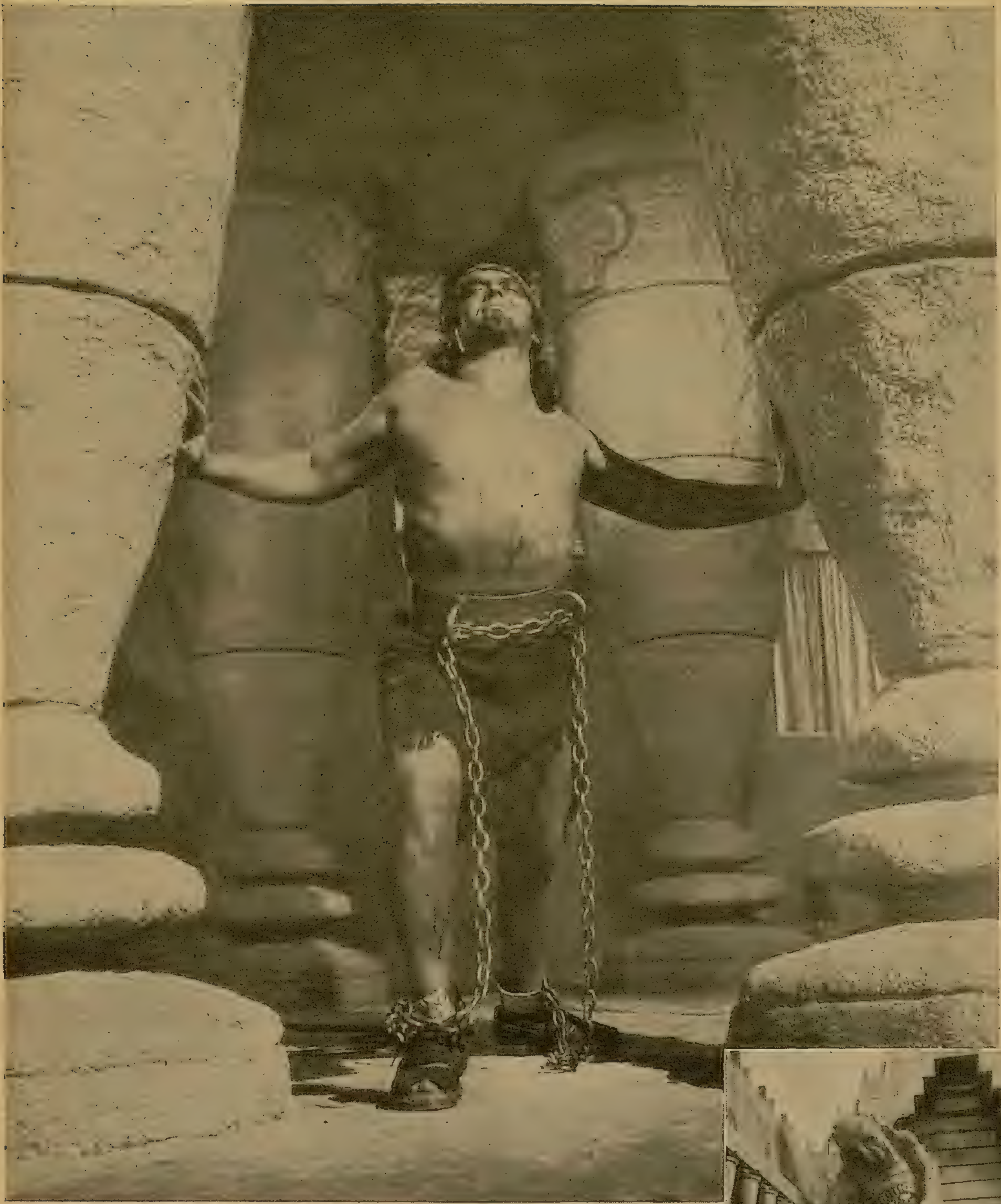
1 Gee, even Lana Turner's molar has That Glitter
7 What goblet contains ice and is not a little sailor?
8 When you tire, Red, you're shelved
9 Tot hit hard, became a great big Giant
10 Queen Victoria called her hubby what?
11 Name a hard-boiled Shoshonean with a Red background
12 Have a tog?
14 Escorts get the feel of curve makers
16 Rent ice to the tempter
21 Collection of stuffed shirts (fem.)
22 I'm a French gentleman friend
23 Ed is of France
24 One-hundredth of a yen
25 Favorite groaner of the Tsarina
27 Slater's frightfully naïve
28 Sestet of the atchoo fly

DOWN

1 You'll get hot in Hitlerian hellhole
2 Tatler is behind
3 He proved it Khan be done (Ask Rita!)
4 Margie is seeing things
5 Leo the cat has a cot
6 World's No. 1 trouble maker
7 What the Other Man did under the red couch
13 Sinatras charmed these cold beauties
15 Athletic bedslat
17 Drains things at their lowest ebb
18 What's 30 in French?
19 A sect's found in Indian snobdivisions
20 Undunk
25 Placed himself on a parking place
26 High pitch

■	T	E	P	E	E	■
P	A	T	I	E	N	T
A	P	H	A	S	I	A
R	E	I	N	■	D	R
■	W	O	O	S	■	H
T	O	P	S	I	D	E
E	R	I	■	M	O	E
E	M	A	N	U	E	L
N	■	N	I	L	S	■
A	L	■	Ç	A	K	E
G	A	M	E	T	I	C
E	M	I	N	E	N	T
■	B	L	E	S	S	■

Jan. Answer



(Above) Samson (Victor Mature) regains his strength in time to prevent his humiliation before the pagan god Dagon—he pushes apart the pillars of the temple, crushing himself and all the Philistines. Mature is well cast as the strong man of the Danites. (Right) Nothing like the scene where the temple is destroyed has ever been done in Hollywood. De Mille was determined to make it something that would shock the customers right out of their seats. It does.

LIBERTY'S PICK OF THE PICTURES

SAMSON AND DELILAH

Cecil B. De Mille combines Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr with the Old Testament story and comes up with a smash hit

LIBERTY SEAL OF FAMILY APPROVAL

By ELIZABETH WILSON

Cecil B. De Mille, Hollywood's most durable and picturesque showman, is at his best in Paramount's latest film epic, Samson and Delilah. It is a fascinating two hours of entertainment, with the grandeur, lavishness, and spectacle expected of a $3 million picture. Samson and Delilah tells the story of a restless Philistine beauty, Delilah, who plots the destruction of the man she loves, Samson the Danite, a huge hulk of a muscle man with superhuman strength. When Samson falls for her sister, Delilah vows vengeance.

When De Mille dips into the Bible for his material, the public can always count on a dramatic smash; he knows his Scriptures and his sex, and when they collide before his camera: *B-o-n-n-n-g-g-g!*

(Left) Samson tells Delilah the secret of his strength, and Delilah gives him history's most celebrated haircut. (Center) That's George Sanders as the suave, literate Saran, lord of the Philistines. Semadar (Angela Lansbury) is Delilah's blonde sister, the root of all Samson's troubles. She is accompanied by Ahtur (Henry Wilcoxon), brutal Philistine general. (Right) As passionate Delilah, Hedy Lamarr (in her first Technicolor picture) gives her best performance.

Liberty's MOVIE REVIEWS

By Beverly Hills

"The Scot" (Richard Todd) proves the old adage that every patient falls in love with his nurse (Patricia Neal). The film has laughs, too.

THE HASTY HEART (Warner Brothers) should go at the head of your "must see" list. Those who enjoy a good laugh won't be disappointed and the handkerchief crowd will be right at home. The picture takes place in a Burma hospital ward at the end of World War II. Sister Margaret's (Patricia Neal) happy ward of four genuine characters and a Yank (Ronald Reagan) becomes host to a belligerent and sour Scot soldier (Richard Todd, a sensational new British star) who is not aware that he has only a few weeks to live. The boys do their stuff to make his last days his happiest. The cast does an excellent job on this most appealing story, taken from John Patrick's successful stage play and directed by Vincent Sherman. It was filmed at Elstree Studio, near London. Start working on this one: Does a Scot wear pants under his kilt?

Three gobs find three gals on a 24-hour pass in New York City. There's singing, dancing, Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly, and the moon.

ON THE TOWN (M-G-M) is a gay musical Technicolor tour of the world's biggest city with talented stars Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, and Vera-Ellen. Gene Kelly makes his debut as director and does well by the gobs, gals, and glamor. Based on a Broadway musical comedy, the picture is a song-and-dance saga of three sailors on a 24-hour pass in New York City. The gobs want gals, and gals they get. Vera-Ellen is "Miss Subway Turnstiles," Ann Miller is an anthropological student, and Betty Garrett a raucous taxi driver who is carrying the torch for Frankie-boy. A recruit from Broadway is Alice Pearce, who came to Hollywood to re-create her original role of Lucy whose perpetual sniffles keep her from snagging a sailor. The pace is fast throughout. The dancing is something to shout about.

Susan Hayward may be an Academy Award winner as Eloise Winters. This is a flashback to happier college days with Dana Andrews.

MY FOOLISH HEART (Samuel Goldwyn) is a tender, heart-warming drama, directed by Mark Robson, Hollywood's director of the day. The film stars Susan Hayward and Dana Andrews, with Kent Smith, Gigi Perreau, Lois Wheeler, Jessie Royce Landis, and Robert Keith in the excellent cast. Susan again portrays one of her highly emotional roles, and when Susan emotes there is no one better. Her Eloise Winters should win her an Academy Award nomination. The picture opens with Susan, twenty-eight and an afternoon tippler, with an illegitimate child and a husband she hates. She comes across an old evening gown, her eyes mist, and she remembers. . . . There follows in flashback her college girl romance (1941) with Dana Andrews, which ended tragically when he was killed in a plane crash shortly after Pearl Harbor.

TEACHERS' PET

Continued from page 28

When the Affiliated Teachers of America met at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles, Eve made a speech that kept them in stitches. She was introduced by Miss Mable Studebaker, president of the organization, who said, "I have often been accused of being the sponsor of Our Miss Brooks."

Miss Arden did not want to do Our Miss Brooks, which was especially written for her. "I just sort of backed into it," she says. "I was going off the air after three years of reading gag lines, and I thought everyone would be thankful. When CBS approached me about the idea, I told them to go away."

Her fans were getting her down too, she admits. "Both of them." They appeared regularly at every broadcast and sat in the front row. One promptly went to sleep. She'd have to prod him, "Come, come, now. None of that." The other one she nicknamed "My boy." "I'd just open my mouth and he'd yak it up."

But CBS kept calling. Finally Eve said, "O.K. Bring over a script and I'll see if it sends me." To her surprise she liked it. The small-town schoolmarm, with an assist from clever writer-producer Al Lewis, could easily be a flesh-and-blood character and not the usual gag machine. Our Miss Brooks went on the air July 19, 1948. CBS had no trouble snagging a sponsor. Last August's Hooper report gave Our Miss Brooks a lead marker of 11.2. This was considered rather remarkable in radio circles in view of the fact that the show, starting as a summer filler for the first half of the Lux Radio Theater, had been on the air only a year. And it came as a surprise to radio's bright boys who had said that a show built around a schoolteacher was bound to be dull and would never find favor with the listeners.

Larry Berns, producer of the show, enthusiastically sent off a wire to Eve Arden, then vacationing in New York, informing her of the top Hooper rating. Eve, candid as a camera, wired back, "Queen for a day."

It was only natural that the Hooper should drop in the fall listing. Sponsors Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, who had the astuteness to latch onto the show after its third week as a sustainer, expected as much. In September Our Miss Brooks shifted its time slot, and took off a week for the shifting, which is always tough on Hoopers. The new time is right before Jack Benny. The show goes on for the Far West at 8 P.M. Pacific Coast Time.

"As soon as people get used to the new time," says Berns, "we'll start building. By March we'll be on top to stay."

Eve Arden, thirtyish, friendly, intelligent, with a talent for witty inflections, is unique in Hollywood. She refused to listen to herself on the air until she started Our Miss Brooks (transcribed on the West Coast). By accident she once turned on the radio in her car—she drives a green convertible Studebaker—and heard herself wisecracking with Jack Carson on the Sealtest show. She turned it off so savagely that the radio hasn't worked since.

She is bored with the Eve Arden character on the screen, and is always saying, "They've got to find someone else to play Eve Arden." Fortunately for her fans, who adore the Eve Arden character, she is an extravagant woman, with expensive tastes, and will undoubtedly continue to play the caustic, brassy, brittle, predatory female with the cutting delivery as long as the fat checks roll in. She has no beef with the salary which Warner Brothers (she is under contract to them for one picture a year) and other studios pay her gladly to perk up their films. "It's just that the character is so limited." She would like a fling at drama or sophisticated drawing-room comedy.

OH, SEED DISPATCH!

The gardeners laugh with a Hoe!
Hoe! Hoe!
As busy as bees in clover.
Weed better begin to sow, and so,
Neighbor, humus come over!
—*Berton Braley.*

She never attends the previews of pictures she is in and never sees the released film. Once she got around to seeing a picture she was in. "It was Mildred Pierce," she recalls, "and that finished me."

She likes pictures if she isn't in them. Once she was sitting comfortably in the Warner Brothers theater on Hollywood Boulevard waiting patiently for the feature film. Suddenly on the screen burst the trailer for next week's attraction. "Wait till you see her!" blared the sound track, followed by a noisy engine rushing across the screen going *"Whooo—Whoooo!* It's Her! Eve Arden in SHE COULDN'T SAY NO!" "It's me!" shrieked Eve. In her dash for the lobby she forgot her escort.

Eve, however, has her conceits, one of them being that she is a dialectician extraordinaire. When she was seven she won a medal presented by a W.C.T.U. group for reciting a poem about an Italian immigrant who succumbed to the horrors of demon rum. The poem was titled No Kicka My Dog. The nonalcoholic ladies marveled at the child's Italian accent, and the flattery went right to Eve's head and lodged there. Recently her pet conceit received a severe jolt. She appeared in What's the Name of That Girl? a television show in Hollywood. Swathed in mink and mask, she gave out with her best French accent. The program had hardly ended before people started calling the station, jubilantly announcing that the mystery girl was Eve Arden. "Everyone guessed," says Eve sadly.

Eve is a tall (five feet seven inches), slim girl with blue-gray eyes, beautiful legs, and a well-distributed 129 pounds. When men question the 129 pounds (she looks much less), she says, "I have one of those deceptive figures," and then hastily adds, as the male eye wanders, "Well, not *that* deceptive."

Her theatrical career began at the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco when she was 16. She changed her name from Eunice Quedens to Eve Arden, and to help make living expenses worked as a clerk at the White House, a San Francisco department store. After 18 months with the Henry Duffy players at the Alcazar she moved on to Los Angeles. She joined up with four troupers who called themselves the Bandbox Repertory Theater. Traveling in an old Ford, they played the hotel-lobby circuit from Palm Springs to Del Monte. She learned her flawless comedy timing the hard way.

She next appeared in a musical called Lo and Behold at the Pasadena Playhouse, with a lot of young Hollywood actors, including Tyrone Power. Lee Schubert, in Hollywood on a search for talent for his Ziegfeld Follies of 1936, signed her on a salary of $100 a week—and Eve took off for New York. In the 1936 and 1938 Follies she appeared both as a featured player and an understudy for Fanny Brice.

Back in Los Angeles she got a good part in the screen version of Stage Door. For months she was referred to as "that girl in the picture with the live cat around her neck." During her 11 years in the industry she has been in some 40 pictures. Among her more recent are Voice of the Turtle, One Touch of Venus, Whiplash, Unfaithful, My Dream Is Yours, Bitter Victory, and The Lady Takes a Sailor.

In 1941 she took time off from Hollywood to appear on Broadway in Let's Face It, with Danny Kaye. In 1939 she had appeared briefly in Oscar Hammerstein's Very Warm for May, which folded after two months. ("I get his flops; Mary Martin gets his hits.") Her great love is the legitimate theater. Every summer she turns down a hefty Hollywood salary to appear for the love of it in summer stock at La Jolla, California. Her best friends are the Gregory Pecks, the Barry Sullivans, and the Mel Ferrers, all dyed-in-the-wool theater folk.

The only house in Hollywood where you will find an old-fashioned bowl and pitcher and a baby toilet chair (*circa* 1864) in the foyer, is Eve Arden's. She is mad about antiques and spends a fortune on them. "I buy," she says, "until the money runs out."

Her home, high up in the Outpost hills looking down on the panorama of Los Angeles, is done in excellent Early American. Her special pride and joy is a friendship spread—a museum piece—for her four-poster bed.

At present the Arden household, with the exception of the gardeners, is female. Even the dog Nipper (a dachshund) is a female. There are her two adopted daughters—Liza, five, and Connie, not quite two—their nurse and a cook. Three years ago Eve and her husband, Ned Bergen, a Hollywood agent, were divorced. Bergen remarried, and when his wife had a baby, it was Eve he called on the big night, and Eve who walked the hospital corridors with him.

She expects to marry again but has no one in mind. For the time being she'll continue to pursue Professor Boynton, to the great delight of her radio fans, especially the teachers. ◆ ◆

HOW OFTEN HAVE YOU SAID

—Continued from page 33

category the total amount of time spent each day on each activity. For instance, if you eat breakfast in 20 minutes, lunch in 45, and take an hour and a quarter for dinner, that makes a total of two hours and 20 minutes a day for "Eating." The task of keeping track of minutes may seem ridiculous or impossible at first, but if you persevere for a day or two, you will develop a simple method of handling the timekeeping chore.

By week's end you will, for the first time in your life, have a clear-cut picture of what happens to your 168 hours. When you add up the seven-day totals in each category, you will begin to see where to cut, where to expand, where to strike balances. The question now is: How? Here are some concrete suggestions you can put into action:

1. Develop efficient habit patterns. You can save time and energy by confirming appointments, checking addresses and phone numbers, keeping your social and business calendar up to date, noting down ideas instead of trying to remember them, listing necessary purchases, having small change always in your purse or pocket.

2. Fool yourself into cultivating good habits until they become a part of you. One woman who wasted most of her time in casual backyard visiting used this trick: She put a pot of food on the stove just before she left the kitchen. Her housewife's instinct made her cut short her chatting so as to get back home in time to keep the food from burning or boiling over. A college professor who was weary of correcting exam papers found his disinterest made him plod through the job, spend twice as much time on it as was necessary. He took what he knew would be the most interesting papers and spotted them at various points in the whole stack. This series of minor goals speeded his work, gave him fresh interest.

3. Learn to read faster. If you are a "word reader," deliberately force your eyes to move more rapidly, to scan phrases and whole sentences at one glance. Speedier and more selective reading can cut your nightly session with the evening paper in half and leave more time free for hobbies and friends; it can double your annual quota of books and magazines.

4. Don't clutter up your life by continually putting off things you know must eventually be done. When you are faced with disagreeable tasks, either do them at once or set a definite time to do them. If you make a date and break it, you will only have to make it again, which means, in effect, going over the same ground three times. If you put off to the last moment writing a report or a letter, you'll find it will probably have to be longer, to explain the delay.

5. Don't waste time figuring out ways of being superefficient. For instance, lists are useful time-savers. But "listitis"—a dread disease in which the patient rewrites lists, rearranges them, and makes fresh ones daily—means the list isn't saving half as much time as it uses up.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

By PHYLLIS I. ROSENTEUR

Your father found a flapper
And she knocked him for a loop,
With spit curls on her forehead
And a lispy boop-a-doop.

Her dresses looked like sacks gone wild;
Her hose was rolled 'neath knees;
And daddy's flask of bathtub booze
Provided anti-freeze.

They sped each night from speak to speak
In poppa's old tin Liz;
And when they parked at break of dawn,
Their feelings seemed to fizz.

But now, two decades later,
When those days of theirs are hazy,
Our parents look about and say
This generation's crazy!

6. Experiment to find out whether you, personally, can live more efficiently by moving at a fast pace or a slow one; by gaiting yourself steadily or by working in sudden bursts of speed; by doing things in advance or by working under pressure. Once you find this level, stick to it. It will set the basic rhythm of your life.

7. Remember that living efficiently does not necessarily mean binding yourself to a rigid schedule. No rules can be laid down for it. What is one man's wasted time (opera-going for instance) may be another man's entertainment. One man's hobby may be another's job.

The author Arnold Bennett once wrote: "You have to live on 24 hours of daily time. Out of it you must spin health, pleasure, money, content, respect, and the evaluation of your immortal soul. Its right use, its most effective use, is a matter of the highest urgency . . . your happiness depends on that."

Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, mother of the 12 children made famous in the best seller Cheaper by the Dozen, and a distinguished industrial engineer and efficiency expert, gave us three basic suggestions for more effective living:

1. When you are first rearranging your time, keep a work chart of some sort always with you so that you can keep it up to date as you go along. This will save you the trouble—and probably the inaccuracies—of later remembering or estimating the time you put in on various activities. Getting your movements down on paper this way is the most valuable move you can make.

2. When planning your new, more efficient schedule from the evidence of the time chart, make sure to allow for delays and interruptions. Unexpected developments often can be more important than scheduled activities. Avoiding them for the sake of keeping on schedule may cut you off from useful social or business contacts.

3. The newcomer to the concept of efficient living usually makes two big mistakes. Forewarned, you may be able to avoid them: (a) Don't schedule your time too tightly. Most people think they can do more in an hour than they really can. (b) Don't fail to allow for delays and slow-downs. In a financial budget the "Miscellaneous" section seems always to show the greatest drain on funds.

In a time budget the same thing is true, and you will be sorely pressed unless you provide in advance for the time that "slips away" even in the best ordered, most efficient living. ◆ ◆

A FASCINATING, MONEY-MAKING art career can be yours

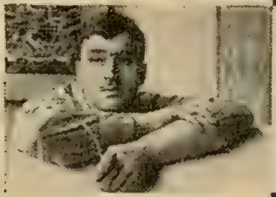
Norman Rockwell
best known of all illustrators, painter of The Four Freedoms, known the world over for his *Saturday Evening Post* covers.

Jon Whitcomb
whose glamour girls adorn the covers of leading magazines, and whose spectacular illustrations symbolize American youth.

Al Parker
creator of the famous "mother and daughter" covers for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and brilliant pace-setting artist for *Good Housekeeping, McCall's.*

Stevan Dohanos
whose intimate, human, colorful *Post* covers are familiar to millions of readers.

Ben Stahl
outstanding illustrator-painter, whose work distinguishes both magazine stories and the advertising of leading companies.



Robert Fawcett
called an illustrator's illustrator because of his masterful drawing, brilliant design and superb craftsmanship.

Peter Helck
whose heroic compositions of industrial and rural America illustrate advertisements and stories in leading magazines.

Harold Von Schmidt
best known for his authentic and exciting western story and sea story illustrations for the *Post* and many other magazines.

John Atherton
famed for posters, *Post* and *Fortune* covers, and for paintings in the Metropolitan and many other art museums.

Austin Briggs
whose magazine illustrations establish him as one of the great newcomers among top ranking commercial artists.

Fred Ludekens
versatile, dramatic story and advertising illustrator, famed art director, Vice-President of the Institute of Commercial Art.

Albert Dorne
brilliant magazine story illustrator, one of America's highest paid advertising artists. President of the Institute of Commercial Art.

America's 12 Most Famous Magazine Artists

SHOW YOU HOW!

They give you professional training to meet coast-to-coast demand for advertising artists

Now for the first time 12 famous illustrators give you the professional training you must have to be an illustrator, advertising artist, fashion artist or cartoonist. With these artists to guide you every step of the way you will progress smoothly, quickly and professionally. It's like having them right at your elbow, telling you their own short cuts and studio secrets, from how to hold a pencil to how to get a job. That's why experts in every field of commercial art say again and again—**"The Famous Artists Course is the Number One Course!"**

Institute of Commercial Art, INC.

Your talent is precious, don't waste it. You can get started on that great new career by simply filling out this coupon—TODAY!

The life stories of 12 famous illustrators

Institute of Commercial Art, Inc., Dept. B-39, Westport, Conn.
Please send book about Famous Artists Course.
Name.......................................Age.....
Street...
City, Zone, State..................................
Phone No...

Continued from page 31

noticed the cow, placidly grazing amid the hustle and confusion, and smiled at the contrast between the old and the new. Soon this expanse of wild oats dotted with oaks would be a thriving community.

And amid the clutter of construction no one paid much attention to the shack where the old man lived. It wasn't until the roads were paved and the sidewalks in and the grand pattern began to look like the map in the tract office that the shack began to gain prominence. As each new house went up, the ancient shack looked worse. Prospective buyers began to ask, "What about that old shack?" and the salesmen would say, "That's Old Man Koyle's place. I've heard he's going to tear it down." Which was hearsay on their part. They were careful to promise nothing.

About this time a curious incident occurred. Old Man Koyle emerged from his shack one fine day attired in some ancient and outlandish costume. He saddled his horse, and then, instead of following the roads, he cut straight as a die toward the gap in distant hills. His course took him across lots, through lawns and patios, and he even rode the horse right through an unfinished house. To gaping workmen he cried cheerily, "Greetings from Gaspar de San José!" And he returned late that night, but by the road and singing.

The word got around that Old Man Koyle was cracked. Children were warned to beware of him. Property owners made declarations of what they would do if he tried that stunt again. But he didn't, and there were other things to think about while building. A thousand other things.

◆

The old man was neighborly enough. When he was moving his horse and cow to fresh pasture, he'd stop to chat with workmen and with proud owners of future dream houses. Kind of interfering with his privacy and cutting into his grazing, he'd say, but progress was progress and it was fine to have such nice neighbors. And except that he staked his animals with no regard for property lines, he never bothered anybody. Besides tending his animals he spent an hour or so a day sawing at the huge pile of oak on his place. It was understood he had a pension of some sort.

While there was some talk, it was Pattlock who took things in hand. H. Walter Pattlock, retired manufacturer from the East who'd bought one of the de luxe lots—the acre ones, with three oaks, $8,500. He was putting another $44,000 in his house, and it was a lovely ranch type, built in a sprawling Z among the great oaks. The only trouble with Pattlock's place was that Old Man Koyle's shack was next door.

Pattlock talked with the real-estate man who had subdivided Grandview Estates. Then he engaged Koyle in conversation while the old man was sawing wood. And then he reported to the neighbors. "We've been hoodwinked," he reported. "Old Man Koyle has no intention of tearing his shack down. As a matter of fact the old fool is proud of it. Says it's a house with a history. And he won't sell."

There was some talk, but nothing was done. After all, the old man had been there first.

But by the next summer it was plain that something would have to be done. By now there were eighty-six homes in Grandview Estates, all brand new, restricted, and gleaming, except for Old Man Koyle's incredible rat's nest in the center of it all. Prospective buyers for the remaining lots would stop and gape. There was the huge pile of wood as high as the house, the weathered barn propped up on one side by poles, the chicken coop. The house itself was of adobe, with a sway-back roof and various rickety lean-to's of lumber, curled and blackened by the weather of many years. "That's Old Man Koyle's place," the salesmen would say, leading the prospects hurriedly past. "I hear he's going to tear it down."

Grandma Wins The Jackpot

Of all the rumpuses radio ever raised, here is one of the liveliest—and the story has its tender moments too —in

LIBERTY Next Month

"I," Pattlock declared one fine morning, "am going to do something."

"What, dear?" his wife asked.

"That crow's nest! That one-man slum district! That ——!"

"Remember your blood pressure, dear."

"I'm going to start a petition to abate that nuisance!"

"But he was here first. He can't have many more years—"

"Nonsense! People never die out here. That's why we came. He's immortal! And he won't listen to reason."

Pattlock took the petition from door to door. His diligence resulted in sixty-seven signatures. "We won't really do it," he explained. "I just want to show the old man we're ready to. He'll come around."

Then Pattlock took the petition with him and paid a visit to Old Man Koyle, who was sawing wood.

"Hi, neighbor," Old Man Koyle greeted.

"I'm here on business."

"O.K. Come on in the house."

The interior of the house was, if anything, worse than the outside. It was stacked with old junk. "Have a seat, neighbor," Koyle said. "That there chair come across the plains in '84."

Pattlock glanced at the chair and decided to remain standing. "Koyle, I'm afraid I've got bad news for you."

"That so?" Koyle sat down. "Gaspar de San José made *this* chair with his own two hands. What's it about?"

"Your neighbors want you to fix your place up."

"Sure wished I could," Koyle admitted. "Sort of an ambition of mine. But I'm broke and nobody seems to care no more about the old times. This here is the first house ever built in the valley. Gaspar de San José molded the bricks and laid them up. Sawed his own lumber. Used this house as a Pony Express station for awhile, and then—"

"Your house is substandard," Pattlock broke in impatiently. "It doesn't conform to building regulations."

◆

Old Man Koyle chuckled. "Been here quite a spell; I reckon it's pretty well built. So many newcomers in the county now, and they don't seem to care. Gaspar de San José come in along the old Indian trail, same route as the Pony Express used, through the gap in the hills from where the county seat now is and straight down through to here. Don't know why the highway didn't follow the old trail. The Indians always picked the best way—"

"Koyle," Pattlock said, "your neighbors have signed a petition."

"Yeah; heared you was taking one around," Koyle admitted blandly. "Sorry folks feels like they do. Figured I was through with neighbor trouble when Webber sold out to that real-estate feller. A hard man, Webber. Word no good. Had to have it in black and white. Always a-fussing. Why, we even had to make out an agreement so's I could graze my cow and horse on his land, and I had to pay him a little, and for cutting the wild oats for hay. Land wasn't doing him no good, neither; just a hard man. Dollar-grabber. If it wasn't for me he'd of cut down all the oaks and sold 'em for firewood. That'd 'a' been a shame. These oaks was here when Gaspar de San José first seen the valley. Yep, Webber he was a hard man. Little guy with a big voice—"

"Koyle," Pattlock broke in, fighting his blood pressure, "I'm not here to talk about either Webber or local history. I couldn't care less. I'm concerned with property values. The home owners have put a lot of capital into Grandview Estates and we've a right to some protection on our investment. If you can't fix the place up, then sell out."

"Don't know nobody else who would keep it up."

◆

Pattlock gave a short laugh. "You're certainly keeping it up, aren't you?"

"No call to laugh at a man doing the best he can."

"It's not worth fixing anyhow. No electricity or plumbing—"

Koyle broke in with a laugh. "What did Gaspar de San José know about them things?"

"You can't live in the past."

"Looks better to me than the future," Koyle admitted. "Now, why don't you leave me alone, neighbor? I never made no fuss when you folks come in and took my pasture and hay. Pretty soon I'll be buying hay. That's all right; I believe in progress too."

"We have petitioned," Pattlock said, "that either you bring your place up to the standards of the community, or tear it down."

Koyle arose slowly. "I won't do neither."

"In that event, we will have the place condemned as unfit for human habitation."

"Over my dead body!" the old man cried. "Spoil this old place that Gaspar de San José—"

"Sentiment's all right in its place, but you can't block progress. Now, look. You're not getting any younger. You've got a half acre with two big oaks. You can sell out for four thousand, maybe five. That'll keep you in comfort for the rest of your days."

"Oh, I'll get by," Koyle said. "I got a little pension. Sort of a hobby with me, this old place. Picked it up soon after I got home from the war with Spain. I'm retired and not much account for anything else nohow. I'll just stick around and keep care of things."

"I can see there's no use trying to use reason," Pattlock said, and left. He got his car and drove through the gap in the hills to the county seat, eight miles away. It was a small town, another relic of the past. Pattlock saw the county clerk, who was almost as ancient as Old Man Koyle.

"I want this brought on the agenda of the next meeting of the county supervisors," Pattlock said, delivering the petition.

The county clerk read it, then shook his head. "I wouldn't."

"I'm not asking advice. I want it done."

"O.K., stranger. It's your neck."

"What do you mean? I'm within my rights."

"Quite a few old-timers left around hereabouts. We don't never die. Guess it's the climate. That's why you folks come out here from the East. Old-timers wouldn't like it, you trying to kick Job Koyle out of house and home. He's been here a long time, minding his own business. Why don't you mind your own business?"

"His house," Pattlock said, "does not conform to sanitary and health regulations."

"You ain't worried about his health. It's how the place looks. Don't hurt you none."

"It does hurt me, and every person on that petition. We've put good hard money saved over taxes into our places. His shack threatens our investments."

"You see, Job Koyle is sort of a character around these parts," the clerk went on. "Always rides first in the pioneer parade every year, dressed up like Gaspar de San José. Pioneer Day's next Sunday. You new folks ought to come over and take it in. Learn about the place you live in. We have quite a shindig—"

"I'm not interested in your local customs. All I want is to have that petition put before the county supervisors."

"And you foreigners ain't interested in local politics, neither," the clerk said. "That's why the old-timers still run the county government. If you want to raise a big stink, it's your affair. I just want you to know what'll happen. And all these people which signed this here thing. Did they know what they was getting into? You people at Grandview Estates might want some co-operation from county officials now and then. Live and let live."

"Perhaps I've been a little hasty," Pattlock said.

◆

The Grandview Estates Taxpayers Association was formed during a Sunday breakfast given by Pattlock on his back patio. It was a big patio, but crowded with home owners and their wives intent upon civic improvement and scrambled eggs. In recognition of his initiative, deep interest, and the fact he was host, Pattlock was unanimously elected president. A secretary and treasurer were elected. A committee was appointed to prepare a constitution and bylaws. Then, while the wives gathered on one side of the patio to discuss babies, recipes, and flower gardens, the men of the Grandview Estates Taxpayers Association got down to business—the business of what to do about Old Man Koyle.

One motion was to become an-

A SPLIT SECOND IN ETERNITY

The Ancients Called It

COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS

Must man die to release his *inner consciousness?* Can we experience *momentary flights* of the soul—that is, become *one with the universe* and receive an influx of great understanding?

The shackles of the body—its earthly limitations—can be thrown off and *man's mind can be attuned* to the Infinite Wisdom for a flash of a second. During this brief interval intuitive knowledge, great inspiration, and a new vision of our life's mission are had. Some call this great experience a psychic phenomenon. But the ancients knew it and taught it as *Cosmic Consciousness*—the merging of man's mind with the Universal Intelligence.

Let This Free Book Explain

This is *not* a religious doctrine, but the application of *simple*, natural laws, which give man an insight into the great Cosmic plan. They make possible a source of great joy, strength, and a regeneration of man's personal powers. Write to the Rosicrucians, an age-old brotherhood of understanding, for a *free* copy of the book, "The Mastery of Life." It will tell you how, in the privacy of your own home, you may indulge in these mysteries of life known to the ancients. Address: Scribe Q.Z.J.

The Rosicrucians

SAN JOSE (AMORC) CALIF., U.S.A.

SEND THIS COUPON

Scribe Q.Z.J.
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California

Please send me the *free* book, *The Mastery of Life*, which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.

Name__________

Address__________

City__________

Zone____ State__________

nexed to the city, and thus out from under the thumb of the fossilized county government. But while the city undoubtedly would become the metropolis of the West, and every home owner of Grandview Estates was firmly convinced that Woolworth would some day build upon his lot, the fact remained that at present there were, at the very least, four miles of wild oats between Grandview Estates and the city limits.

There was discussion of the possibility of Grandview Estates becoming an incorporated city in its own right, with the power to make and enforce sanitary and building regulations. While a committee was appointed to study how and if this could be done, it was generally felt that it was asking for a lot of trouble just in order to bring one old man into line.

A few dark hints about taking matters into their own hands some night were stricken from the minutes.

"Let's face it," Pattlock finally said. "There might be a little grousing in the county weekly. A few old-timers will always moan at every forward-looking step of progress, no matter what it is. I say go ahead with the petition and to hell with it."

At this moment the Pattlock maid, Marie, came from the house. "Excuse me, Mr. Pattlock, but Mr. Koyle is here. With his horse."

There was some embarrassment among the assembled group.

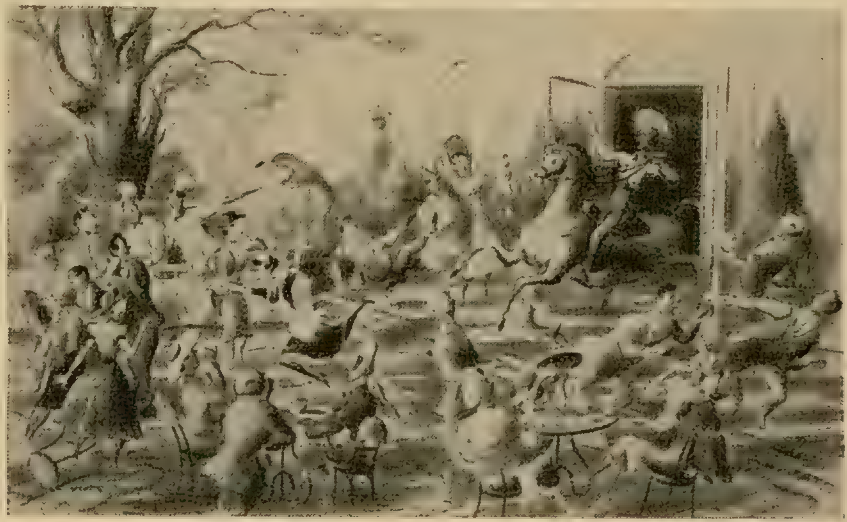
"Let him in, Marie," Pattlock said.

Marie went through the French doors.

"We might as well have it out with the old fool," Pattlock said. "When he knows he's licked, he'll come to time. I personally feel—"

At that moment a scream came from within the house. Then Marie came dashing through the French doors.

From within came the drum of hoofs on oak floors, then through the French doors rode Old Man Koyle astride his charger and dressed in an ancient and outlandish costume.



"Greetings!" he cried heartily. "Greetings from Gaspar de San José!"

He rode across the patio, over the flower beds, through the rear gate of the grapestake fence, and away.

Mrs. Pattlock broke a stunned silence. "My hardwood floors!"

Then everybody began talking at once.

"He's drunk," declared a woman.

"Well, I never! I never in my life!"

"He did the same thing last year, before the house was finished."

"A periodic drinker."

"Malicious mischief."

"He can't get away with this."

"Endangering our lives."

"Drunk on and about a horse."

"Disturbing the peace."

"Reckless riding."

Pattlock beat upon the table with a coffee cup for order. "Members of the Grandview Estates Taxpayers Association," he declared, "we have found the solution of our problem." He paused, while interest mounted, and then said quietly, "Obviously the old man is crazy."

Ways and means were discussed, and the meeting broke up with mutual congratulations.

Late that night the peace and quiet of Grandview Estates was disturbed as Old Man Koyle rode home—this time by the public thoroughfares—singing loudly. The home owners made a note of the time for future evidence.

The next day Pattlock met with the newly appointed Committee on the Insanity of Old Man Koyle and went with them to the county seat to initiate legal proceedings to have Old Man Koyle put away.

Mrs. Pattlock, her woman's heart touched, her curiosity aroused, and

TEST YOUR RELATIVITY

By GERARD MOSLER

◆ To start with ADAMS, every child knows that President John Adams was the father of President John Quincy Adams. BUT could you tell with similar ease that the famous historian Henry Adams was John Quincy Adams' grandson? Your task here is to find out what relationship—if any, and watch out; in some instances there may be none at all!—exists between each pair of the famous people bearing the same surname listed below. Score 18 or more right and you deserve the highest (P.E.) "degree."

WHAT RELATIONSHIP EXISTS BETWEEN:

1. Franklin Roosevelt and Theodore Roosevelt?
2. Lyman Beecher and Harriet Beecher?
3. J. Edgar Hoover and Herbert Hoover?
4. Robert E. Lee and Henry Lee?
5. Fred Astaire and Adele Astaire?
6. Maria Theresa and Marie Antoinette?
7. William Booth and Ballington Booth?
8. Theodore Roosevelt and Eleanor Roosevelt?
9. Johns Hopkins and Mark Hopkins?
10. Raymond Massey and Ilona Massey?
11. William Taft and Robert Taft?
12. Charlotte Brontë and Emily Brontë?
13. George II and George III?
14. Otis Skinner and Cornelia Otis Skinner?
15. Catherine I and Catherine II?
16. Lionel Barrymore and Ethel Barrymore?
17. Horace Mann and Thomas Mann?
18. Amos Bronson Alcott and Louisa May Alcott?
19. Robert Falcon Scott and Sir Walter Scott?
20. John F. W. Herschel and Caroline Herschel?
21. Daniel Webster and Noah Webster?
22. William H. Harrison and Benjamin Harrison?
23. Johann Strauss and Richard Strauss?
24. Louis XVI and Louis XVIII?
25. Austen Chamberlain and Neville Chamberlain?

(Answers will be found on page 68)

with the thought of possible bargains, fixed herself up and paid a visit to Old Man Koyle. She was dismayed to find that a dozen other women had had the same idea before her. Koyle was holding open house while the women ohed and ahed about the old junk he'd collected. "What lovely antiques!" they exclaimed.

Mrs. Pattlock might have come late, but she wasn't going to be caught short. "How much," she asked, "for this old beat-up chest? I might use it for a wood box or something."

"What?" Koyle cried.

The other women immediately began protesting that they were there first. They began making offers for other objects.

"Shut up, all of you," Old Man Koyle cried, "and get out of my house!"

The women left in a huff. It was certainly a dog-in-the-manger attitude. He'd have no more use for the stuff, and wouldn't let anybody else have it.

When Pattlock returned late that afternoon with the Committee on the Insanity of Old Man Koyle, he found practically the entire population of Grandview Estates, together with a county police patrol car, gathered in the street before his lovely home.

"Now, Walter!" his wife cried as he got out of the car at the edge of the mob. "Remember your blood pressure!" She clung to his arm as he pushed a way through. "Oh, dear, what are we going to do?"

"About what?"

They came into the clear, and he stopped short. "Look!" she cried. He was already looking. Old Man Koyle's horse and cow were staked out on the Pattlock front lawn. The animals were, however, ignoring the lawn. The cow was taking large and delicious mouthfuls of the Pattlock petunias, stock, and other flowers. The horse seemed to fancy the rare shrubs.

"What is this?" Pattlock cried. "Here! Get off of there! Get out of here!"

"Take it easy, Pattlock," the county cop advised.

"Leave my animals alone, Pattlock," Old Man Koyle called.

◆

Pattlock looked upward to the source of the voice. Old Man Koyle was high in the biggest of the three oaks around which the Pattlock home had been designed. He was busily sawing at a limb. Below the tree were limbs that already had been sawed.

"What—How—?" Pattlock turned purple, unable to speak.

"Remember your blood pressure, dear," his wife cautioned.

Pattlock turned to the county patrol cop. "And what are *you* doing? Standing by and letting this vandalism go on! Officer, arrest that man! What do we pay taxes for?"

"I called him, dear," Mrs. Pattlock said. "He says he can't do a thing."

"Well, why can't you?" Pattlock demanded of the cop.

The cop shrugged. "Koyle has got grazing and timber rights."

"I don't care what he's got! He can't— What was that?"

"I said grazing and timber rights," the cop said. "It's legal and recorded. Everything had to be in black and white with Webber."

"Just a minute here. What do you mean? I've got title to this place."

"Subject to existing easements and restrictions, like all deeds," the cop said. "Koyle had a lot of trouble with Webber, years ago. He bought the trees to keep Webber from cutting them down. He bought rights to graze his stock."

"The man's insane!" Pattlock cried. "He rode his horse through my house yesterday!"

"Your own affair if you want to build your house square over the old Gaspar de San José trail," the cop said.

Pattlock became purple.

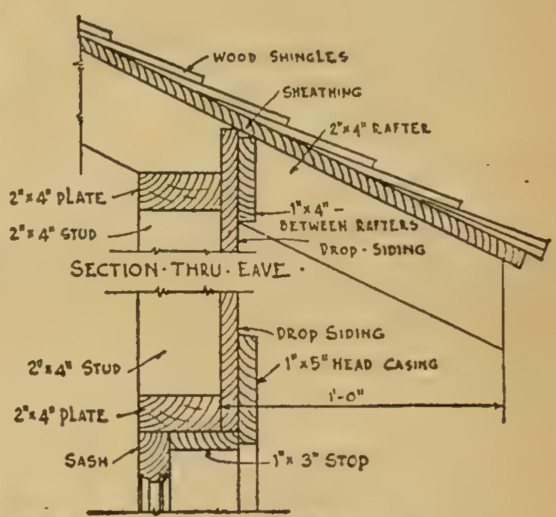
"Please, dear," his wife begged. "Remember your blood pressure."

Pattlock began counting slowly to one hundred. He was at eighty-seven when with a crash the limb which Old Man Koyle had been sawing fell to the earth. Pattlock counted again, beginning at one. Then he said sweetly, "Mr. Koyle, could I have a word with you?"

"What do you want to talk with me for?" Koyle replied. "I'm crazy."

"Why, Mr. Koyle, I didn't understand. If you'd only explained to

FREE-10 DAY TRIAL
Double header
Double partition plate
Double trimmer
Kick Plate
Stringers
Girder post
Subfloor
Sole plate
Partition studs



NOW—Get the INSIDE TRADE FACTS on
HOUSE CONSTRUCTION DETAILS

Save Money and Time—Get Better Construction—with these Professional Methods

Here, at last, is an exact working guide on every detail of house construction from foundation to finish. Tells you dimensions, materials, processes, step-by-step working methods. Hundreds of scale drawings and photographs make every step easy to follow. Can be used for alterations in a set of stock plans, for making additions or changes in a building or for complete construction of a dwelling. Conforms with modern practice and building regulations in all parts of the country. A book you will refer to for years! The professional guidance you get on even a single house construction detail can *repay you a hundred times the small cost* of this wonderful volume! Send for free-examination copy today. Mail coupon below.

SEND NO MONEY

Examine 10 Days FREE

You don't risk a penny to see for yourself how you get clear, professional guidance on every building detail.

At the end of ten days, either send only $4.50 (plus postage) in full payment or return book and owe nothing. Mail free-examination coupon NOW.

Every Step in House Construction Explained:

Excavations • Footings and drainage • Foundation forms • Sills • Girders Joists • Sub-flooring • Exterior and Interior wall framing • Ceiling joists Gable roof • Hip and Gambrel roofs • Dormers • Siding and Shingling Cornices • Porches • Exterior walls • Interior walls • Wall panels • Mouldings • Stair construction • Windows • Sash details • Window framing details • Doors and door trim • Closets, shelves, built-in equipment • Breakfast alcove • Sewing room • Flooring • Chimneys and fireplaces • Mantels and seats • Outdoor fireplaces • Scaffolds • Garages • Electric wiring • Insulation • Garden benches, tables • Swings and other garden furniture • Picket fences • Log cabins, camps, cottages • Barns • Septic tank • Painting • Heating and Air Conditioning • Prefabricated houses.

313 PAGES. SIZE 8½x11. FULLY INDEXED. 1500 ILLUS.

HOUSE
CONSTRUCTI
DETAILS
NELSON L. BURBA

MAIL THIS COUPON

Simmons-Boardman Publishing Corp., Liberty 250
30 Church Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Send me for 10 DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION, "House Construction Details." I will either return it in 10 days and owe nothing or send only $4.50 (plus postage) in full payment.

Name ______
Address ______
City & State ______

☐ Save! Send $4.50 with this coupon and we will pay postage. Same return and refund privilege.

me. Can't we talk this over man to man?"

"Busy," Old Man Koyle said, sawing furiously. "Figure I better take off the limbs before I cut my trees down. And no time to waste, if I've got to cut down every oak in Grandview Estates before I go to the bughouse."

"Perhaps we can settle this," Pattlock suggested. "I'll buy the trees from you. I'll buy your grazing rights."

"Too late, Pattlock. Tried to get along with you, but you wouldn't have it. I just don't like you. You're not a good neighbor."

"Can't anything be done?" Pattlock cried. "Can't we stop this sabotage?"

"I think we've got a good case against the real-estate agent," a neighbor said. "He charged us extra for the oaks and they weren't his to sell."

"I don't want a case!" Pattlock yelled. "I want my oak trees!"

"I want my flower beds and my privacy!" his wife cried.

A neighbor said, "When I got home this afternoon and saw what was going on, I called a lawyer up. He said he'd have to look it up, but offhand he thinks Koyle owns the trees.

"He says the use of the land has been changed, so Koyle can't pasture his stock on our lots if we want to pay him damages. He wouldn't give an opinion on the old Gaspar de San José trail, but he says if Koyle has been using it every year to ride to the parade, it looks bad."

◆

Another limb came crashing down. Pattlock's wife put her hands over her face and moaned.

"Koyle, you've got me," Pattlock said. "What do you want?"

"Want my wood," Koyle said. "These are my trees, and none of you high-hat foreigners is going to get any free shade out of 'em." He climbed spryly to another limb and began sawing.

"I didn't understand. Of course I'll withdraw that charge," Pattlock pleaded. "I'll see to it first thing in the morning."

"I'm not dealing with you," Koyle said hotly. "I'm taking on the whole dad-blamed Grandview Estates Taxpayers Association! Only reason you organized was to gang up on one old man. Well, by golly, you're all going to find out that maybe I'm old, but I'm still poison!"

"We've got a quorum!" Pattlock cried to the surrounding crowd. "The Grandview Estates Taxpayers Association is now in emergency session. Meeting, come to order. To hell with the minutes, and let's get down to business!"

It was moved, seconded, and unanimously passed that Old Man Koyle had been dealt a snide trick. It was moved, seconded, and unanimously passed that the attempt to have him committed to an institution for the insane was an error. It was moved, seconded, and unanimously passed that the Committee on the Insanity of Old Man Koyle take immediate steps to rescind any action taken and would thereupon be dissolved. It was moved, seconded, and passed unanimously that a sincere and humble apology be tendered Old Man Koyle for the snide treatment he had received. It was moved, seconded, and unanimously passed that Old Man Koyle be tendered a vote of thanks for being such a good neighbor and making no squawk while his rights were being encroached on. It was moved, seconded, and unanimously passed that Pattlock should constitute a committee of one with full power and authority to negotiate with Old Man Koyle for timber and grazing rights to Grandview Estates.

And another limb fell.

"Well, Koyle?" Pattlock said. "Name it and it's yours."

"I don't want nothing from you foreign tenderfeet," Old Man Koyle said, beginning to saw at another limb. "None of you gives a hoot about this country you moved into. Why should I spend my time and money and why should I bust my back trying to keep things like God wanted it? Who appreciates it? I went in debt to buy the oaks from Webber, or they wouldn't be here now. You don't care that these same oaks were here when Gaspar de San José first rode into this valley. Progress is what you want. Well, I'll give it to you. I've been an old fool, that's what I've been. I can make a good piece of money on this cordwood."

"But, Koyle—"

"Walter," Mrs. Pattlock said sharply, "I think you men have messed this up about enough. . . . Ladies, I suggest that we form here and now the Beautiful Grandview Club, dedicated to preserving the natural beauty of our community and preserving its glorious traditions."

The Beautiful Grandview Club was formed by acclamation. It was moved, seconded, and passed unanimously that Mrs. Pattlock would be chairman. It was moved, seconded, and passed unanimously that all other business of organization be tabled for the duration of the emergency.

The chairman then said, "I suggest that we restore the lovely old adobe house of Gaspar de San José to its original condition, in order to preserve the historic relics which Mr. Koyle has so carefully collected, and that Mr. Koyle be appointed guardian and caretaker for life, and that we create a perpetual maintenance fund for this purpose as payment for the loss of Mr. Koyle's rights."

This was put in the form of a motion, seconded, and passed unanimously.

◆

Koyle climbed down from the tree. He squinted upward appraisingly. "Pruned up about right," he decided. "Don't want to let them limbs get too long, Pattlock. Get tore off in a storm it might not only ruin your roof but you could lose a tree."

And so any visitor today is taken first to the old adobe house of Gaspar de San José, and bored stiff with stories of the glorious past. And, restored, the ancient structure has a charm which enhances property values. The people are so happy about it and such ardent adopted sons and daughters of the pioneers, that the name of the subdivision has been changed euphoniously to Gaspar Gardens. ◆ ◆

BEWARE OF THE DOG

Continued from page 37

yen for rattlesnakes, he confines them in a safe place. But the most dangerous animal in America runs through the city streets and the countryside at will. When will we decide to stop him?

TEN WAYS TO PREVENT DOG DANGERS

Dogs can be safe pets, if these rules are followed. Barking dogs do bite, and so will every dog with a tooth in his head.

1. Don't have a dog if you don't intend to care for one.
2. No matter what the old adages say, a dog's mouth harbors some of the most dangerous germs on earth. Never allow a dog to lick your hands or face, or to eat out of your dishes.
3. Every dog should be vaccinated against rabies, and revaccinated as often as the veterinarian deems necessary.
4. Never strike a dog in the presence of a child. At least 50 per cent of all dogbites are provoked by children teasing or striking a dog.
5. Never have a dog for a pet where there are small children.
6. Never allow your dog to run at large muzzled or unmuzzled. A rabid dog or fox may bite him without your knowledge.
7. Every sick dog, or one which has bitten a human being, should be promptly examined by a veterinarian, and confined (not killed) until he is examined. Only dogs that are obviously rabid should be destroyed on the spot.
8. A dogbite is the most dangerous wound on earth. Have it treated at once by a physician.
9. Dogs should not be chained (chains break). Dogs should have suitable quarters.
10. Never forget a dog is dangerous. Treat him accordingly. ◆ ◆

DEATH: MORE FRIEND THAN FOE

Continued from page 25

is a brilliant white flash, then unconsciousness.

People who have been asphyxiated by carbon-monoxide fumes, and would have died but for artificial respiration, have no unpleasant sensations to report. Possibly there was slight giddiness and an overwhelming desire to sleep, but that is all. Recovery from drowning is the same story—complete, all-enveloping peace.

Why, then, do men fear death? Possibly this fear is an inheritance from primitive ancestors. Primitive people, lacking a rational explanation for death, attribute it to evil spirits. Or maybe it is man's protest against extinction. In any case, human beings generally fear death, regarding it as painful, anguishing—which is almost never so.

◆

Dr. Alfred Worcester, professor emeritus of hygiene at Harvard, corrects these notions:

"Death is almost always preceded by a perfect willingness to die. I have never seen it otherwise. It is always easy at the last. However great the previous suffering, there is always an interval of perfect peace and often ecstasy before death—even in angina pectoris, where in previous attacks there is usually far less suffering, and even this disappears before the loss of consciousness.

"All competent observers agree that except in imagination there is no such thing as 'death agony.' The contractions of the dying body, it is true, are sometimes distressing sights. They seem to be evidence of suffering, but this is only seemingly so—they are merely contractions of reflex muscles."

Similarly, the facial grimaces that often come with death are involuntary and not indicators of pain. Remember, faces are often contorted in sleep—although the sleeper is in no pain whatsoever.

Look death in the face. His countenance isn't so terrifying as we are led to believe. In a few instances it comes suddenly, as in the case of a burst brain artery or a plane crash. But more often it is a progressive failure of function that proceeds at a leisurely pace. Local death, Dr. Carrel called it.

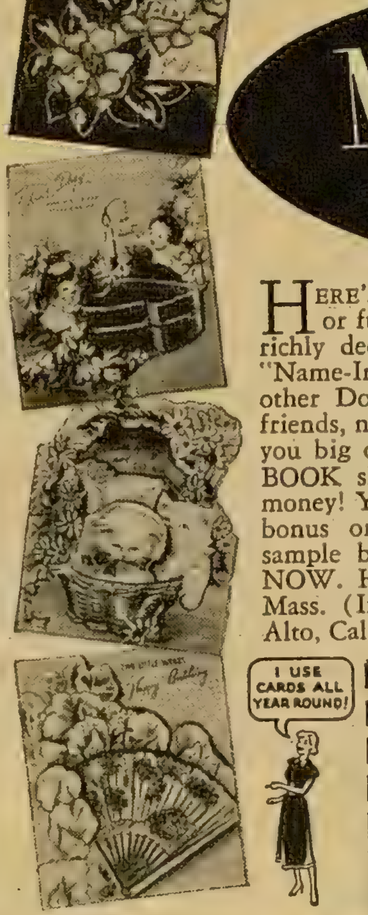
As a general rule people die from the feet upward. Leg reflexes are the first to go. Muscles which control the digestive tract may be the next to give way. There is a gradual decrease in sensory perceptions. Here sense of smell goes first, then taste. Sight gradually dims until there is an enveloping blackness. The sense of touch lingers longer. People apparently dead will still twitch when pinched lightly. There is considerable evidence that hearing lasts longer than any of the other senses; that the ears function to the very end. They hear the

LOVELIER CARDS AT REAL BARGAIN PRICES!
Welcome Baby
Get Well Wishes
THEY'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CARDS I'VE EVER SEEN!

NO WONDER SO MANY FOLKS

Make Good Money!

... These Exquisite Doehla Greeting Card and Stationery Assortments Sell on Sight!


I USE CARDS ALL YEAR ROUND!

HERE'S a *friendly way* to make a fine income, spare-time or full time. Show lovely Doehla Box Assortments of richly decorated All-Occasion Greeting Cards, distinctive "Name-Imprinted" Stationery, gay Gift Wrappings. Many other Doehla items so *exceptionally* beautiful that your friends, neighbors, and co-workers will be delighted to give you big orders. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED—our FREE BOOK shows you easy ways for *any beginner* to make money! You make up to 50¢ on each $1 box, even more on bonus orders. Mail coupon below—without money—for sample boxes on approval. No obligation. Send coupon NOW. HARRY DOEHLA Co., Studio L22, Fitchburg, Mass. (If you live west of Rockies—mail coupon to Palo Alto, Calif.)

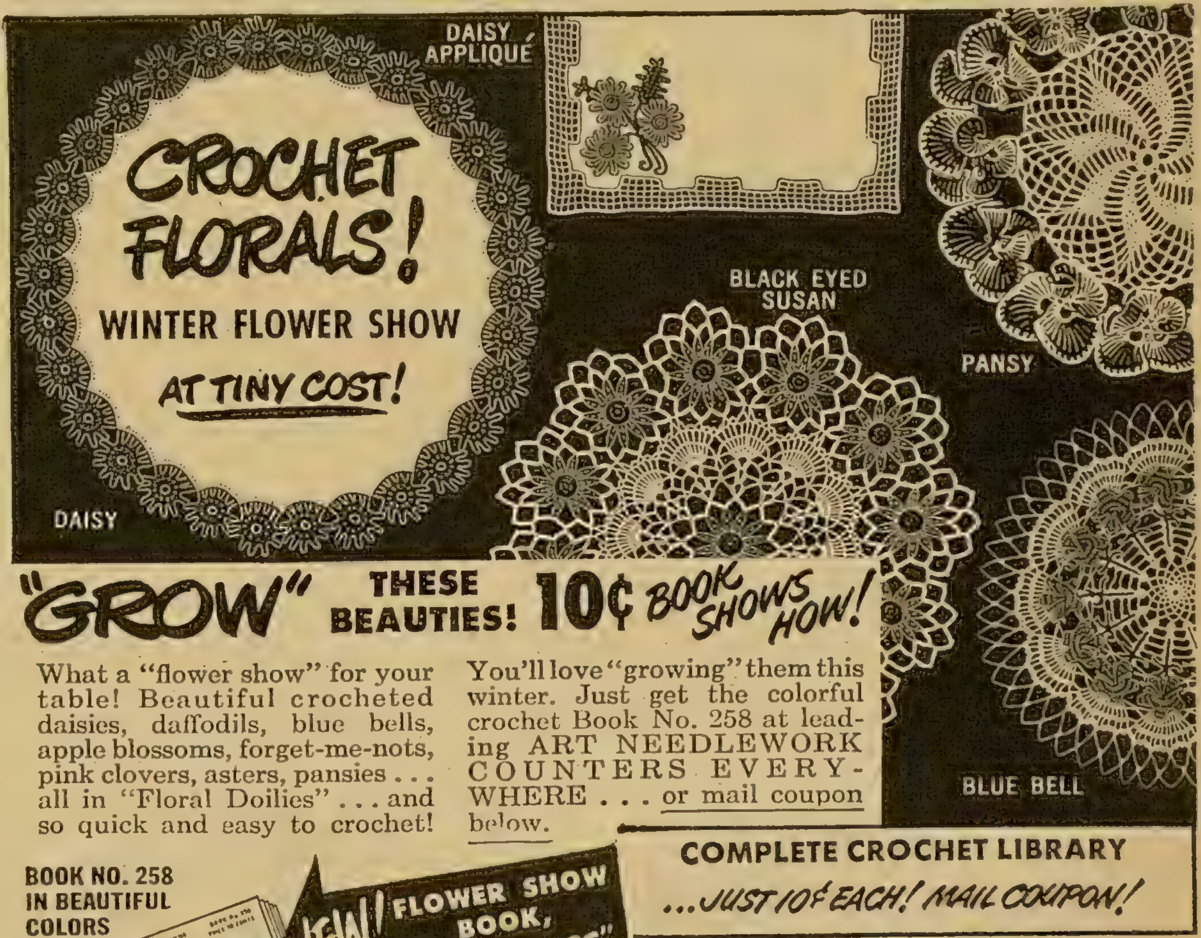
Makes Money—and Friends Too

"The cards were so attractive they sold on sight. Friends gave orders unhesitatingly. I'm making friends, aside from my regular duties." —Mary Pasciucco, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio L22, Fitchburg, Mass. (or Palo Alto, Calif.)

Please rush—for FREE TRIAL—sample boxes on approval, money-making plan, extra-profit bonus offer. Also send FREE Book of easy ways for *anyone* to make money.

Name..
(Please Print Clearly)
Address..
City.............................Zone No. (if any)........State..............



"GROW" THESE BEAUTIES! 10¢ BOOK SHOWS HOW!

What a "flower show" for your table! Beautiful crocheted daisies, daffodils, blue bells, apple blossoms, forget-me-nots, pink clovers, asters, pansies . . . all in "Floral Doilies" . . . and so quick and easy to crochet!

You'll love "growing" them this winter. Just get the colorful crochet Book No. 258 at leading ART NEEDLEWORK COUNTERS EVERYWHERE . . . or mail coupon below.

BOOK NO. 258 IN BEAUTIFUL COLORS

FLORAL Doilies

NEW! FLOWER SHOW BOOK, "FLORAL DOILIES"

COMPLETE CROCHET LIBRARY

...JUST 10¢ EACH! MAIL COUPON!

THE SPOOL COTTON COMPANY
P. O. Box 1342, Newark 1, New Jersey

Please send me the books checked, at 10¢ each. I enclose $........

☐ Bk. No. 258, "Floral Doilies"
☐ Bk. No. 261, "Chair Sets and Runners"
☐ Bk. No. 260, "Correct Table Settings"
☐ Bk. No. 259, "Fine Crochet and Tatting"
☐ Bk. No. 257, "Prize Winners" (crochet)
☐ Bk. No. 256, "Handkerchief Edgings"
☐ Bk. No. 233, "Learn to Crochet"
☐ Bk. No. 251, "Tablecloths"
☐ Bk. No. 244, "Bedspreads"
☐ Bk. No. 170, "Learn How Book"

NAME..
(Please Print)
ADDRESS..
CITY.............................ZONE....STATE............

"Help, John! A peeping Tom!"

LIBERTY

thoughts expressed at the bedside—rarely thoughts aimed at comforting a human being facing his last and greatest adventure.

Most physicians feel that as death approaches they are no longer needed—that death should be left to nurses and family. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes took exception to this view, and so do many physicians who have followed him. They hold that as it is the job of doctors to preside at births, helping people into the world, it is equally their job to comfort the departing.

At such a time there are many things a doctor can do. As circulation to the skin fails, dying people usually break into drenching sweats. The victim may be cold, clammy—but he feels hot and feverish. One woman asked that she be put in a snowbank. Doctors can provide comfort in such moments by prescribing light alcohol rubs. Almost always dying people thirst. Even after throat muscles are unable to swallow, a cool sponge of water helps. The sucking motion of lips is the first and last muscular action of human life.

◆

The final flutters of a failing heart pump an ever-diminishing supply of blood. The flame of life burns more and more dimly. Whatever pain may have attended the final illness disappears as sensory perceptions fail. There is merciful relief even from such horribly painful diseases as meningitis, tetanus, brain tumors.

After an interval of peace, the oxygen starvation that goes with failing circulation takes its toll on the brain. The patient may hear the ringing of nonexistent bells or see the flashing of nonexistent lights. He may feel a slight restlessness. Gradually he drifts into darkness, without pain, without sensation. The final blacking out which precedes death is in no wise different from falling asleep. This is true of older people who often go to bed and to sleep—never to awaken. It is also true of children. Having only a feeble grip on life, they suffer no anguish on relaxing their grip. Almost always they die easily, painlessly.

Although deathbed clarities exist largely in fiction, there is occasional evidence that the dying person retains all his faculties to the very end. In these cases true character is likely to shine out. Those who in life have been petulant, complaining, use their last breath to express bitterness about the fate they are meeting. The good and kindly express good and kindly thoughts. Curiously, the dying brain sometimes becomes clearer than it has been for years. Older people may see vivid scenes of childhood. The fogged minds of the insane often clear miraculously.

Goethe died reciting Greek poetry, although he hadn't studied the language for 50 years. The poet Pushkin looked calmly at his books. "Good-by, my friends," he said. With good humor, one elderly physician counted himself out like a referee at a boxing match. Napoleon expired leading imaginary armies to new triumphs.

Legally, death arrives when breathing stops and heart action ceases. But even after these things happen, life remains in many tissues. The brain survives for six to eight minutes. On the autopsy table, intestines will often start their rhythmic contractions; dead hearts can be artificially stimulated to start pumping again. Hair follicles, fingernails, and other such inert tissues may remain alive for several days. The whole body, in other words, doesn't die at the same moment.

Furthermore, some tissues are potentially immortal. Kept warm, supplied with oxygen, and nourished with artificial broths, they will remain alive and healthy for indefinite periods. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research pioneered along these lines in 1912. That year he started tending a fragment of chicken heart which was kept alive and healthy for 34 years. Similar experiments with human tissues indicate that they may be kept alive in the laboratory indefinitely.

Furthermore, some tissues hold the seeds of immortality in that they may be transferred from person to person. Thus the cornea from the eyes of the recently dead may be used to restore sight in some types of blindness. It is possible to imagine cartilage being transferred from person to person and remaining alive and healthy for thousands of years.

One of the most fascinating aspects of death is that it is relatively new to the earth—when time is measured by a cosmic clock. The most primitive forms of life—the first life on earth—don't die. Protozoa, fungi, algae reach a certain stage of growth, then divide by fission—creating two new lives and leaving no corpse behind. Protozoa have been studied for thousands of generations without showing any signs of aging.

◆

As life began to climb the evolutionary ladder it became more complex. Forms appeared containing many types of cells, each with a specific job to do. The failure of one type led to the failure of others, since they were interdependent. Then the life structure came tumbling down. Death appeared on earth.

Man pays a heavy penalty for the variety and complexity of his cells. A sickly liver can ruin a vigorous heart, a diseased thyroid can wreck a host of healthy tissues. Jacques Loeb, great biologist, summed it up thus:

"The mischief of death may be traced to the activity of a black sheep in the society of tissues." Thus, from the biologist's point of view, death isn't the wages of sin. It is the price man pays for the complexity of his cell system—a small price for the privilege of being a human being.

We smile at the small boy fearing the mysteries of the first grade, at the young girl in an emotional turmoil about her first party. We might save some of this patronage for man in general and his fear of death. As sleep is a release from the day's turmoil, death is a relaxing after the stresses of life. It is more often kindly and welcome than fearsome and painful. ◆ ◆

SMALL TOWNS DON'T FORGET

Continued from page 26 . . . . . .

Jeff chain-smoked as his train drew close to familiar country. A different trip from the last time he'd ridden the same train, handcuffed to a deputy.

Twenty-four years old then, full of life and vigor, going angrily and sullenly to be caged for twenty years. He was out in seven. While the other young men had gone into the military services, he had been in prison. Now they had won a victory. The country was safe, and he was out to live in a world they had protected.

Jeff felt a growing tension as the train rolled through the last valley before home. He would pass his own place—what had been his place—in three minutes. Many a time he'd halted his plowing or harvesting to straighten up and watch a train come by. He'd always felt proud to be the owner of the farm the passengers were looking at. Good fields, well tended; good barns, always painted and in repair; and a small neat house. Something to own and work and love.

◆ He wondered who owned the place now. Maybe it had been abandoned. Maybe the buildings would be sagging, the paint all peeled off, and the fields full of weeds. Maybe nobody wanted the place, and he could go back and build it up again.

The train lurched around a curve and the lights from his farmhouse were before his eyes. Then it was gone! Foolish to hope that anyone would let that land go to waste. The fields probably were planted and growing, the house and barns painted. Probably more machinery in the yard than he had ever hoped to own. Jeff stared out at the darkness in dumb pain. His thin wild hope was smashed. There was nothing to go back to. Nothing. Nothing but revenge.

He'd start with George Galbraith, the banker who had the mortgage and arranged the sale. After he'd whipped Galbraith he'd get the man who lived on the farm and had taken it from him. Then he'd start on the jury. Start with the foreman and work down. He wouldn't kill anybody if he could help it. Just make them pay for the years and the farm they had stolen. They'd hurt him. He'd hurt back the only way he could.

When the train stopped, Jeff got off and stood on the brick platform, unsure of his next move. He felt conspicuous in his blue suit and yellow shoes and that cap they'd given him. He took off the cap and threw it away. It was like getting rid of part of the prison. Then he picked up his suitcase and headed for the center of town. His lips were tight and his eyes hard. It wouldn't be long before they knew he was back.

◆ Jeff started out bravely, but his heart was not in his aggressive stride. The muscles in his face were stiff and taut, and he narrowed his eyes, afraid that someone might look in them and see his indecision and weakness. He hated, and he was angry, but he was also afraid. This town had whipped him once, and he was afraid it would whip him twice.

Jeff reached the town square without seeing anyone he knew. He sat down on an empty bench and smoked another cigarette. His back was to the courthouse. He didn't want to look at that building. All he could see was that room, the judge, the jury, and the hard unfriendly faces. They hadn't believed him when he told how Robbins had reached for a knife. All they knew was that Jeff Taylor had swung at an unarmed man, and Taylor's fist had carried an iron pipe.

Jeff snapped away his cigarette and headed toward Sam Darby's café. It was where he'd always eaten on his trips to town for supplies. As he moved slowly along the street he passed Glensir's Barber Shop, and looked in. Old Pete Glensir was cutting hair and chewing tobacco with the same slow movements he hadn't varied in forty years. He was lifting his razor and eying the back of a customer's neck when Jeff passed. Pete looked up, over the top of his rimless glasses, his skinny jaws working easily. His eyes met Jeff's, and for a moment their glances held. Pete nodded, spat, and touched his razor to the customer's neck.

Jeff walked on, his hand gripping the handle of the suitcase with all its strength. That nod. It was Pete's nod that got him. As though he'd never been away. Cold, impersonal, brief. Not a sign of welcome. Not a smile. Not even a frown. Just a barren nod.

Jeff walked on stiff-legged, his eyes blank. He stopped at Sam Darby's café, hesitated, and then pushed the door open. There was a new calendar on the wall, but that was the only thing that had

NEW! SOLD ONLY BY MAIL!
No Time Limit
HOSPITAL PLAN
GOOD ANYWHERE IN U.S.

Protects You in Case of
SICKNESS & ACCIDENT
COSTS only 3c a DAY

More coverage! Less cost! Individual or family eligible, birth to age 70. Policy pays Hospital Room and Board as long as you remain confined. NO TIME LIMIT! You get Doctor Benefits in case of accident . . . Cash Benefits for 74 Surgical Operations . . . Compensation for Loss of Time in case of accident (age 18 or above) . . . Cash Payment for Loss of Eyes, Hands, Foot . . . Lump Cash for Accidental Death . . . special Infantile Paralysis coverage. Only 3c a day for adults; 1½c a day for children to age 18. Sold direct. No agent will call.

POLICY PAYS
HOSPITAL ROOM AND BOARD FOR SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT
Per Month $150.00
(No time limit)
DOCTOR VISITS IN CASE OF ACCIDENT
Per Week $25.00
(No time limit)
74 SURGICAL OPERATIONS
$10 to $100
LOSS OF TIME IN CASE OF ACCIDENT
Per Week $25.00
(No time limit)
ACCIDENTAL DEATH
$1000 to $3000
LOSS OF EYES, HANDS, FOOT DUE TO ACCIDENT
$250 to $3000
INFANTILE PARALYSIS
Maximum $1500
AMBULANCE SERVICE
$10.00

FREE! MAIL COUPON
NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
Dept. L2-50, Wilmington, Del.
Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".
Name . . . .
Address . . . .
City . . . . State . . . .

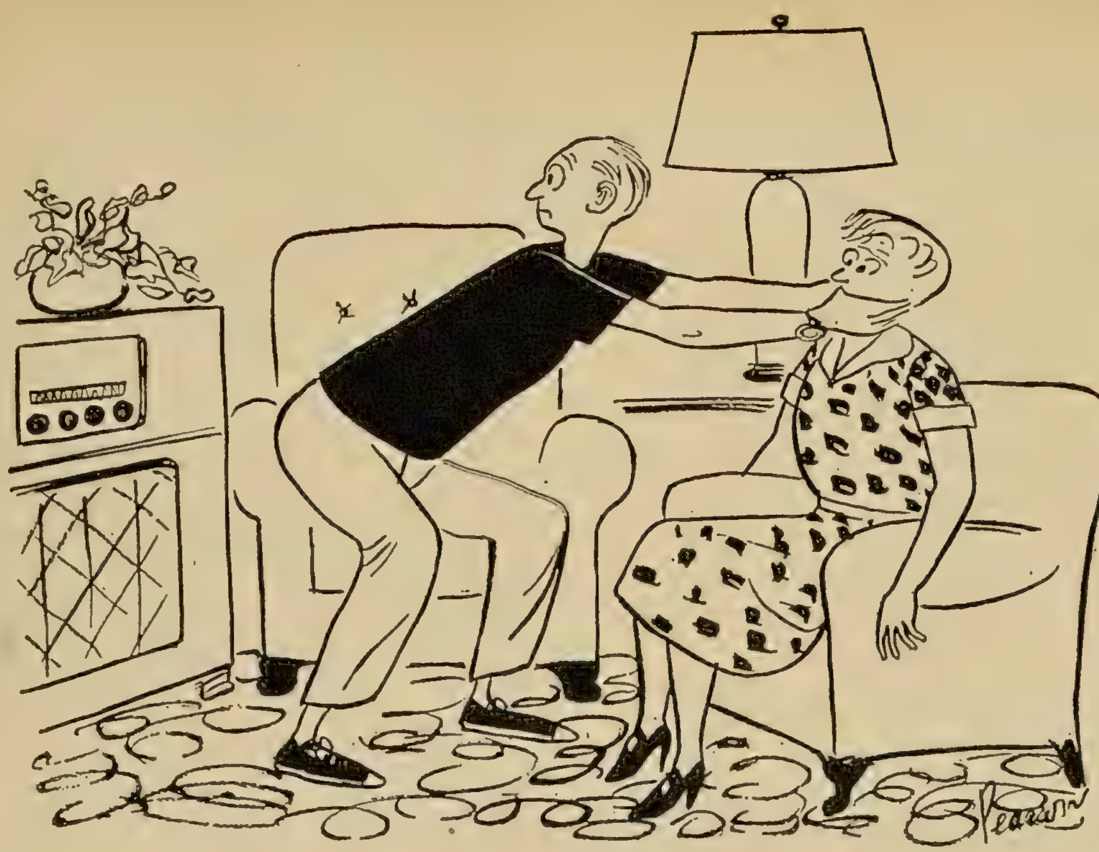
MARCH LIBERTY
"PAPER UNLIMITED"
by ELIZABETH WILSON
Ex-movie star Joan Marsh's shop can make anything out of paper.

HEAR
IN SECRET
with distinctive
Hear Rings

Learn the enjoyment of bright new hearing . . . with none to guess you wear an aid. Stunning *Hear Rings* hide your secret . . . let you choose smart styles without a fear. The coupon below will bring you the secret.

Maico

THE MAICO CO., INC.
16-F Maico Bldg., Mpls. 1, Minn.
Tell me the secret of hearing with Hear Rings.
Name ________________
Address ________________
City __________ State __________



LIBERTY

". . . The bases are loaded, two men away, and here comes the three-two pitch."

changed in seven years. The cherry pie with one cut missing was on the counter, but the good apple was out of sight. Sam Darby, the owner-waiter-cook-dishwasher, sat at the end of the counter reading a newspaper. When Jeff came in, Sam went around the counter, filled a glass with water, and set it before his customer. Jeff's hands trembled as he reached for the water. Sam hadn't recognized him. After seven years there were bound to be changes, but Sam . . .

Sam turned his back to Jeff and worked slowly. Jeff opened his mouth to order, when Sam asked quietly, "The usual, Jeff?"

"The usual," Jeff said, almost choking.

◆

Slowly, as he had always done in the past, Sam fried a steak, added potatoes, salad, and a vegetable, drew a cup of black coffee, and put the food down in front of Jeff. "The usual," Sam said. He went around to the front of the counter and resumed reading his paper.

Jeff ate in silence, hardly able to swallow his food. So that was the way it was going to be. They didn't forget in the small towns. They weren't going to let him come back. He had been violent once and they were afraid of him. They'd freeze him out. They'd let him know in their small-town way that they'd never let him live there again. No one would ever tell him to leave. No one would say he was unwelcome. No one would say anything. There would just be that coldness. The freeze. They'd shut him out.

No, they wouldn't shut him out, because he wasn't going to give them the chance. First he'd get Galbraith the banker, and then the man who'd bought his place, and then the jury, beginning with the foreman. And maybe, when he swung his fist, there'd be iron in it. Only this time he wasn't standing still afterward, waiting to be arrested.

Jeff finished eating and stepped to the cash register. He counted out some change and put it down. Sam padded up and looked at the money. "That's a dollar now, Jeff," Sam said. "Prices are up."

Jeff took back the change and put down a dollar bill. "Thank you kindly," Sam said in his old way. Jeff walked out into the street again. If only Sam had said something. Sam had always been on his side, even during the trial. But Sam had lined up with the others. No jailbirds allowed.

Jeff reached the corner, and he was at the bank. He looked in the side window from which light shone out on the sidewalk. Galbraith was seated at the desk in his private office, writing. Jeff trembled with fury at the sight of the banker. Galbraith's round bald head and round face made Jeff think of the farm he had lost. A lot the banker cared, as long as he got his. Jeff dropped his suitcase and clenched his fists. The fireworks were going to start.

Galbraith looked up as Jeff paused in front of his desk. "Howdy, Jeff," he said casually. "What can I do for you?"

"First," Jeff said softly, "you can tell me who bought my old place. Then, Mr. Galbraith, I'm—"

"Your old place?" Galbraith said. "Why, now, offhand, I'd say that you still own it."

That wasn't the answer Jeff had been expecting. He opened and closed his mouth several times before the words could come. "It can't be," Jeff said unsteadily. "I lost my place when I sold it to pay for my trial. I just came by there. Somebody's living on it."

"Tenant," Galbraith said. "Running it for you. Hasn't anyone told you?"

Jeff sat down heavily, shaking his head. "Nobody's told me anything. You're the first person in town that's had the decency to speak to me. All I've gotten has been little nods—the kind that tell you to pick up your bag and go straight to hell."

"It's yours," Galbraith said. "Always was. I wrote you about it, but you sent the letter back unopened." Galbraith looked past Jeff into the street. "When your place was sold, some of your friends bought it, but didn't take title. It wasn't charity, Jeff. You have good land. We—they put a tenant on the farm to run it. In seven years it's paid everybody back, and there's something over. I don't know how much, but it's here in the bank."

"Who—who—" Jeff began, but he couldn't finish.

"Sam Darby," Galbraith said, "and Pete Glensir, and myself."

"Why didn't they say something?" Jeff asked tightly. "I came here with blood in my eye. I thought everybody was against me. I was ready to—to do something hard."

"Well," Galbraith said, "a man comes back from where you've been, and it's pretty hard to start a conversation. We thought we'd let you do the first talking, and see how you felt before we made any remarks. We figured the best thing would be to act like you'd never been away. I guess that was the wrong figuring."

Jeff lit a cigarette with a trembling hand. "I—I can't stay," he said. "Not here. All the other fellows my age were in service. I saw the Honor Roll when I came in. My name should have been there. I want to sell my place. I couldn't look anyone in the face if I stayed."

"I see they didn't knock any of the stubbornness out of you," Galbraith said. "Jeff, we have boys who were wounded and would have died but for blood. And we have others who might have died from malaria, but didn't. We know about the blood you gave, and about the prison malaria experiment. There are boys here who may be alive be-

---

SYMPHONY

Symphony shall signify
  Milady in baroque:
The way she toys with straggling
    locks,
  The way she fits her toque;
The manner she employs when she
  Shall stoop to straighten seams.
Her every move is rhythm—least,
  To me, that's what it means.
—John C. Vivian.

cause of you. We won't forget that."

Jeff put his hand to his face, rubbing his eyes. Suddenly the fight, the trial, and the seven years in prison were like a bad dream. He was home again. Really home. He could throw away the prison suit and get back into overalls. There would be plowing and harvesting and cool evenings on the back porch. Jeff let his hand fall. "I—Why did you do it?" he asked simply.

"Oh," Galbraith grinned, a little ashamed of the tightness in his throat. "I suppose it's because we're a small town and we don't have many people. We're not like the big cities that have so many folks they can't bother with the one or two that get lost or stray away. In a big city, once you'd left, you'd have been gone for good. But we don't have a lot of people, and the ones we have are important. We like to keep track of them even after they leave. You know how a small town is," Galbraith chuckled. "They know everybody's business and they don't forget." ◆ ◆

IS THERE EQUAL JUSTICE FOR ALL?

Continued from page 17

'ex-convict.' As a 'second offender' he will face a much sterner sentence. A fourth offense, under the Baumes Law, will mean mandatory life imprisonment."

The grossly unfair treatment of the young veteran in the first instance, Judge Lumbard emphasizes, might easily be responsible for his later misadventures. Unjustly jailed persons frequently emerge embittered, determined to seek vengeance, and ready to join others in lawbreaking.

◆ "Every time our society treats a penniless accused person as if we do not care whether he is fairly dealt with," Judge Lumbard observes, "we are making an enemy to our society and perhaps ruining a life.

"Even a guilty person should be made to feel that at the very least it is important for all Americans that he get a square deal—that he has a friend in court who can and will help him.

"Unless and until we do that, the penniless accused might just as well be in Russia instead of in America."

Existing inequalities of justice are not reflections on our jurists and conscientious attorneys. The situation merely is an indictment of our haphazard and ineffective method of providing defense for those unable to obtain it themselves.

Public Defenders save time and money, usually disposing of cases in about half the time ordinarily required. They have no motives to seek endless delays and adjournments. Defendants are heard at earliest possible dates after arrest, saving taxpayers expenses of housing and feeding prisoners awaiting trial.

The average cost of cases tried by Public Defenders is about $25 each, a comparative fraction of the cost of an ordinary criminal case.

This system of defense originated in 1496 in Spain. It was established first in this country in 1913, in Los Angeles County. California adopted it on a state-wide basis eight years later.

Today California has Public Defenders in Oakland, Long Beach, and San Francisco, in addition to Los Angeles County and Los Angeles City. Connecticut has eight such offices in as many counties. Oklahoma has two. Mississippi, Nebraska, Virginia, has them; also the cities of Chicago, Columbus, Memphis, Providence, St. Paul, and St. Louis.

In addition to Public Defenders, there are two other systems in wide use for defense of indigent accused. One, that of unpaid court-assigned counsel, usually offers superficial representation, as no defense funds are provided. The other, that of paid court-appointed counsel, is usually limited to important cases, such as murder.

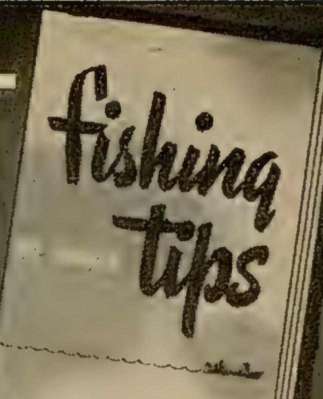
Court-assigned counsel, however, sometimes render vital services, depending upon the competence and conscience of the individual attorneys and the type of case involved. It is the run-of-the-mill, smaller type case—which *yours* might possibly be—which generally suffers faulty, inadequate attention, if not outright neglect.

There are about 200 agencies, paced by the Legal Aid Society, offering free legal counsel to fundless defendants. Among them are 57 Voluntary Legal Aid Committees of Bar Associations and a few Volunteer Defenders.

All these, however, are supported by public appeals or private charity. Only the Public Defender is entirely independent of all forms of donations. Public Defenders, elected by the people or appointed by the judiciary, are supported precisely as are District Attorneys.

◆ In New York County (Manhattan), where Legal Aid functions, entire operations in the criminal-court branch last year were limited to $53,000. The agency ran with 11 lawyers, two investigators, and four girls to act as receptionists, typists, and perform other chores, such as answering telephones. There were no accountants, clerks, or other personnel.

In contrast, the District Attorney for the same area spent almost $1,000,000. His office operated with 72 lawyers, 11 investigators, 10 accountants, 32 clerks, 41 stenographers, 10 interviewers, messengers, and others, bringing the total personnel to 215.



Free-
A POSTAL GETS IT!
Send for this 96 page book on
FISHING TIPS
Hundreds of priceless ideas for outdoorsmen as gathered by the Fishing and Hunting Club of the Air. 96 pages. Edited by Cal Johnson, famous fisherman-author. It's new—valuable—nothing like it. Sent FREE!
JOHNSON MOTORS
1400 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois
Johnson Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada
JOHNSON SEA-HORSE OUTBOARD MOTORS

REAL ESTATE
BE A BROKER
PAYS BIG! SEND FOR FREE BIG, ILLUSTRATED CATALOG NOW! No obligation. Graduates report making up to $1000 monthly Start and run **your own business quickly.** Men, women of all ages, learn easily Course covers Sales, Property Management, Appraising, Loans, Mortgages hundreds of related subjects **STUDY AT HOME** or in our classrooms in leading cities Diploma awarded G.I. approved Nationally known
WEAVER SCHOOL OF REAL ESTATE (Est. 1936)
15 E. Pershing Road Dept. L Kansas City Mo

LAW...
STUDY AT HOME Legally trained men win higher positions and bigger success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. **More Ability: More Prestige: More Money** We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. We furnish all text material, including 14-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send NOW.
LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, 417 South Dearborn Street
A Correspondence Institution Dept. 231-L Chicago 5, Ill.

MILLS
63rd
Catalog

Giant Rainbow Zinnias *FREE* for Trial
Test this largest strain of Zinnias in your garden. Enormous blooms, dazzling colors. Trial Packet sent with MILLS 63rd Catalog of world's finest Flowers and Vegetables, FREE. New varieties, new discounts, new special offers. All Mills Seeds are tested, guaranteed. Write us today.
MILLS SEED HOUSE
Box 36 Rose Hill, N.Y.

NEW
QUICK
EASY!

AUTO WASHER
Your car sparkling clean—in a jiffy—Amazing "Suction" Auto Washer. Simply glide over car. PRESTO! Dust, grease, dirt, and grime disappear like magic. Leaves finish clear, lustrous. Auto gleams like a mirror.
SAMPLES for AGENTS
Sample offer sent immediately to all who send name at once. Hurry, postal will do. **SEND NO MONEY**—*Just your name.*
KRISTEE CO., 1678 Bar St., Akron, Ohio

OF COURSE
You Can Use
EXTRA MONEY!
***Sell* CARDINAL**
Everyday Cards *in Spare Time*
OVER 50 ITEMS TO CHOOSE FROM
Here is that EXTRA INCOME you want! Take orders for CARDINAL'S gorgeous new Everyday Cards. Assortments of beautiful Folders for all events sell themselves, pay you big profits!
NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED! Show many magnificent $1 Everyday Assortments. Make up to 50c per box! PLASTIC and METALLIC Cards, Gift Wraps, Scented Notes and Stationery, other popular sellers.
ACT NOW! Many others have made fine extra incomes this easy way — why not you? Send for MONEY-MAKING Samples on approval TODAY!
CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN
117 W. PEARL ST., DEPT. P 46, CINCINNATI 1, OHIO

EAR NOISES?

If you suffer from those miserable ear noises and are Hard of Hearing due to catarrh of the head, write us NOW for proof of the good results many people have reported after using our simple home treatment. NOTHING TO WEAR. Many past 70 report ear noises relieved and hearing improved. **Send NOW for proof and 30 days trial offer.**

THE ELMO COMPANY
Dept. 514 Davenport, Iowa

LAW FREE BOOK

THE LAW TRAINED MAN

Your FREE copy of "The Law-Trained Man" shows how to gain prestige and greater earnings through Blackstone home law study. All instruction material furnished including 18-volume Law Library written by 65 well-known law authorities. Lawyers, judges among our graduates. LL.B. degree. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write today.

BLACKSTONE COLLEGE OF LAW
225 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 12, Chicago 1, Ill.
A Correspondence Institution Founded in 1890

Who Says Asthma Can't Be Cured?

Read

"ASTHMA SUFFERERS BREATHE AGAIN"

March
LIBERTY MAGAZINE

NEED MORE MONEY?

Earn big profits selling famous Bostonian shirts, rainwear, hosiery, underwear and other everyday needs for men, women and children. Spend few hours per day. You get big profits, immediate cash and big selling kit. Thousands now making a good income. No experience needed. Big Spring season ahead. Write Bostonian Mfg. Co., Dept. 326, 89 Bickford Street, Boston 30, Mass.

Write for FREE Selling Kit

High School Course at Home

Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work — prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dept. H-236, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

EARN MONEY SHOWING FREE SAMPLE FABRICS

Write me, and I'll send you this big package of actual sample fabrics and style presentation ABSOLUTELY FREE. You'll see gorgeous, newest style dresses—lovely lingerie—hosiery, men's shirts and socks—all at LOW PRICES. Take orders from friends and make money in spare time. **GET FREE SAMPLES!** Send no money for this big-profit line of sample fabrics. It's yours free. Rush name, address now.

THE MELVILLE CO., Dept. 5372 CINCINNATI 3, OHIO

These statistics are not intended to indicate any intentional overbalance of justice, but rather to show how the poor man accused of a crime and armed only with a crude slingshot is, figuratively, fighting an invincible fortress of tanks, howitzers, and heavy artillery.

◆

Despite our desire to believe otherwise, persons arrested today *are* sometimes subjected to police brutalities in some places. They *are* sometimes held incommunicado, and *are* "worn down" in devious ways into a nervous state where they grasp at deliverance by signing "confessions."

Where Public Defenders exist, defendants without delay can obtain counsel, guidance, and protection from possible modern inquisitions.

Sometimes a person accused of crime is beyond conference rehabilitation. When a defendant needs mental treatment, society, for self-protection as well as for legal and moral reasons, is obligated to provide hospitalization. Part of our taxes are paid for this specific purpose.

But does the accused person without money to hire competent counsel always get proper attention? The following true case will enable you to judge for yourself:

A young man was indicted for homicide. His father was dead. His mother was penniless. In court he was assigned a young attorney who never before had tried a criminal case.

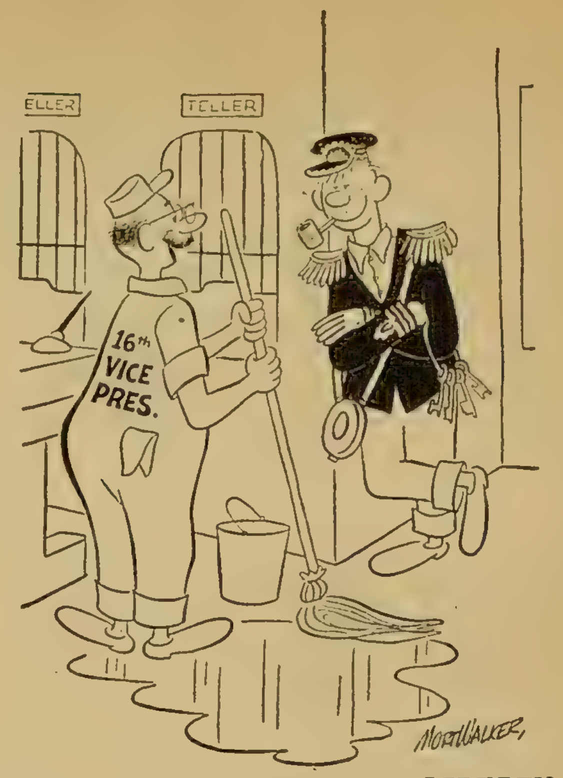
The youth complained of periodic "spells," during which he was not himself. A psychiatrist found he had previously suffered epileptic fits, and suggested this might constitute a defense.

But after looking into the laws on insanity, with which he was inexperienced, the young lawyer felt he would be unable to establish the defense. He advised the youth to plead guilty.

Result: a sentence of from 30 years to life in prison.

Exactly one month after sentencing, the prisoner started to suffer epileptic fits, exhibiting no control over his senses or actions. He was transferred to a hospital for the insane.

If he were insane at the time of the crime, he should not have been allowed to plead guilty. He should have been committed to a mental institution. A competent counsel would have insured this.



LIBERTY

"Around here, they're pretty nice about making your job seem important."

With a Public Defender's guidance, this impoverished youth would have received the same type justice that a wealthy man's son would have received in a similar situation.

Guilt or innocence is not the issue of this discussion. Under examination is our professed policy of *equal justice for all.*

Such equality is not to be associated with charity. It is a matter of right under our democratic principles of government.

◆

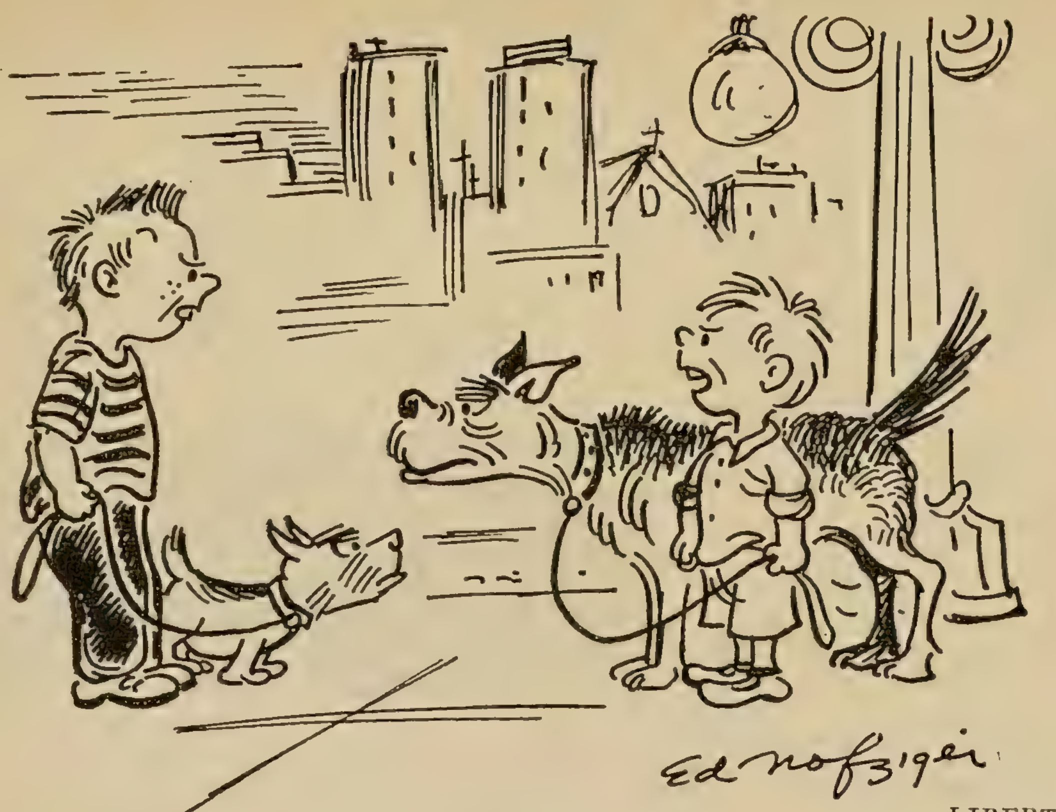
Only recently a 51-year-old sculptor serving a life sentence as a fourth offender was freed from prison after establishing that he had had no lawyer in court when he pleaded guilty to his third offense.

On appeal, the judge struck out the third offense, ruling the man's constitutional rights had been violated. This left him as a second offender, as there are no provisions for a so-called third offender. The man had already served more than enough time to satisfy a sentence under the reshuffle of his criminal category. He walked out of the court a free man.

Without proper legal advice, the old phrase about throwing oneself

Answers to TEST YOUR RELATIVITY on Page 60

1. Cousins (fifth)
2. Father; daughter
3. No relation
4. Son; father
5. Brother; sister
6. Mother; daughter
7. Father; son
8. Uncle; niece
9. No relation
10. No relation
11. Father; son
12. Sisters
13. Grandfather; grandson
14. Father; daughter
15. No relation
16. Brother; sister
17. No relation
18. Father; daughter
19. No relation
20. Nephew; aunt
21. No relation
22. Grandfather; grandson
23. No relation
24. Brothers
25. Brothers



LIBERTY

"I'll fight you now if you wanna—we're evenly matched!"

on the mercy of the court often becomes a poignant reality for those whose basic crime is lack of money.

Criminal courts, particularly in major cities, are usually cluttered with a collection of small-time lawyers hopeful of appointment to defend indigent defendants.

◆ When Dewey was scaring New York's underworld into hiding, and promptly jailing those audacious and unwise enough to challenge him after years of law defiance, the famous racket buster referred to this habitually present fringe of more or less ethical attorneys as "bench warmers."

He characterized as "a tragedy and a farce" the type of justice many of these bench-warming legal mountebanks practiced, and cited numerous instances of unscrupulous conduct.

In some cases, he pointed out, unless some sum, however small, could be gouged from those to whose free defense the court-assigned lawyer was appointed, the bench warmers would either "go to trial" with little or no preparation, or simply abandon their unable-to-pay clients altogether.

The twice-nominated Republican Presidential candidate told of a particularly low level reached by one such lawyer assigned to defend a woman charged with vagrancy.

Although found guilty, the woman so aroused the court's sympathy that the judge suspended sentence and reached into his own pocket to give her five dollars for food. The lawyer followed her to the street, seized her arm, demanded and took the five dollars.

On another occasion, Dewey recalled, a court-appointed lawyer demanded and received his hapless client's only money—a quarter.

Other bench warmers, Dewey explained, communicated with relatives or friends of the accused and threatened that long prison terms awaited defendants unless varying "payments" could be produced.

It is such criminal-shyster lawyers that Public Defenders hit the hardest.

Objectors to the system bemoan that creation of these tax-financed defense offices leads to Socialism.

Proponents remind that taxes support a multitude of public services—education, housing, transportation, utilities—all without provoking cries of Socialism.

Some objectors protest that a Public Defender is an agent of the court, a public official, and as such deprives a defendant of a counsel "who knows no master except his client."

This is answered by clarification that defendants are at all times free to hire private attorneys; that Public Defenders represent only those unable to engage personal counsel.

Another attack charges that criminals, aware in advance that taxpayers will supply them with free defense lawyers, might be inclined to increase their lawbreaking activities.

This is countered with an explanation that Public Defenders never attempt to free the obviously guilty, but strive to protect the legal rights of the innocent—thus actually serving as benefactors to society.

The controversy pivots around the question:

Do the poor and the rich receive equal justice in American courts? Our truthful answer could well be a decisive factor in determining this country's continued supremacy as the world's best example of true democracy. ◆ ◆

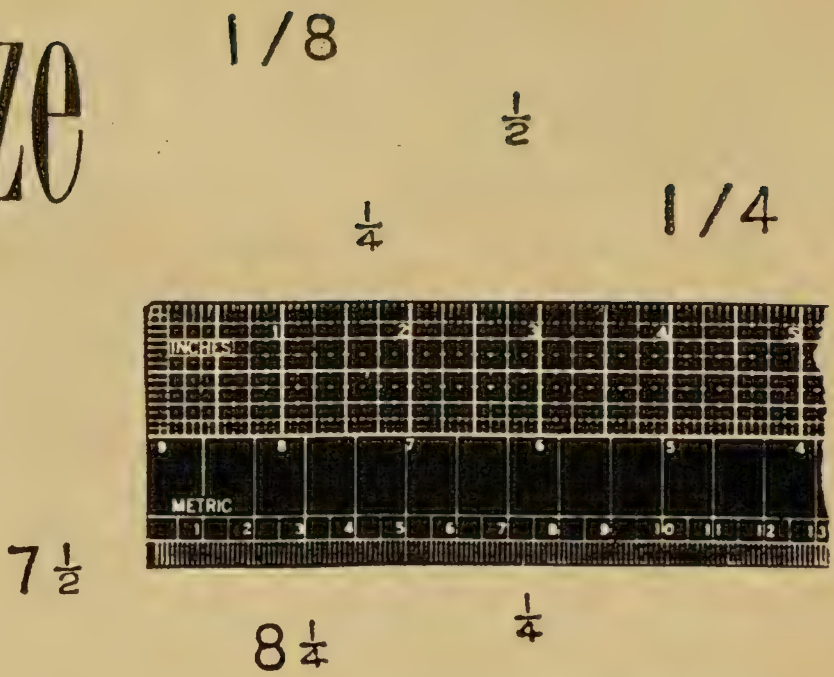
FACTORY-TO-YOU
MIDWEST
RADIO-TELEVISION
With New Giant
16 inch PICTURE
Buy On Long
EASY TERMS
30 DAYS TRIAL
Full 151 square inches of clear, steady, bright picture; Synchronized sound and picture that even a child can operate; highest quality FM sound; big 12" Dynamic Panasonic Speaker; Beautiful console models and complete chassis (not a kit, but a complete Television receiver) to place in your own cabinet.
LOW FACTORY PRICE
Low Factory-To-You prices; Low Down Payment; Long, Easy Terms; 30 Days Trial.
Buy DIRECT From FACTORY and SAVE
... Also a Complete New 1950 Line of
MIDWEST RADIOS
with new long distance FM Circuit and new 3-Speed Phonograph.
Send This COUPON on 1c Post Card for NEW 1950 FREE 4 Color 32 Page MIDWEST CATALOG
MIDWEST RADIO & TELEVISION CORP.
Dept. X205, 909 Broadway, Cincinnati 2, Ohio
NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY______ ZONE___ STATE______

MUSIC
BE YOUR OWN TEACHER!
Learn at home this money-saving way
It's easy as A-B-C, no matter which instrument you want to play. You learn by playing real melodies from actual notes instead of tiresome exercises. Everything is in print and pictures. First you *read* how to play a tune. Then a picture *shows* you how. Finally you play it and *hear* how it sounds. Some of our 850,000 pupils are now BAND LEADERS. If you want to learn music fast, send post card for FREE 36 page Booklet and Print & Picture sample. Mention instrument. Don't delay—write today! (Our 52nd Yr.)
U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
4472 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.
FREE BOOKLET

SHORTHAND in 6 Weeks at Home
Famous Speedwriting system. No signs; no symbols; no machines; uses ABC's. Easy to learn; easy to write and transcribe. Low cost. 100,000 taught by mail. For Business and Civil Service. Also typing. 27th year. Write for free booklet to:
Speedwriting
Dept. 5402-A, 55 W. 42 St., New York 18 ®

Amazing New Plan!
DRESS for YOU FOR ORDERING 3 !
Thrilling new plan! Your choice of gorgeous new dress in your favorite style, size and color **GIVEN TO YOU** for sending orders for only 3 dresses for friends, neighbors or members of your family. *That's all*... and your own dress is included without paying one cent. **FREE SAMPLES!** Write for big Style Presentation showing scores of latest fashions ... actual sample fabrics in nylons, rayon, cotton dresses; lingerie, hosiery, children's wear, sportswear, suits, etc. No money needed. **EARN CASH Too—Up to $35 in a Week in Spare Time!** You can get complete wardrobe and ***earn cash too—in spare time, easy!*** Write today giving dress size and age.
HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. B-381, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

A Matter Of Size



Did you know that shoe sizes are based on the length of barleycorns? But that's only part of the story of our confused system of sizes for almost everything we use

By WILLY LEY

READING TIME 7 MINUTES Olga and I both needed new shoes. So we went to the store together. Olga wears a size 4; I wear a size 8½. I made a feeble joke, saying that my foot is twice the size of hers.

I knew that my remark, taken literally, was nonsense. But it stuck in my mind, and especially since among Olga's shoes there are some marked "36" and among mine one pair marked "43," European makes. We decided to find out what these numbers meant, if anything. Shoe salesmen were of no help. Then Olga wrote to the Sole Leather Bureau.

From that organization we learned that several hundred years ago an English king decided to standardize shoe sizes, presumably for military purposes. In itself, that was a good idea, but the way they went about it leaves a man of the twentieth century with his mouth open.

First they selected the soldier who was believed to have the biggest foot in His Majesty's forces. His foot was measured and by great good luck it was found to be precisely 13 inches long. This, then, it was decreed, was size 13. Now, in those days they used a measure which has fortunately been forgotten. It was a barleycorn, a real barleycorn, measuring about (and officially decreed to measure) one third of one inch. Then they took size 13 (measuring 13 inches) and subtracted one barleycorn. This, then, was size 12. Subtract another barleycorn and you get size 11, etc.

Now, this was useful information. It made sense. What's more, it agreed with reality. Expressed in inches it made size 8 come out to 11⅓ inches, and size 9 to 11⅔ inches. Size 8½ (my own) was somewhere between these two, and by actual measurement came out to 11½ inches. That was fine, but it did not work on Olga. According to the table we had drawn up, size 4 came out to be ten inches long.

We wrote another letter and were told: "Oh, yes, women's sizes were counted in a different manner, also in barleycorns and half barleycorns for half sizes, but beginning with 11 inches, called size 11." That made size 4 come out to 8⅔ inches, while actual measurement gave 8¼ inches.

By now I was busy hunting down the secret of those "36" and "43" markings. The first guess was that they represented centimeters, but all handbooks agree that there are 30½ centimeters to 12 inches, and that led to wrong figures. The solution is just about as crazy as the method of starting with a maximum size and counting backward from it. Size 43 is 43 centimeters all right, but measured from the tip of the toe, along the sole of the foot, over the heel to a point back of the anklebone!

I wish to remark in passing that the manufacturers of stockings and of socks are decent people. A size 11½ sock, believe it or not, has a foot 11½ inches long, not always absolutely precise, though.

Next we checked on hat sizes. The logic of the hatmaker is better than that of the shoemaker and in some instances approaches the lovable simplicity and forthrightness of the stocking manufacturer. To be personal again: My hat size is 7⅝, Olga's is 22 or 23, depending on the style. Her size proved simple—inches measured around. Mine was a puzzle, but I remembered hats I had bought in Europe, where they were labeled "60." That was centimeters, measured around, as are European women's hats. Let no one say that mathematics is not a useful science. I took my 7⅝, assumed the figure to mean inches, and converted it into millimeters. Result: 193 millimeters. Multiplied by *pi*, that gave almost exactly 600 millimeters, or 60 centimeters.

Having investigated shoes, stockings, and hats, Olga demanded to know "What is a ring size?"

Between us we know three jewelers. They unanimously stated that ring sizes were *sizes*. No, "naturally" they don't mean anything; they are *sizes*, the jewelers insisted. Then I got hold of a size chart.

I went to work on it with a combined inch and centimeter ruler. The ring size measuring strip began with an empty space somewhat less than two inches long. Then came size zero, then 1, 2, and so on until 17, with half sizes marked off in between. The problems now were: How long is that empty space and how far are the size markings apart? The empty space between starting point and size zero proved a puzzler. The inch ruler said 1 11/16 inch, which was not only a highly unlikely figure, but which also was by no means precise. It was merely the subdivision nearest to the mark on the paper.

Then I remembered that there was such a thing as decimal inches, inches subdivided into ten equal parts. Strangely enough, that guess was correct. The empty space measured 1 7/10 inch, and from one full ring size to the next was 1/10 inch each time. Half sizes, naturally, represent jumps of 1/20 inch each, and the measuring is done around the finger.

All this confusion about the various sizes and systems of sizes probably once formed part of the trade secrets and it may have made money for those on the inside. But such confusion tends to lose money all around. Reform might not be urgent, but it is necessary, and some day we may have reason and logic, expressed in centimeters. ◆ ◆

BRIGHT GOLDEN GIRL

Continued from page 20

"Well, don't chew my ear off. I don't care whether you take her to the hop or not. All I want to know is are we going down to the record shop this afternoon, or are we gonna sit here and tear up magazines until I have to go home for dinner?"

"Keep your pants on a second, can't you? I wanna mail this today so she'll get it tomorrow." He was writing an address on a somewhat grimy envelope.

"Are you gonna sign your name and everything?"

"I'm not gonna sign my name, but I'm writing it in my own writing and she'll know who sent it all right."

"Gosh, won't she be mad at you?"

As he licked the envelope, David threw his friend a heavily sarcastic glance. "Keep working at it. You'll get it sooner or later. Let's get out of here. I have to buy a stamp for this."

"You mean you want her to get mad at you?" Pete asked as they clattered down the stairs. Dave whirled on him.

"Do you hafta *yell?* Why not go right out to the kitchen and tell my mother all about it?"

"David," called his mother from a reassuring distance, "supper's at six promptly. It's Daddy's bowling night."

"O.K. I'll be back."

"I don't get it," Pete persisted when they had cleared the front porch. "Hey, there's Margie in her yard. She'll see you mailing a letter."

"That's good. That's just fine," Dave replied grimly. He did not attempt to hide the letter as they passed Margie's house, but carried it carelessly in his hand. Margie was energetically raking leaves in a pair of her brother's dungarees that were much too tight, and an old red football sweater with both elbows out. When she saw Dave, she blushed that dreadful fiery blush that only redheads are subject to.

"Hi," she said, pushing back a wild lock of hair with a grubby hand.

"Hi," said Dave and Pete together. They walked on in silence, and in a minute they heard Margie's rake scraping furiously again.

"She's not even fifteen yet," Dave railed. "How does my mother know she can even dance?"

"I still don't get this clipping business," Pete said again. "You *want* to get her mad at you?"

"Boy, are you dumb! Sure I want to get her mad. Then, when I call her up tomorrow night to ask her to the hop, she'll tell me to drop dead. That oughta satisfy Mom. If I ask her and she won't go, what can I do?"

"Margie's mother'll tell your mother about the clipping."

"Her mother won't know. Margie's not the kind to go babbling to her mother about stuff."

They crossed the street to the drugstore, where David got a three-cent stamp and mailed the letter. For a moment, after the box clanked shut, he stared at it, frowning.

"Maybe Margie doesn't want to go to the hop anyhow," suggested Pete cheerfully. "C'm'on, let's go to the record shop."

David wheeled away from the mailbox and fell in beside him. He was still frowning, and after they had walked about a block he answered Pete.

"She wants to go," he said, kicking a stone along the sidewalk. "She's *crazy* to go."

"How do you know?"

"I *know.*"

◆

As the Harrison family got up from the dinner table the next evening, Mrs. Harrison smiled brightly at her oldest son.

"Why don't you call Margie now, dear? The dance is a week from tonight, and girls need time to get ready for things like that. Bobby and Kathy, you bring the dishes out to the kitchen for mother, won't you?" She was tactfully getting the younger children out of earshot of the hall telephone. "Dad, you were going to look at the leak in the basement tonight." Having thus given David a clear field, she picked up a pile of dishes and retreated to the kitchen herself.

How Constipated People Can Be Kind to Themselves

Thousands of people who suffer from chronic constipation have found an amazingly easy way to be kind to themselves. They don't whip their systems with harsh, painful cathartics. Instead, they turn to Nature's Remedy. For Nature's Remedy, NR tablets, is composed entirely of natural, vegetable laxatives—so gentle, most people take them at night because their sleep is not disturbed, yet regularity is accomplished the next morning.

Try NR at our expense. 25 tablets 25c. Buy a box at any drug store and try it. If you are not completely satisfied, return the box and unused tablets to us. We will refund your money plus postage.

PLAIN OR CANDY COATED

Nature's Remedy®
NR-TABLETS-NR

OWN Your Own Business

LIFETIME INCOME

Clean and Mothproof rugs and upholstery "in the home" or public buildings. Start full or part time. Gross profits up to $15 and $20 a day on EACH service man. Easy to learn . . . quickly established.

DURACLEAN cleans by absorption! No shrinkage. Dirt and grease vanish . . . colors revive. Furnishings used again same day.

DURAPROOF resists moths, and carpet beetles. Backed by a Money Back 4 Year Warranty of protection.

We furnish enough material to return your total investment. Send for FREE Booklet . . . full details.

PATENTED PORTABLE EQUIPMENT

Duraclean Co. 0-662 Deerfield, Ill.

Start a Business on a PENNY

YES, a penny post card is all it takes to start you in your own greeting card business as a Ramode Representative. As soon as we hear from you, we send complete instructions, plus samples on Approval, showing assortments of famous, glowing Ramode Everyday Cards, Gift Wrappings, Stationery and exciting Plastics. No experience needed. Start by showing samples to friends, neighbors, church and club members. Ramode cards SELL THEMSELVES. You merely ACCEPT ORDERS and pocket EXTRA CASH. Make fine profits every month in 1950. Be $25.00 richer two weeks from tonight. Send a penny postal to:

Ramode Greetings, Dept. B-2, Seven Hovey Ave.
Cambridge 38, Mass.

Start BIG-PAY Business of Your Own!

METALIZE BABY SHOES AT HOME
Full or Spare Time

Make your home your headquarters. Start now, full or part time. Famous WARNER Success Plan backed by an old established company tells everything. Facts cost nothing — now or ever. Time is precious. Big money waiting for serious minded men and women. Rush name on penny postcard to Warner Electric Co., Dept. 98-D
1512 Jarvis, Chicago 26, Ill.

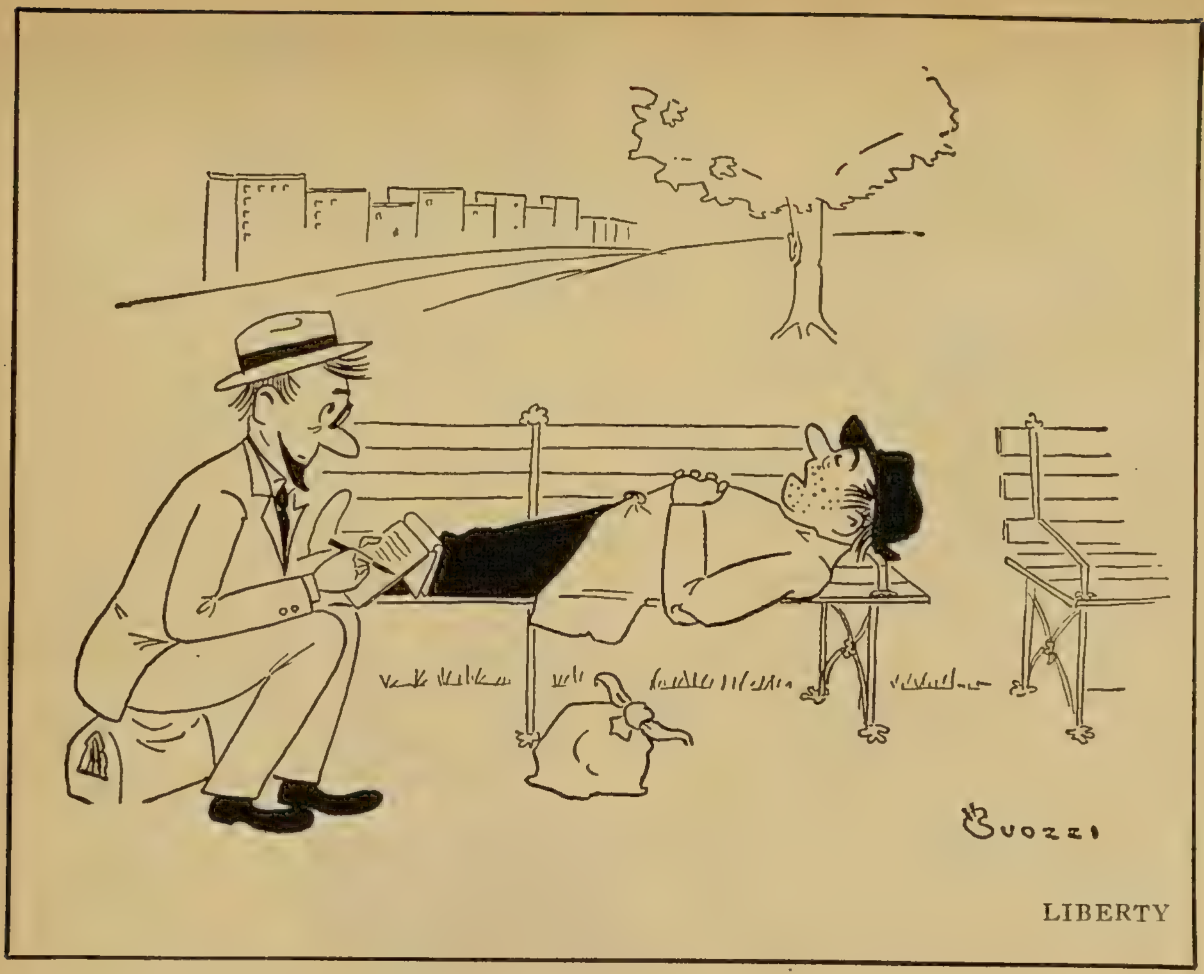
FREE Facts About Complete Money Making Plan
→ SEND NAME

BE A Nurse

MAKE $35-$45 A WEEK

You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. 51st yr. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Men, women 18 to 60. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Trial plan. Write today.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 372, 41 East Pearson Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.
Name__________
City__________State______Age______


LIBERTY

There was no getting out of it, but David shrank from the ordeal. He got out the phone book and looked up Margie's number, which he knew as well as his own. He made two false starts in dialing, and noticed in disgust that his hand was shaking. When he finally got it right, and heard the ring, he cleared his throat a couple of times.

"May I speak to Margie, please?"

"Y-yes! J-just a minute!" Margie's ten-year-old sister sounded excited. "Margie! It's a boy!" he heard her scream; then Margie's feet running.

"Hello."

"Hi, Marge, this is Dave." He stopped and waited. What could Margie say to him with her family listening? She wouldn't mention the clipping, he was sure.

"Hello, Dave." She didn't sound cold or mad, just breathless.

"I just wanted to ask you—that is, if you haven't got a date, would you go to the Junior Hop with me?"

Margie gave a wild giggle. "No! I mean no I haven't got a date. Sure I'll go with you. I'd *love* to go with you."

"It's next Friday," said David stupefied.

"Yes, I know." There was a pause and he could hear Margie's quick breathing. "Well, thanks for asking me," she said finally.

"O.K. I mean, thank *you.*"

"Well, good-by."

"Good-by."

He put down the phone slowly. What had happened? Hadn't she recognized his handwriting on the envelope? She had seen enough of it through the years when they were continually sending away for pictures of ballplayers, for junior detective badges, for trial packages of anything that was offered. It was impossible that she wouldn't know his writing, and also he was pretty sure she had seen the envelope in his hand yesterday afternoon.

Perhaps the letter had been lost in the mail, or delayed. That was it! It hadn't arrived yet. She would call him tomorrow, after she received it, and tell him that the date was off.

"Well?" inquired his mother, smiling at him from the dining-room door.

"She'd *love* to go."

"Wonderful! I know the two of you will have a grand time, as you always—"

"The hell with it!" cried David fiercely.

"David!"

"I'm sorry, Mother. I'm sorry." He turned and sped up the stairs to his room, tears stinging his eyes. Surely Margie would call him tomorrow.

But she didn't. She didn't call at all, and the week wore away to its painful climax.

◆ On Friday night Pete had his father's car, and he and his date, Jinny Masterson, called for Dave. Jinny was blonde and self-assured, and Dave's heart sank as he pictured Margie beside her. He walked up the steps of Margie's house wishing he would have a heart attack or would fall and break his leg. But he went inside and made polite stilted conversation with Margie's mother and father, as if he had never shot marbles with Margie on this very rug, which had a good circle in the center of it.

"Hello, Dave!"

Was this Margie—this soft-spoken, sweet-smelling creature? This shining cap of bronze hair with its border of curls—had he called it stringy? What had she done to herself? Did this graceful dress, which bared her sweetly rounded shoulders, clothe the same tomboy who a few days ago had been bursting out of her brother's dungarees? She smiled at him as he helped her with her little white coat, and he noticed an enchanting dimple that had never been there before.

In a state of trance, David said good-by to Margie's parents.

As they went down the front walk he fumbled awkwardly for Margie's hand.

"Gosh, you're beautiful, Margie!"

"It's all thanks to you, Dave," she whispered as they got into the car.

In the dark his face flushed with shame. Instead of being angry and hurt, she had taken his rude criticism in humility. She had accepted his rebuke and had tried to make herself over—with glorious success. Despising himself, he compared her sweet, generous character with his mean and conceited one. He longed to be alone with her so that he could tell her he was sorry, abase himself completely.

◆ At the first intermission, he led her to a quiet corner.

"Margie," he began, "I've got to tell you—"

"Oh, Dave," she exclaimed, turning on him a smile of such brilliance that he was silenced, "I'm carrying the clipping right here!" She opened the little satin bag. "And I'm going to keep it forever. Why, gosh, I didn't realize—"

"Margie, I don't know what made me—" Dave began again painfully.

"It's the loveliest poem I've ever seen." She unfolded the clipping and began to read. " 'Bright golden girl! Radiant as sunlight on a dancing brook—' I never realized that anyone could feel that way about me. It's made me a different person." Lovingly she studied the clipping. On the back, toward David, was the hateful caption: "Sloppy Sadie." He snatched it from her. He felt as if he had just dropped fifty stories in an elevator.

"I'll make us each a copy," he reassured her. "This cheap magazine paper won't last—not as long as I want it to." He thrust it deep into his pocket and turned to her, giddy with relief.

"Shall we dance, Margie?" he asked happily. ◆ ◆

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

No coffee, cake, or cream for me,
No candy—can't go near it;
No starches, stews, or steaks. You see,
My wife is on a diet.

—*Harry Lazarus.*

DEEP SALVAGE *Continued from page 34*

"But what are you two doing in my room? Are we girls going together?"

Sam glanced at Riley and then back at me. "The clerk let us in when Riley showed his badge."

"So why?"

"Someone tried to set fire to Donnelly's trawler early this evening."

I dropped into a chair and groaned, "No! Any damage?"

"Well, we don't know how much yet. The watchman on the wharf spotted the smoke and turned in the alarm before the fire could get under way. It was down in the engine room. Some oily waste had been set on fire and tossed down. The harbor fireboat got it out, but when I went down I noticed some charred timbers in the deck. It may be serious and may be not. You'll have to look it over in the morning. I don't know enough about that sort of thing. Meanwhile I've put a watchman aboard the boat."

◆ I said, "Now that the horse is stolen—"

Riley said, "Let's stow all that. What I'd like to know is where you were all evening and how many people would know your actions."

"Why is that so important?"

"Anyone with arson in mind wouldn't like to run into you aboard that trawler and, after all, it is possible that you may have dropped by during the evening, maybe to pick up some charts, or something like that. It could be any reason. So the interested parties would like to keep tab on your actions."

"O'Keefe knew I was having dinner in Chinatown. His daughter Pat was with me. She called him from the restaurant."

Sam looked interested and said, "Which daughter is tossing for you?"

"You know how my manly beauty overcomes the women."

Riley sighed and asked patiently, "What was the time when Miss O'Keefe called papa?"

"Oh, maybe eight thirty or nine o'clock."

"And I guess it could be earlier, too. The fire was right after eight. But where were you just before you went to Chinatown?"

I told him about Irma Gibson, and Riley got more than a little interested. He took down her name, address, description and all that I knew about her, which wasn't much. I told him I thought she knew plenty and that I had given her until noon to spill it.

"You should have kept after her while you were there."

"And beat it out of her? I figured a vagrancy charge would throw a scare into her. How about that?"

"We can pick her up as a vag easily enough, if she's being kept. I wonder," he mused aloud, "just who is keeping her. That might be very interesting to know." He picked up the telephone, called headquarters, gave Irma's name and address, and asked to have a tail put on her. When he hung up he said, "We'll forget the vagrancy angle for a while. She might be smart enough not to scare, and then our hands are tied. I'd rather find out who's paying the bills without her knowing it."

He was ready to leave, but Sam said, "Wait a minute, gentlemen. There must be some clue as to what this is all about. Haven't either of you an idea?"

I said, "Not yet. I think whatever we're going to learn is down in the wreck of the Vega."

"How about you, Riley?"

The lieutenant shrugged. "Hard to say. Thinking strictly as a cop, I smell a narcotics angle somewhere. There may be some dope stashed away in the cargo. Naturally, whoever is interested wouldn't want any diver to bring that up."

Sam was lost in thought for a moment, then he agreed with Riley. "I think you're right. There is no other apparent reason why such extreme measures should be taken to keep a diver from investigating. It could even be in the captain's safe. Hell's bells, I think that's it!"

I didn't. But I let them leave without saying so. What I had in mind was even too fantastic for me to admit to myself, but it was there. And there was nothing I could do about it until I got aboard the Vega. Even then, the set-up had to be just right.

◆ The fire had done very little damage to the trawler. I went down in the morning, with the lumps still throbbing on my head, and looked it over. Some of the overhead beams were charred, a fuse box was burnt out, and the engine-room deck was slightly burnt, but the engines and all else were not damaged. In two hours of hard work I had replaced the burnt fuse box and cleaned up the debris. The trawler was still in pretty good shape.

I stepped onto the wharf and found the pier shed filling up with men in answer to my ad in the paper. The winoes and the bums and the adventurous kids I got rid of in a hurry and then settled down to interview the others. It was tough sledding, as the men didn't know me and I didn't know their reputations. I knocked off for lunch, then went back to the job, and by midafternoon had what looked like a good trawler crew of four men, and a fifth, Marty Simpson, to act as rigger and diver's helper. Marty seemed like a good man and the others had all had some experience in salvage.

The divers, however, were a sorry lot. They were all harbor men and caisson workers. None of them had ever been below two hundred feet. To ask a man of that sort to go

BRIMMS
PLASTI-LINER

EASY TO USE STRIPS

One application
MAKES FALSE TEETH FIT
for the life of your plates

If your plates are loose and slip or hurt...if they rock and cause sore gums...*you need Brimms Plasti-Liner.* Brimms Plasti-Liner gives instant relief, perfect fit and lasting comfort. Lets you eat anything...talk freely without embarrassment. Ends forever the mess and bother of temporary "stickums" that last a few hours or days.

EASY TO USE...REFITS FALSE TEETH PERMANENTLY Lay soft Plasti-Liner strip on upper or lower plate. Bite and it molds perfectly. Tasteless, odorless, harmless to you and your plates. *It hardens to your plate for lasting fit and comfort.* Even on old rubber plates, Plasti-Liner gives good results six months to a year or longer. Removable as per directions. *Guaranteed satisfaction or your money back.*

SEND NO MONEY Order a $2.25 package to reline both upper and lower plates. Or a $1.25 package to reline one plate. Pay your postman when he delivers. **Or send money now and save C. O. D. charges.** Generous sample of special plate cleaner included free.

PLASTI-LINER CO., Buffalo 11, N. Y., Dept. 89-I

I Want to Contact New WRITERS

who are interested in cashing checks of $1 to $100, offered every day. The easiest way to write for pay. No previous experience necessary. Send for FREE DETAILS. No obligation.

SAUNDERS M. CUMMINGS
468-53 Independence Bldg. Colorado Springs, Colo.

Free Book

RAISE HAMSTERS

The new wonder animals from Syria. Often called Toy Bears. Delightful pets. Everyone wants them. Laboratories need thousands. Clean, odorless. Raise anywhere. Profitable and interesting. Send name and address for big, free picture book.

GULF HAMSTERY
1611 Basil St. Mobile, Ala.

NERVOUS STOMACH

ALLIMIN relieves distressing symptoms of "nervous stomach"—heaviness after meals, belching, bloating and colic due to gas. ALLIMIN has been scientifically tested by doctors and found highly effective. World famous—more than a ¼ billion sold to date.

ALLIMIN *Garlic Tablets*

FEET HURT?

Get **QUICK RELIEF! Dr. Barron's Foot Cushions RELIEVE** painful pressure from **CALLOUSES, CORNS, SORE HEELS,** support **WEAK ARCHES,** absorb foot shocks. Light, ventilated, spongy. **Like Walking On Pillows!** Wear in any shoes. Dr. Barron says: "Relieves tired, aching feet from heel to toes." **SEND NO MONEY!** Pay postman $1.98 for **PAIR** plus postage (or send $1.98, we pay postage). **State shoe size and if man or woman. 30-DAY TRIAL.** Money back **GUARANTEE** if no blessed relief! Order **NOW!**

ORTHO, INC., 2700 BROADWAY, Dept. 130B, N.Y.C. 25

For MEN who wear . .

SIZES
10 to 16
WIDTHS
AAA to EEE

We specialize in large sizes only, sizes 10 to 16, AAA to EEE. Wide variety of shoe styles, sox, house slippers, rubbers. Extra quality at popular prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SOLD BY MAIL ONLY

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

KING-SIZE, 292 Brockton, Mass.

If You Suffer From Some Of The Torture-Like Kinds Of

"RHEUMATIC" PAINS or from **"ARTHRITIS" "LUMBAGO"**

SIMPLE NEURALGIA OR MUSCULAR ACHES

PLEASE READ THIS CAREFULLY

$3.00 POSTPAID

We don't care what you've tried before—patent medicines, hot water bottles, heating pads, etc., our ELECTRIC MASSAGER may do for you what it has done for thousands of people who suffered from some of the torture-like pains of "RHEUMATIC, ARTHRITIC or NEURITIC TYPES," or from LUMBAGO, SIMPLE NEURALGIA or MUSCULAR ACHES due to cold, exposure or fatigue — or we will refund your money! There is nothing mysterious about our unit. It is a well-known fact that heat has relieved the various pains described above. Our ELECTRIC MASSAGER is the finest heating unit ever made which enables you to MASSAGE the painful area at the same time that invigorating heat is applied. You will be amazed at the efficiency of this new instrument. Operates on any 110-volt line, AC or DC. Send $3.00 cash, check or Money Order and we will ship prepaid or, if you wish, we will ship C.O.D. and you pay the Postman $3.00 plus few cents postage. Order 2 for $5.00 and save yourself $1.00.

HERE'S PROOF! From original letters on file

D. J. W. OF MISSOURI WRITES: "Words cannot express the wonderful relief I have had in this short time . . . you can expect some more orders some time by doubting Thomas'. I am satisfied."

MRS. N. M. W. OF TEXAS WRITES: "I purchased one . . have used it many, many times for relief of pains in various parts of my body especially for muscular backache . . . I wouldn't be without one."

METROPOLITAN ELECTRONIC CO., Dept. 570
106 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

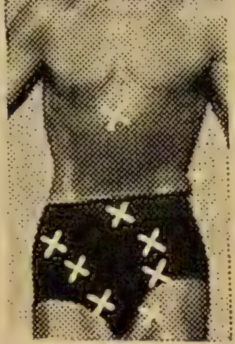
Get Well QUICKER
From Your Cough Due to a Cold
FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound

"Hijackers At Your Dinner Table"

How This Racket Operates—

Its Cost To You

MARCH LIBERTY



LOOK for Rupture Help

Try a Brooks Patented Air Cushion appliance. This marvelous invention for most forms of reducible rupture is GUARANTEED to bring YOU heavenly comfort and security—day and night—at work and at play—or it costs you NOTHING! Thousands happy. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or springs. For men, women, and children. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial to prove it.** Not sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and Proof of Results. Ready for you NOW!

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 188-D State St., Marshall, Mich.

'down one hundred fathoms would be signing his death warrant. I had to turn them all away.

Sam telephoned twice during the afternoon, with no news whatever, except that Riley was concentrating all his thinking on Irma Gibson. And then Pat called. She asked me if I had yet hired a relief diver.

I said, "They're a bunch of crumbs. I need a deep-water man. Why? You got any ideas?"

"Yes. Red Donnelly's relief diver is in town."

"What a break that would be!"

"That's what I thought. His name is Alec Browning and he's staying—wait a minute, I have it written down here. Oh, yes. He's stopping at Gateside House on the Embarcadero. I think it's over near Fisherman's Wharf."

◆

"That's wonderful, Pat. I'll see if I can contact him. How about meeting me on the wharf for a sea-food dinner?"

"Well—" She paused a moment and then said, "All right. Make it seven o'clock?"

"Sure. See you then."

I turned the keys to the pier shed and trawler over to Olaf Carlson, the new first mate, and left the wharf. A taxi dropped me in front of the Gateside House, which turned out to be a better-class seamen's motel. Alec Browning, however, was not in. The clerk was not sure, but he thought he might be in one of the bars in the neighborhood. I went into two bars with no luck, but in the third the bartender pointed to a big man standing by himself. "That's him, mister."

I was satisfied with Browning's appearance even while walking toward him. He was built like a wrestler, with a barrel chest, massive shoulders, a bull-like neck and hands like sledge hammers. But he was not all animal. He was dressed well, in a neat, expensive gabardine suit, his brown hair well barbered, and there was a quality of sharp alertness, if not intelligence, in his gray-blue eyes. The only thing wrong with him was a rather weak mouth. However, he looked every inch the skilled craftsman, the aristocrat of specialists.

I stopped at his side and said, "Alec Browning?"

He turned and looked me over for a full minute, taking in every detail, before nodding. As I held out my hand and introduced myself, he said, "Sure. I should have known. Jim Bradley. Red used to talk about you a lot. And I heard you were in town."

"Did you see my ad in the paper?"

"No, but I heard about it." He ordered two highballs, and raised his glass toward me. "Luck," he said. "You'll need it."

"I suppose you know why I've looked you up?"

"You're wasting your time, mister."

"I need a deep-water man."

"I know you do, but I'm not the man. You know what I think of Red Donnelly? He was one of the finest divers I ever ran into; knew every trick of the trade, clever and cautious. Red never took unnecessary chances. And you know what happened to him down at a hundred fathoms. I know. I was there. When they brought him up, I had to look at that mass of jelly that was once a good man, crushed into a helmet. You can have it."

"Just what did happen to Red?"

Alec chewed at his lower lip and stared at his reflection in the backbar mirror. "If I knew the answer to that," he said, "I might dive with you. But I still can't figure it out. Maybe he got excited about something and bled off too much pressure through the exhaust valve. It wouldn't take much to crush him down at that depth. I don't know what it was. That's why I want no part of it."

"I can make it worth your while."

He looked at me and laughed. "You don't have enough money to buy my life. Look, Mr. Bradley. I've been working in deep water all my life. I know the score. But I've never gone down a hundred fathoms, and after seeing what happened to Red I don't intend to. No, thank you."

We had another drink and then I asked him, "Do you think Red's death was strictly an accident?"

He glanced at me sharply and squinted at me for a while, then snorted, "For Pete's sake, man, what else could it be? I was handling the mix tank. Nothing wrong at that end. Pressure was exactly right. Compressors, everything working perfectly. Red's equipment all in good shape down at his end. I was only with Red on that one job, but that was long enough to know how good he was, too. Nothing wrong anywhere. So an accident happened. Maybe a blunder on his part. I don't know. But it couldn't be anything but an accident."

◆

"I'm not so sure. Someone has been trying awfully hard to keep me off that Vega. I've been shot at and even the trawler was set on fire."

He looked interested. "That so? Let's go sit down and talk it over."

We sat at a table in a corner of the room and I explained many of the things that had happened since I had arrived in town. Alec became very thoughtful. When I was through talking, he said, "Someone has sure made you target for tonight. Funny. Red was never bothered."

"I don't think the interested party thought Red could actually reach the Vega. But now they know it can be done, so they're trying to head me off."

"Who do you mean by 'they'?"

"I don't know yet."

"Must be something big on that

ship. Now it's got me curious. Tell you what I'll do, Bradley: I'll think it over tonight and give you a ring in the morning. Fair enough?"

"You bet."

"O.K. When do you intend leaving harbor?"

"Tomorrow night or next morning, depending on how soon the supplies are aboard. You're not working right now, are you?"

"No. I just finished a mud job up the Sacramento River. I was supposed to go down to San Diego, but I can put that off. I'll think it over."

◆

We sat back then, and had more drinks and talked about Red. Alec had very little information to offer. He had known Red only a short time and had no idea of what might have been on his mind at the time of the "accident." Conversation switched to deep-sea diving and there we were on familiar ground. Alec knew his business. When I left him I had my fingers crossed. He would be the ideal man for relief diver.

As I walked away from the bar I saw that it was not yet seven o'clock, so slowed down and then stood on a corner to watch the people going by. I looked back toward the bar and saw Alec come out. He crossed the sidewalk and got behind the wheel of a brand-new Packard convertible. When he pulled away from the curb and went down the Embarcadero I thought, Well, at thirty-five dollars a dive, a man could afford a car like that. But, even so, it left me puzzled.

Pat was no help as a source of information concerning Alec Browning. She had met him a couple of times with Red and had heard Red say that he was an excellent man, but that was all she knew. She was rather subdued anyway. It was a quiet meal. I had to tell her how I had come by the broken nose and the bruises on my face, and she shuddered at that and worried about it. She had little to say. She just watched me with a worried and curiously lost expression. I did most of the talking.

After dinner we walked around the wharf and looked at the fishing boats in harbor. I was more than a little conscious of Pat's small hand on my arm. She was beginning to get under my skin in a way that no other woman ever had. It was spiritual and it was physical too and it was magnolia blossoms and a lot of everything all mixed up. I liked it and I didn't like it. I had to keep a clear head. It was that, or else. I decided to take her home. That was a bum idea, as she had come down in her own car. But when she saw my expression she smiled lightly and suggested that I take her home anyway and keep the car for the night. She could pick it up the next day. That was better.

She had a little red Studebaker parked at the wharf. I did the driving, following her instructions, and took my time reaching the Seacliff district. It was a nice section of lovely homes along the edge of a cliff overlooking the Golden Gate west of the bridge. The O'Keefe home was right on the cliff. It was a Mediterranean-style villa, not exactly pretentious but still very large. Two cars were parked in front, including the Chandlers' convertible.

Pat frowned at the convertible and seemed to waver over some decision, but after a moment she asked me to come in and have a nightcap. I put the car keys in my pocket and followed her into the house. We went through the entrance hall into the spacious living room. That was empty, but we could hear voices in a room beyond. Pat again seemed undecided and stood in the middle of the floor as if lost about what to do. She looked at me oddly, then suddenly turned on her heel and walked across the room to open the door to a combination study-library-barroom.

Karen Chandler's voice came floating through the door on a high pitch: "You're acting like a lot of silly women, all of you. I know and you know and everybody else knows there is a very bad odor about the Vega. Now, why doesn't someone have enough courage—" But evidently she saw Pat in the doorway at that moment and there was silence.

◆

I crossed to the doorway and followed Pat into the room. Everyone, except Karen, stared at me as if a ghost had walked in.

Karen burst out laughing. She was seated in a big leather chair near the fireplace, smoking a cigarette in a long holder and holding a tall highball glass in the other hand. Her husband, Gary, was standing behind her, partly leaning against a bookcase, his hands in his pockets, an amused and yet cynical smile tugging at his lips. Tom O'Keefe was slumped in another leather chair across the room, his hands listlessly hanging at his sides, a harassed expression in his eyes. Mark Chandler, wearing evening clothes, was standing in the middle of the room, his head twisted about toward us, as if arrested in the act of pacing the floor. The color in his highball glass was pretty dark, obviously a double or triple slug.

Karen said, "Speak of the devil—" She stopped laughing and got to her feet. "Let me do the honors. Highball, Jim?" I nodded. "Pat, how about you? We have some cold beer."

"All right."

Karen said lightly but still with emphasis, "Your face isn't very pretty, Jim. Run into a doorway?"

"No; blackjack."

Karen's eyes roved about the other men in the room as she said,

"Cupid Is My Business"

Clara Lane's National Organization Helps You Meet New Friends

Particular men and women write to Clara Lane for advice on social contacts leading to marriage. Reprinted below is a typical letter.

Dear Miss Lane: Although I am well off financially, I know no one near my own age who would make a suitable wife. I know you have helped others in my position, that's why I am writing to you. I want to meet a woman used to comfortable living who enjoys home life and likes to entertain occasionally.

J. M.

In a recent magazine article Clara Lane points out that men who seek mates through the Friendship Center are not pathetic types, but the normal, varied assortment of American males. The only difference is that they have *done* something about their loneliness. "While most of us wait around for years, for the chance meeting with someone we can hope to love, these people take action by writing to Clara Lane. These men and women find it a practical approach to romance, love and marriage."

Friendship Centers are located in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, D. C., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Hollywood, San Diego, Denver, & Phoenix.

Opening other centers soon, Clara Lane seeks responsible, capable partners to join her national organization.

CLARA LANE Friendship Center

Hotel Wentworth, 58 West 47th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me reprint of your recent magazine article, without obligation.

Name..

Street and No..............................

Town........................*State*............

Yours For An EXTRA INCOME the Year 'Round

Lovely Greeting Cards for all events bring you easy dollars! 15 All-Occasion Folders sell for $1. Just show Sample Box to friends, others. Pocket up to 100% CASH PROFIT. Also show Gift Wraps, Plastic, Metallic Cards, Imprinted Notes, Napkins, Stationery, other easy sellers. FREE Imprint Samples, Assortments ON APPROVAL. WRITE NOW!

FRIENDSHIP Everyday Cards

FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, INC.,
52 ADAMS ST. • ELMIRA, N.Y.

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as **well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. Inc.

KLUTCH CO., Box 5038-B, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

MAN DOES NOT DIE
—He Kills Himself
said a great French Doctor

He meant that we poison ourselves to death by wrong eating and wrong thinking. Of these two poisons, the more deadly is wrong thinking. A New York business man was on the verge of death. He got well after 7 weeks at death's door. He got well by the use of healing thoughts. Now at 75, he works every day, seven days a week. He tells you how he thought himself back to health, happiness, freedom from fear, worry and hard luck. He tells you how you can do it.

He tells it in simple primary words. He tells it all in his book entitled "There Is No Need To Be Sick, Afraid, Unhappy or in Want." People buy this book in lots of 100 to give away to their suffering friends. A New York doctor gave 100 copies to the Maimonides Hygienic Assn. A real estate man in Miami gave away 100 copies. An advertising woman in Dallas, Texas, gave 100 copies to employees and friends. A librarian of Stanford University gave a copy to every prison in the U. S. A doctor in Hot Springs, Arkansas, passed out nearly 2,000 copies.

Send us $2.00 and we will send you this 320-page book. If it doesn't flood your life with healing happiness, we'll return your $2.00. Send $2.00 (cash or check) to Merit Publications, Dept. 50, 300 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

DESTROY UNWANTED HAIR FOREVER
TEMPORARY RELIEF IS NOT ENOUGH
ONLY BY KILLING THE HAIR ROOT CAN YOU BE SURE UNWANTED HAIR IS GONE FOREVER. BRINGS RELIEF AND SOCIAL HAPPINESS. DO NOT USE OUR METHOD UNTIL YOU HAVE READ OUR INSTRUCTION BOOK CAREFULLY AND LEARNED TO USE THE MAHLER METHOD SAFELY AND EFFICIENTLY. USED SUCCESSFULLY OVER 50 YEARS.
SEND 6¢ COINS OR STAMPS FOR BOOKLET
NEW BEAUTY FOR YOU
MAHLER'S, INC., Dept. 60-B, Providence 15, R. I.

RUPTURED?
Get Relief This Proven Way
Why try to worry along with trusses that gouge your flesh—press heavily on hips and spine—enlarge opening—fail to hold rupture? You need the Cluthe. No leg straps or cutting belts. Automatic adjustable pad holds at real opening—follows every body movement with instant increased support in case of strain. Cannot slip whether at work or play. Light. Waterproof. Can be worn in bath. Send for amazing FREE book, "Advice To Ruptured," and details of liberal truthful 60-day trial offer. Also endorsements from grateful users in your neighborhood. Write:
Cluthe Sons, Dept. 41, Bloomfield, New Jersey

"BROOKLYN'S GIFT TO THE ORANGE GROVES"
How a ten-dollar bill was parlayed into an international fruit-and-jam business. An inspiring success story.
MARCH
LIBERTY MAGAZINE

"More things happen to this man. Yesterday he even thought someone took a shot at him. Now it's a blackjack. What a shabby way to treat a stranger."

She gave me a veiled look and then crossed to the wall bar. I shook hands with O'Keefe and the Chandlers while she fixed the drinks. Pat dropped into a chair near her father, so I sat on its arm when Karen handed me a highball. Karen stood looking at the two of us for a moment, then returned to her own chair.

She crossed her legs, sipped at her drink, and then said, "Isn't it odd, all the things that have been happening to and around Mr. Bradley? As the literary crowd would say, it gives a person food for thought. Jeffers knifed to death, Mr. Bradley shot at and blackjacked, a fire on the Donnelly trawler—"

I asked quickly, "How did you know about that?"

Mark Chandler said smoothly, "I carry the insurance on that boat."

Karen said, "It would seem there is considerably more behind all this than meets the eye."

Gary snapped, "Why don't you shut up?"

◆

Karen turned around and laughed at him. "Like to try making me shut up, darling?"

O'Keefe raised a tired hand and said wearily, "Please, Karen. I am sure Mr. Bradley is not interested in a purely domestic difference. After all—"

I said, "I don't agree with you, Mr. O'Keefe. What Mrs. Chandler is talking about concerns me very much."

"You don't understand. On the face of it, yes, it would appear that way, but we—ah, well—" He said brightly, "I hear you're going to sea very soon."

Karen said, "If someone doesn't slip dynamite in his pocket before then."

Mark Chandler raised an eyebrow and stared at Karen. "If you don't mind, my dear, the subject is closed."

Karen raised her glass in his direction. "Cheers."

I took a good husky drink of my highball, then put it aside. I turned to O'Keefe and said, "I don't think it would be a bad idea to clear the air a little. Starting with first things first, I'm not convinced Red Donnelly's death was accidental. Following that, Jeffers was killed trying to give me some information, and I have had a few difficulties of my own. I'm not supposed to board the Vega. Evidently someone will get hurt if I do. And I think that someone is in this room."

O'Keefe paled a shade, but he snorted, "Of all the preposterous accusations! Why, if you weren't a guest in my house—"

Gary stepped around Karen's chair, his eyes narrowed, a dull flush on his face. "I don't like your words, Bradley, or your tone. In fact, I don't like you. Get out of here."

Pat cried out, "You have no right—"

"I'm not going to stand here and listen to this sea tramp insult us."

He came toward me and reached over to grab my shirt front in his hand. He pulled me to my feet and snarled, "I said to get out and I mean it."

I tried to shove him away and he swung at my face with his other fist. That did it. I rolled aside and let him come into me and swung a left and a right into the pit of his stomach and caught him flush on the point of the chin as he doubled over. He never knew what hit him. He sagged and fell on his face like a spilled sack of potatoes.

Karen looked down at him and smiled at me. "You sure pack a wallop, Jim. That was a beauty."

O'Keefe had jumped to his feet. His face was red as a beet. He pointed melodramatically at the door. "If you don't mind, sir—"

I looked down at Pat, still in the chair. She was huddled over, her face in her hands. I shrugged and walked out of the room. When I hit the night air I began to feel good. That punch had been a beauty at that. And maybe it had cleared the air a little. When I started Pat's car the right door opened and Karen slid onto the seat. She slammed the door and moved closer to me. "Hello, Slugger."

"Hiya, moll."

"What joint we gonna case now?"

"How about a couple beers at Sloppy Moe's?"

"Ah cain't resist that man. Just lead the way, Slugger."

We drove downtown and went to a bar. In fact, we went to a lot of bars. I lost count. We closed the last one at 2 A.M. and drove to Karen's apartment on Telegraph Hill. We parked in front for an hour and Karen almost convinced me that I had a million in the bank and could make another million before dawn. It was wonderful. For awhile I even believed it. But when the booze began to wear off I was just a deep-sea diver having a good time. Karen shoved me away, straightened herself out as well as possible under the circumstances, and left. I waited to see if she would be thrown through a window, but when nothing came hurtling through space, I drove away.

I had a big head the next day and a bigger job. Supplies began to move through the pier shed and toward the trawler. Then all the diving gear had to be checked and double-checked. I handled that job.

Shortly after lunchtime Alec Browning showed up dressed in working clothes with a sea bag thrown over one shoulder. That was a big relief. I made a deal with him for thirty-five dollars a day and thirty-five dollars a dive and a bonus for depth.

He said, "But it isn't the money, skipper. Curiosity got me into this and I hope I get out in one piece."

He went right to work helping the crew load fuel. We had everything pretty well rigged and the gear all in place by late afternoon. I was beat, but I was satisfied we would get out on the ebbtide.

Pat telephoned and then later came down to pick up her car. I gave her the keys and walked with her out to the curb. She looked as if she had been crying, or had been under some emotional strain.

She said in a very small voice, "I'm terribly sorry about last night, Jim. I knew they were all there in the house. I shouldn't have taken you in."

"Forget it."

"And, besides, I was a little coward. I should have gone out with you, not Karen. But she has more courage than I."

"Maybe," I said, "you have more loyalty."

"Thanks for putting it that way." Then she looked up at me and placed a trembling hand on my chest. "Please, Jim. It isn't too late. Don't go to sea. Dad has had you investigated. He says you have a very good business in the Gulf, a wonderful reputation, and a good future. Why imperil all that? Why not forget the Vega?"

"I can't." I took her shoulders in my hands and said, "Let me ask you something. You've been living under a black cloud for some time. It's in your eyes. They're haunted. I've even seen them terrified. Why? What started it?"

She looked away again and shook her head. "I can't say."

"I think I can. Somewhere, somehow, you've stumbled across an idea that your father is badly implicated in something criminal. The idea of exposure terrifies you. But maybe he isn't the man. You're really not positive."

"Please, I can't say."

I shook her and said, "Now, look. I'm going to board the Vega. Nothing can stop me. I may learn something that will incriminate your father, or it may be the opposite and remove you from under that cloud. Either way, it's going to happen. Now, why don't you meet me halfway and give me an idea what's bothering you? If your father's hands are clean, I'm the one person in the world who can prove it."

She seemed to stare through me and beyond me. She whispered, "I'm sorry, Jim."

I turned away from her and went back into the pier shed. Her loyalty couldn't be pierced. It was a waste of time trying. I got busy and put it out of my mind.

Sam showed up early in the evening with all the papers I would need for the trawler, myself, and the crew. He had some information as well, but said it could wait until we had something to eat. We crossed the Embarcadero to a small restaurant and ordered dinner.

Over the coffee Sam said, "I have a hunch you're going to have company at sea."

"How do you mean?"

"Riley had a man tailing O'Keefe this afternoon. Most of O'Keefe's time was spent at the St. Francis Yacht Club at the municipal basin. He was dickering to charter a good sea-going yacht."

"Oh-oh!"

"That's what I was thinking. He knows exactly where the Vega went

ADOPTION IS A TWO-WAY STREET

Much has been written about adoption from the woman's angle, but in the March Liberty you'll learn how a man feels about it.

Learn here the TRUTH about
PSORIASIS
IS IT A SKIN DISEASE OR INTERNAL?

For the past several years a number of Physicians have reported amazing success in treating Psoriasis with LIPAN—a new medical wonder taken *internally*. LIPAN (registered U.S. Patent Office) is a combination of glandular substances that treat certain internal disorders which many medical men now agree to be the cause of Psoriasis. Clinical results show LIPAN successful in over 90% of the cases treated. Even stubborn lesions are alleviated to a degree almost beyond belief. *Absolutely harmless!* Ask your druggist for LIPAN, or write direct for free booklet. Or send for month's supply (180 tablets), enclosing check or money order for $8.50.
SPIRT & COMPANY, Dept. L-20, Waterbury, Conn.

LEARN TO WRITE

The Magazine Institute offers an up-to-the-minute course in writing for magazines which makes it easy to get started in spare time at home. You may concentrate on either fiction or non-fiction. Send for FREE CATALOG describing M. I. method. VETERANS: This course approved for Veterans' training.
THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC., Dept. 322-B
50 Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Ctr., N.Y. 20, N.Y.

New MIRACLE WALL CLEANER
QUICK EASY
Saves Costly Redecorating
AMAZING INVENTION. Banishes old-style housecleaning mess and muss. No rags—no sticky "dough"—no red, swollen hands. No more dangerous stepladders. Literally erases dirt like magic from Wallpaper, Painted Walls, Ceilings, Window Shades. *Take orders from friends! Earn money!* Act now!
SAMPLES FOR TRIAL Sample offer sent immediately to all who send name at once. A penny postal will do. SEND NO MONEY—*just your name.* KRISTEE CO., 1677 Bar Street, AKRON, OHIO

WOMEN! SEW and EARN

Hundreds of markets open for hand sewing. Circular gives details on selling your work without canvassing. Lists markets. Write
SEWING RESEARCH,
Stillwater 10, Minn.

SAVE GAS? FREE TRIAL in your car
famous GANE Air-Flow Needle
(Replaces present idle adjustment screw in your carburetor)
New Automotive Discovery—Install them YOURSELF in 5 Minutes
Users report up to 4 EXTRA MILES PER GALLON—comment on SMOOTHER MOTOR, EASIER STARTING, FASTER PICK-UP, BETTER IDLING. (About ½ million now in use) However, needles DO NOT show improvement in SOME cars due to type or condition of motor. So try them FIRST for 10 days AT OUR EXPENSE. Check gas mileage and engine performance—if satisfied—send only $1.50 per needle; (8 cyl. cars take 2) if not satisfied—return them—FAIR ENOUGH? Send card today with name, address, make of car and carburetor—Needles sent Postpaid.
SEND NO MONEY—AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER—PAY POSTMAN NOTHING
NATIONAL AUTOMOTIVE RESEARCH CO. 350 W. WASHINGTON BLVD. DEPT. XB VENICE, CALIFORNIA
HOLES FOR AIR FLOW (Pat. Pend.) FITS ALL CARS

OLD LEG TROUBLE

Easy to use Viscose Home Method heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for trial if it fails to show results in 10 days. Describe the cause of your trouble and get a FREE BOOK.
L. B. VISCOSE COMPANY
140 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 2, Illinois

DO YOU SUFFER FROM RHEUMATISM?
ARTHRITIS? NEURITIS? SCIATICA?
Send for FREE BOOK
describing the proven, specialized treatment that has been amazingly successful in combatting rheumatism, arthritis and similar painful disorders. This illustrated book "RHEUMATISM" fully explains causes and effects . . . tells you WHY drugs and medicines afford but temporary relief. Delay may be dangerous.
LEARN ABOUT SPECIALIZED TREATMENT
Send for FREE Book today—a postcard will do. No obligation. Write today.
BALL CLINIC, Dept. 25, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

"Due to the condition of our treasury, the only speaker we can afford this month is my husband."

down. He means to be on hand when you start diving."

"Looks that way."

"Sure. Jim, do me a favor and don't let any of that crowd aboard your trawler, if they show up. I don't trust any of them."

I laughed and said, "That makes two of us. Now, what about Irma Gibson?"

"Nothing so far. No one has appeared at her apartment. Riley has a hunch that maybe she thinks she's being kept as a mistress, but in reality her patron is just interested in getting her out of the way."

"Could be, if she knows anything. Well, let's get back."

A uniformed policeman was standing in front of the pier shed when we arrived. He asked me, "Are you J. Bradley?"

"That's right."

"Then you're under arrest, my friend. Assault and battery. Here's the dope."

He served the warrant and I read the names of O'Keefe and the two Chandlers. Unprovoked and unwarranted assault on an innocent party in a private residence. It was pretty funny and I couldn't help but grin.

The cop said, "You comin' along peaceable-like?"

"Where to?"

"Harbor Station."

Sam put up an argument, but it was no good. I called Olaf Carlson out to the sidewalk and told him to keep things moving. Sam and I got into a police car parked at the curb. There was another cop behind the wheel. We were taken to Harbor Station with efficiency and dispatch and I was booked by the desk sergeant. Sam persuaded him not to put me in a cell. He promised to have me out in an hour and left.

That hour took all night. I went in a back room of the station and played pinochle with the cops. The hours went by and the cops changed, but the pinochle game kept going. I got some good hands, but my mind wasn't on the game. The cops had a field day and really took me. They wouldn't have put me in a cell if the chief had ordered it. I was their pigeon.

◆ Lieutenant Riley came in the back room about an hour before dawn. He was red around the eyes, his collar was wilted, and he looked as if he hadn't been in bed all night.

I looked around at him and asked, "Where's Sam?"

"He went home a few minutes ago. He was corked. Come on. You've been released into my custody. I don't mind saying it took some doing. This situation was all screwed up—deliberately. But Homicide has some standing in this town."

I put on my coat and walked out of the station with Riley. He was burning. When I explained what the fight had been all about, he said, "It wouldn't make any difference what it was. They're out to delay you and keep you in town. All three of 'em hang together on that. Man, I'm more convinced than ever that that wreck is stinking with narcotics. You be sure and take a good look around when you get down there."

"I intend to."

"Yeah." He stopped me on the outside steps and lit a cigar, then said, "Got some news. Been running it down all night. Know who's paying the bills for Irma Gibson?"

"No."

"This'll rock you. Mark Chandler."

"I'm not too rocked, Riley. It would surprise me if Chandler didn't have a mistress. The old boy has the look of a man who lives his life to the full, and then some."

"Well, maybe. Anyway, he's the sugar daddy. But there's more than that. We've been checking back on Irma's actions. She was in Angelo's Cup and Spoon when Jeffers was telephoning you. Either followed him or ran into him accidentally. We don't know which. We got a snapshot of her and showed it to the bartender. He remembers her well. And she knew Jeffers. She talked with him at the bar for a minute or so after he called you, and then she left. He probably told her what he intended doing and she put the finger on him. How else would the goon who killed him know where he was or what was on his mind?"

"But Mark Chandler couldn't have been that good."

Riley frowned. "No, damn it. And it wasn't his son, either, even though he was in the neighborhood when it happened. Well, that's my job. I'll find out. We usually do."

We went on down the steps and got in the back seat of a riot car. There was another man already in the back. He was a hard-looking character with close-cropped hair, narrow eyes, a scarred face, and lips as thin as wire. He was dressed like a longshoreman and certainly looked the part.

Riley chuckled and said, "Jim, meet Frank Barton, officer in the Coast Guard and deputy U. S. marshal. Frank, this is your boss, Jim Bradley."

I shook hands with him, then asked Riley, "What goes here?"

"You have another man in your crew. Sign him on as an ordinary deck hand, or something. I'm not letting you go out to sea without the law being represented somewhere, and only a U. S. marshal has any authority aboard a ship. O.K. with you?"

I gave the idea a quick reading and said, "O.K. It's a good idea. Glad to have you, Barton."

He nodded. "Just don't pay any attention to me when we're aboard. You understand, though, that my authority is superseded by yours, as captain of the ship."

"Sure."

"You'll co-operate?"

"Hell, yes."

"That's all I need."

We were driven to the pier and Barton and I got out. I shook hands with Riley and he asked if I had a ship-to-shore radiophone aboard ship. I told him I had and gave him the frequencies. He picked a frequency and said, "Keep that one open every day from three to three fifteen, just in case I have to get in touch with you. Now, how would you get in touch with us?"

"Simple. All I have to do is call radio marine service and give your number."

“Good. Well, good luck.” Riley hook my hand.

“I'll need it.”

Barton and I hurried through the ark pier shed and onto the wharf. We jumped aboard the trawler and ast off the lines. The tide was just bbing.

We reached the area where the Vega had gone down that evening, ut then began the tedious job of ocating the wreck. Dragging was ut of the question, as it would take oo long and, anyway, the wreck was too deep. We established a fix hrough radio direction bearings nd marked off four large areas of he sea on a chart. Marty Simpson nd I then rigged up two powerful urplus mine detectors on outriggers on either side of the trawler with wires running to the indicators aboard. Then we cruised back nd forth, sweeping the first square nd watching for indications of metal. The mine indicators would give an instant indication of metal below and, with proper handling, even the size of the ship.

Nothing showed up the first day or the second. It was a blank sea and an empty bottom. I turned in early the evening of the second day, by that time confident that the crew knew their respective jobs. I had been asleep about two hours when there was a banging on the cabin door and the engineer came in. His face was black with rage.

“Someone,” he said, “put sugar in one of the fuel tanks. Better come have a look.”

◆

I slid on trousers and a sweater and went with him down into the engine room. The starboard engine had been cut out and one of the fuel injectors taken apart. The engineer showed me the evidence of sugar in the fuel, which would ruin any engine.

“Luckily,” he said, “I wasn't satisfied with the way this baby was running and thought I'd take a look. I guess I cut it out before any harm was done, but it's gonna take me plenty of time to clean out those injectors and blow the lines. But what about that fuel tank?”

I was thinking the same thing. I crawled under the tank he pointed out, one of the two mains, and twisted open a drainage petcock. I could feel the sugar as the fuel ran over my hand. Probably five or ten pounds had been dumped in the tank.

I shut off the petcock, crawled out and told him, “We can't use that tank again. How much have you drained from it?”

“Oh, not more'n fifty or sixty gallons.”

“Then that means close to five hundred gallons of fuel we can't use. Well, cut in the other main and keep that port engine going. When do you think you'll be able to switch on the starboard?”

“Tomorrow morning. But look, skipper. We're gonna be awful short of fuel. If you don't locate that wreck in a hurry we'll have to go back to port. It's a tough break.”

I went up on deck and called all hands out and questioned each one of them. I didn't expect to learn anything and that's what I got. I didn't know the exact time the sugar had been dumped in the tank and they all had good alibis anyway. What was really bad was knowing that one of the crew had pulled the job and would probably try something else. Obviously he was being paid for it. Yet I had chosen all the men myself, including Alec, even though Pat had put me in touch with him. Even though—? I thought about that and it hurt, but it was impossible for me to connect Pat with anything of that nature. It had to be something else.

I got Frank Barton aside, when no one else was around, and made arrangements with him for one of the two of us to always be on deck. No one would again have an opportunity to load the tanks.

I was worried about the fuel. It could have been serious. But the next day, with the two engines running, while sweeping the lower quarter of the third square we got strong indications on both detectors. We continued on course until the dials quit, then went back and forth over the area and finally determined that a ship about the size of the Vega was directly below us. It could have been some other wreck, but the position was so exact that I decided to gamble on the fact that we had located the Vega.

We came to a halt and spent the rest of the day putting out spider buoys. There were six altogether, each about two hundred yards from the trawler and with cables running to winches aboard. The trawler was like the hub of a spider web. The purpose of the arrangement was to be able to move the ship in any direction simply by winching in on one of the buoys. It was a convenient method that saved time for a diver below.

KOMFO DENTAL CUSHIONS

HELPS

Keep Seeds Out
Ease Pressure on Gums
Plate Fit Snug
Prevent Clicking

2 EASY STEPS TO COMFORT

Press a KOMFO DENTAL PAD on your plate, return plate to your mouth and bite to a comfortable fit. See how KOMFO relieves sore spots on gums due to ill-fitting dentures, affords new eating pleasure!

Money back if you're not satisfied!

Order Direct From Laboratory
Send $1 for 20 KOMFO Lowers
Send $1 for 16 KOMFO Uppers
or Send $2 for Both

KOMFO Dental Pad Co.
Dept. 522 Box 6311, Phila. 39, Pa.

BUNIONS

FREE SAMPLE

See how quick pain stops—bunion gets smaller. Wear regular shoes. FAIRYFOOT is easy to use. Safe, harmless. On 3,000,000 feet since 1897. **Send No Money** Write today for Sample Treatment—it's FREE. No cost to you.

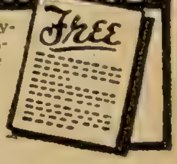
FAIRYFOOT, 1223 S. Wabash, Dept. 602, Chicago 5, Ill.

LEARN HOW TO HYPNOTIZE

Amazing self-study lessons . . . in simple, easy to understand language. How to select a subject—how to hypnotize by telephone—**how to make money** from hypnotism—mental telepathy—stage hypnotism—self-hypnosis: how modern hypnotism is used to conquer inferiority complex, fear, battle fatigue, timidity, etc. Clear, **helpful pictures** show operating positions, movements. Money-back guarantee. Only $1.95, postpaid—or COD, plus postage. Write today!

Nelson-Hall Co., 1139 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. B-64, Chicago 5, Ill.

ANALYZE HANDWRITING



NEW, uncrowded, fascinating field. Gratifying earnings reported by graduates in Employment, Credit, Social Service, Police and Entertainment fields. Others have developed profitable private practice, full or spare time, as Personal and vocational Counselors. Send for 3,000 word TEST LESSON and PROOF book FREE. Write today!

I.G.A.S. Inc., 315 Wilhoit Bldg., Springfield 4, Mo.

For Itching Burning Irritation of

ECZEMA

FREE PROOF TO YOU

J. C. HUTZELL
Druggist Originator

Does your skin break out with tiny watery blisters? Or do dry scaly, itching patches form? Or does your skin thicken, crack, itch and burn?

Does this itching, burning torment interfere with your work, your sleep, and keep you feeling miserable?

If so, send me your name and address so I can mail you FREE and postpaid, a sample of my internationally known **Ovelmo** which has brought letters of praise and gratitude from over **75,000** users. I want you just to **try Ovelmo**—that's all—**Just Try It.** That's my only argument.

I was in the retail drug business for 25 years. I served 4 years as a member of the *Indiana State Board of Pharmacy* and 5 years as President of the Retail Druggists Association. Nearly everybody in Fort Wayne knows me and knows about the success of my **Ovelmo.**

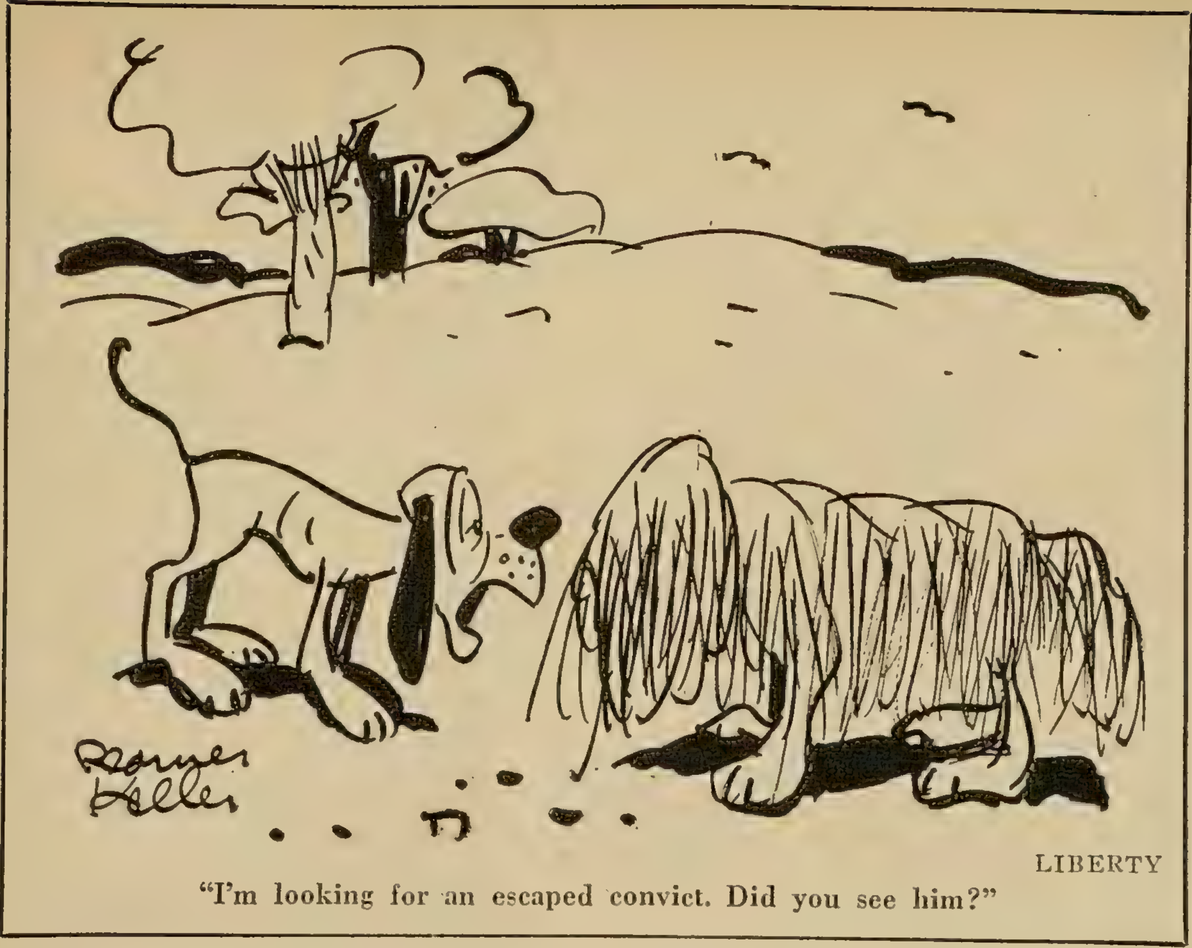
MAIL COUPON TODAY

J. C. HUTZELL, Druggist, Dept. 6593 Fort Wayne, Ind.
Please send me Free and postpaid, a sample of your Ovelmo. The signature below is mine.

Name.................................Age..............

Address..

City.......................................State..........



LIBERTY

"I'm looking for an escaped convict. Did you see him?"

At three that afternoon Marty called me to the radiophone in the wheelhouse. It was Riley calling from shore. I told him I thought we had located the wreck and that I would be diving the next day.

Riley said, "Have a good look in that safe."

"Listen. You don't do things that fast in diving. I'll be lucky if I just locate the bridge of the ship tomorrow. It will take another day or two to find the captain's cabin. But what's on your mind?"

"Do any of the men in your crew have access to this radiophone?"

"Why, they all have."

"Is it in a private place?"

"The wheelhouse."

"Uh-huh. Then I got a hunch one of your men used it. O'Keefe managed to charter a yacht yesterday. About an hour ago him and his whole party went aboard. They must have known you'd found the wreck. Looks like you'll have company tonight or tomorrow."

"There is nothing I can do about that."

"Maybe it's a good thing. Puts 'em all in one place when you bring up the dope. Now, listen. Here's something else. The minute O'Keefe and his party went aboard the yacht, I had Irma Gibson picked up on a vag charge. I've been talking with her the past ten minutes. She didn't even know about Jeffers getting knifed. She admits she met him with Red Donnelly and that she ran into him in the bar that night, but she won't say any more than that. The main thing, though, she's suddenly scared. Now I know she must have called someone interested in Jeffers and she knows that I know it. Given a little time, she'll crack. I've never known anyone yet who'd cover up a murder when there was nothing in it for them but grief."

"Here's something, too," I said. "Whoever she called had to be close to that bar. I didn't take too long getting there."

"I've already thought of that, but thanks anyway. Well, watch your step. I'll keep in touch with you."

I tuned off and stepped out on deck. Marty Simpson was leaning against the wheelhouse having a quiet smoke. He gave me a flat expressionless glance and walked away. I wondered if he could have heard the conversation.

The sea was fairly calm the next morning, good enough for diving. Alec and I talked things over and I decided to make the first dive. He was more than agreeable. We got out the diving gear and looked it over. Alec pointed out a suit that had been one of Red's favorites, so I used that. There was a white cross on the helmet and one on the breastplate and even marked white crosses on the air line. Alec explained that Red had been a stickler for matching equipment and keeping it that way. It made no difference to me which hose was used with which helmet, but I thought it best to keep Red's rules.

I got into two suits of long underwear and heavy pairs of woolen socks and even a couple of sweaters, then got into the diving suit of rubber and canvas. Marty and Alec helped me on with the lead weights and diving knife and the lead shoes and lowered the helmet over my head. They dogged it down and closed the front port and tested the helium-oxygen mixture. When that satisfied me, I tried the diving phone inside the helmet. It was the modern kind that did not require switches. I could be heard simply by speaking inside the helmet, and could listen through the phones without having to fool with any switches. That, too, was working well.

I walked to the side of the trawler weighted down with two hundred pounds of equipment, and stepped onto the steel diving stage. I looped the lines under my arm and then had a guide line rigged to the breastplate and also looped under my arm.

I looked through the ports and saw that Alec was handling the deck phone and Marty was on the diving lines. Olaf Carlson was supervising the compressor and the mix tanks. Barton was standing by. He was idly swinging an iron belaying pin in one hand. When he saw me looking at him he gave me a confident wink.

I was far from feeling as confident. For the first time in my life I dreaded to make a dive. Quite aside from the depth involved and the fact that Red had lost his life in the same spot was the unnerving thought that someone on deck would probably receive a bonus if I failed to come out of the water alive. Barton was closely watching everything going on, but even so, there were possible ways that a man on deck could unobtrusively make it dangerous for a diver below.

There was cold sweat on my forehead when Alec's voice snapped in my ears. "All set?"

To be concluded in the next issue

SPENDING FOR HAPPINESS

By Elsie Stapleton

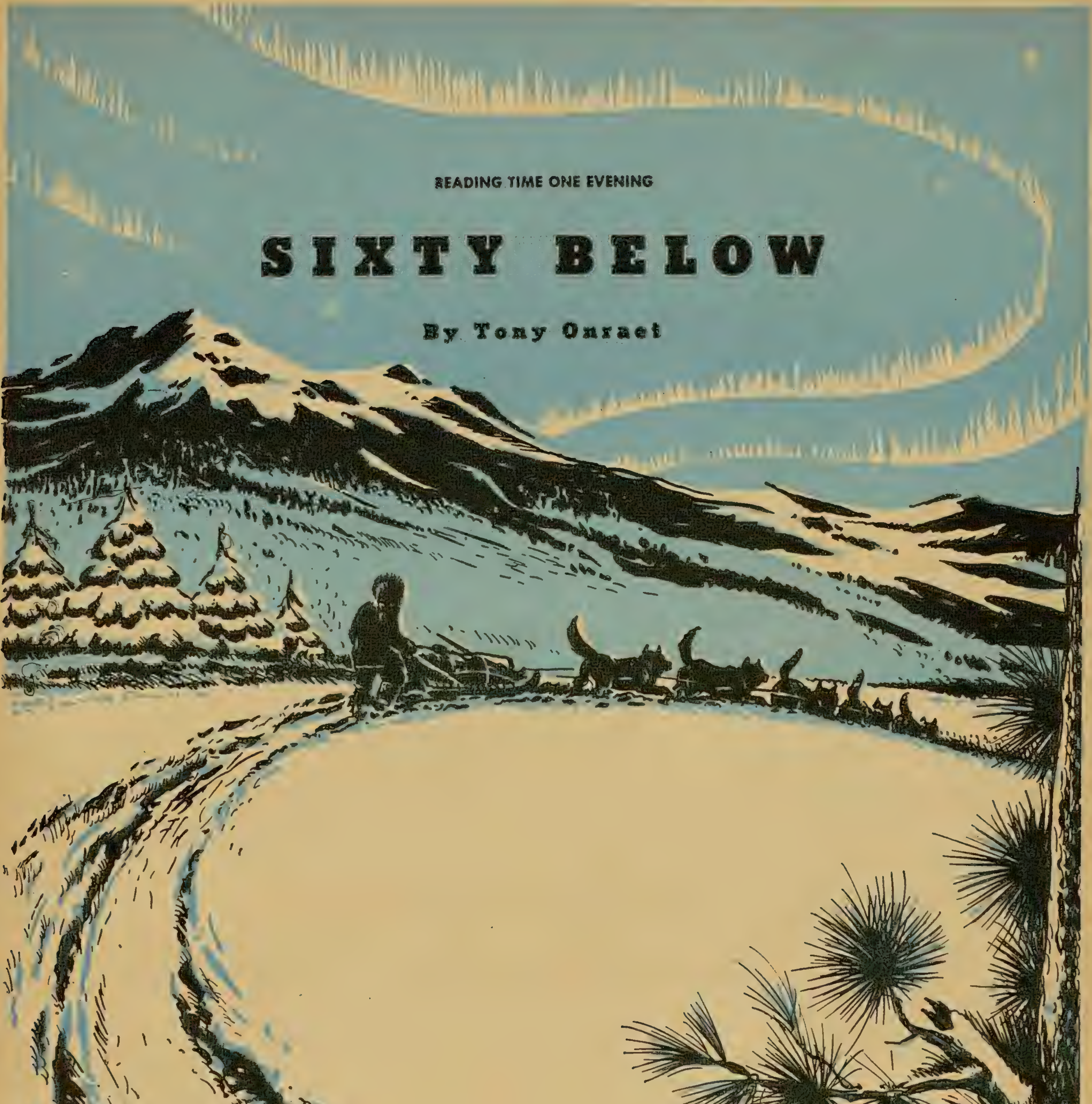
A condensation of an invaluable book on smart, simple ways to make your income work wonders for you. In

LIBERTY Next Month

READING TIME ONE EVENING

SIXTY BELOW

By Tony Onraet



Illustrated by Tom Sinnickson

Liberty book condensation

"T'AIN'T no use, boys," old Shorty warned. "There's blood on the moon. There's this yere depression. It's hard times now and mark my words they're goin' to get harder."

Muskeg Pete butted in with a challenge: "Who says so? Who says there's blood on the moon?"

"There they go again," someone said.

Those two had been the life of the party ever since we had met them on a freight train way back in Northern Quebec months ago. My pal, Jack Doucett, and I had given them a lift aboard our special box car. We had been a long time hoboing all over the country looking for work or anything we might make a living at, and everywhere it was the same story: "Sorry, boys." Now, sitting round the flickering campfire, alongside the old Grand Trunk Railway on the last lap of our journey to the Pacific Coast, we were watching the sun going down in a blaze of glory behind the Rocky Mountains.

We crawled into our bed-rolls. Mount Baker stood up black against the sky, his snow-capped peak aflame in the after-glow. Fire, Sun, Mountains, Bush. Plenty to think about there; all four had given me plenty to think about. Good luck and bad; eighteen months back to 1928. It seemed to me then that things were booming in Northern Manitoba, and like thousands of other prospectors, I had left Northern Quebec to seek my fortune in the fabulously rich Flin-Flon country. The people flocking to a boom town would have to eat; I sank my small capital in a restaurant at Cranberry Portage, the junction of the Cold Lake (now called Sheridan) and Flin-Flon. It was a going concern right from the start, but as spring turned into summer and week after week went by without rain, I got uneasy. The forest was tinder dry. Cranberry Portage was only log cabins in a clearing; bush on three sides, a lake on the fourth. We should be in a bad way if fire broke out. Our water supply was crude—bucket system from the lake.

One Thursday morning the news came. Fire! Soon we were getting word from everywhere, "Fire!" "Fire!" Prospectors, Indians, trappers, streamed in from the hills and the bush. All had the same story: "Fire! Beat it! She's bone dry. If the wind swings this way your town won't last longer'n a snowball in hell!"

It did swing and it stormed us with a roar. The bush turned to flame while you looked—as quick as that. Cranberry Portage was gone, and from a big log raft out on the lake I watched my restaurant burn. I timed it—seven minutes. The savings of years of hard work! Well, when the fire is out I'll get a job with the mining or construction companies. In the meanwhile I had a pack-sack full of good clothing and grub for a week or so. Not so bad. I was young, could turn my hand to anything, and besides, I was alive and that felt good even in a world full of fire and smoke!

I did get a job but it only lasted two months. Then I started to hunt for another one. The snow began to fall; the winter came and went, and here I was, a seasoned hobo camped in the jungle with Jack, Muskeg and Shorty, all of us on our last lap of a long journey to the salmon fisheries and mines of Prince Rupert. Perhaps our last hope.

Shorty snored. A coyote barked; and in the distance I heard a loon laughing like a crazy woman. It sounded like fooooools, fooooo—ooooo—ooools. The moon came up between the trees; there was no blood on it. It was nice and silvery, and sure enough it was smiling. And in a flash I made my mind up. "Great Bear Lake. That's where I'm going. After radium. Four thousand miles away! Great Bear Lake or bust!"

◆ Prince Rupert the first step on the way. None of the gang had felt like joining me, so I wandered into the town on my own. I caught up with a job. Captain of a tow boat, hauling fish to an oil and fertilizer plant at the mouth of the Skeena River. I got along first rate. It lasted all summer, and I hung on to every cent I earned. In the fall I caught another freight train to the Peace River country. I had been thinking Great Bear Lake all summer. Bear Lake or bust had become a fixation. The ferry crossing at Dunvegan would be my starting point. I had friends near there who would loan me a log cabin for the winter while I prepared my outfit. Besides, I had to stretch my stake to the limit and living was cheap in the farming district nearby.

I got to work as soon as I was comfortably installed in my winter quarters. It would be at least six months before the breaking of the ice on the Peace River. In order to get the best and most for my money I only bought ready-made the equipment that I could not make myself. I racked my brains over the question of more money, but try as I would it just wouldn't stretch. I couldn't make it reach any more than the bare necessities.

Then I hit upon the brilliant idea of getting a partner. Two could use the same outfit, and besides, it would be good to have company on such a long voyage into an unknown country. We should need more grubstake, but, of course, I must get a partner with some money.

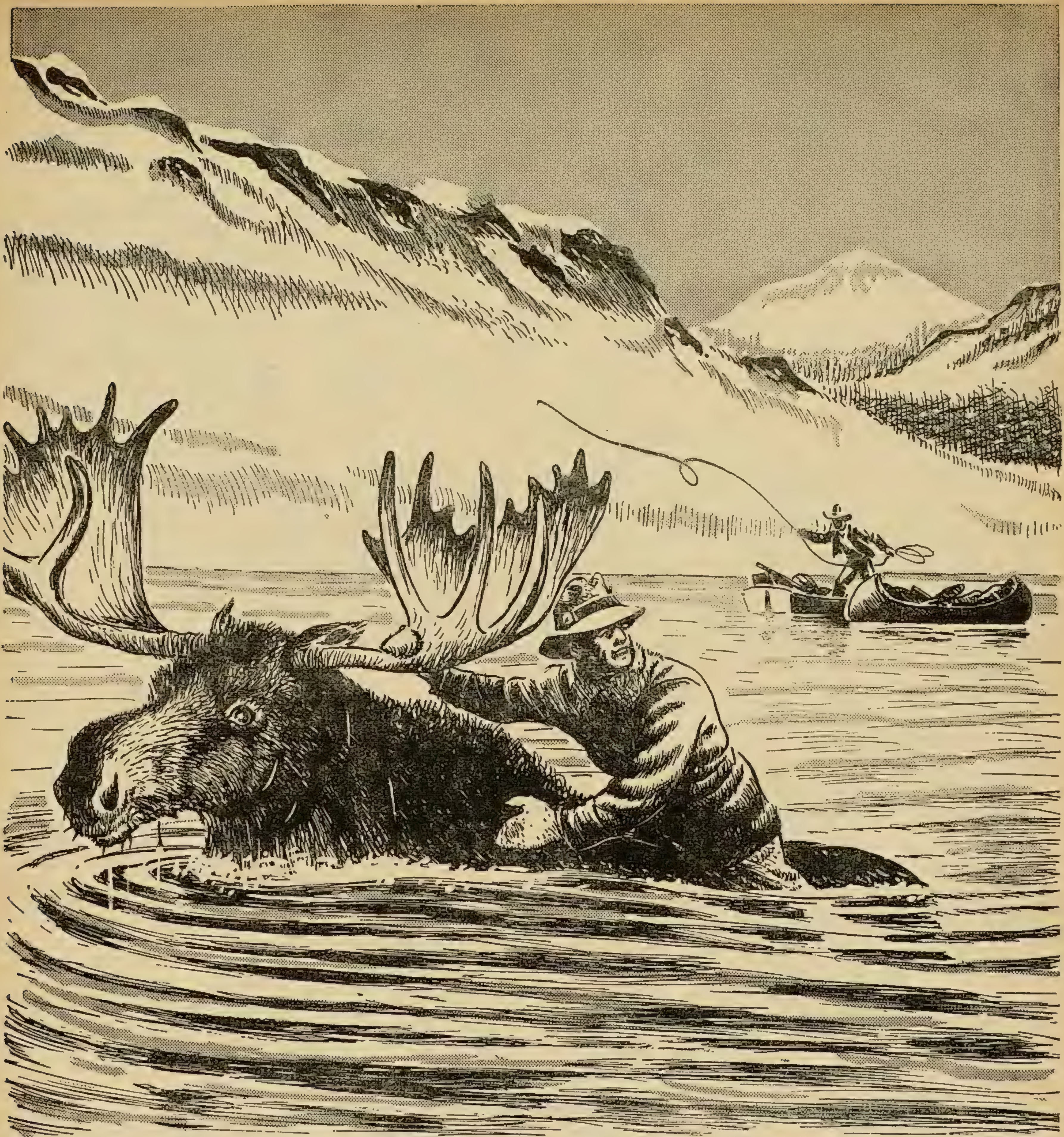
Then Charlie turned up. Charlie Hansen was a young Dane. My first reaction to him was to laugh: not at him in particular, but at the very serious way he took himself, and at the ten-gallon cowboy hat he was wearing, a very unusual headgear to wear in December in that part of the country. When I remarked on it, he told me that a pal of his had left it to him before he rode over the Great Divide. I told him it suited him fine, and we got to talking on friendly terms. It appeared that he was very fond of outdoors and adventures. He had a homestead a couple of days' ride from my cabin. He said he'd see if he could dispose of it and a few pieces of farm machinery he owned and gather enough money to buy an interest in the outfit. He did.

Farmers gave us whole pigs that we cured and smoked into bacon and hams. We shot several moose and deer, dressed up part of the meat and made pemmican. A neighbor drove up to our cabin one day with a load of fine grain spruce lumber, dumped it on the ground, and as he drove away called back to us: "That's for you boys to make a skiff." He made us a couple of straight-grained, second-growth birch paddles for which we had reasons to be thankful later on.

By the middle of April our outfit was as complete as we could make it. We were on tiptoe to get going, but we had to wait. The ice must go first. I borrowed a saddle horse from a neighboring rancher and we rode the forty miles to the Dunvegan crossing on the Peace River to see if there were any signs of Break-up.

I left Charlie to camp on the hill overlooking the river, with instructions to ride back and report as soon as he saw the first signs of Break-up. I rode back inland to our cabins and there anxiously awaited word

Copyright, 1948, by Tony Onraet. Published by Didier, New York. Price $3.



I couldn't stop him, nor even guide him. "Throw me a rope, Charlie," I shouted desperately. "I can't swim!"

from him. He arrived early one morning and said that the snow was all gone from the hills, and all the creeks emptying into the river were running full to the brim, but that the river itself was still solid with water running over the ice.

We immediately put into operation a previously arranged plan. I rode over to tell those farmers who had promised to move our outfit to the river with their horses, that we were ready to go.

They came bright and early next morning, all of them bringing along additions to our grubstakes, especially eggs, which were plentiful at that time. One old French-Canadian gave a keg of salt pork with the caustic remark: "Here, I don't even like to see damfools starve."

We arrived on the river bank at dusk that night and pitched our tent facing the river so that we should not miss the slightest move of the ice. Charlie shot three wild geese. We hobbled the horses for the night; cut a pile of dry spruce and got a roaring campfire going. We peeled potatoes and onions and carrots (more gifts from the farmers), and put the whole thing, wild geese and all, seasoned with salt and pepper, into the pot. That was a Mulligan stew. Try it sometime after a hard long day on the trail, topped off with fresh baked bannocks drowned in maple syrup, and steaming hot coffee, and you'll find what food can be.

At break of day, next morning, the farmers wished us luck and went back. We'd cut our ties with civilization!

◆

Have you ever seen a big river breaking?

A deep hush made the stillness tense and sinister. In the misty distance the melted snow was flooding down from the mountains and glaciers, finding its way through hundreds of tributaries and creeks to the still frozen Peace River. There the enormous flow rushed in, and the ice, four feet thick, that had lain silent and rigid since Freeze-up six months before heaved and lifted as the water rose under it. Then it began to crack. Then it broke; the solid floor changed to countless jigsaw blocks, a huge crazy pattern that kept to one shape only for a few brief moments. Miles away, around the bend up-river, we heard the dull spreading rumble. The noise grew louder and ever louder, and suddenly around the bend, like a nightmarish monster, waving thousands of arms and legs, the giant came. Here was Break-up! Here was spring!

We saw thousands of uprooted trees go sweeping past us. Perhaps small islands which had been literally shaved off. We saw a whole log cabin, no doubt belonging to some unfortunate trapper up-river who had built it too close to the bank, go floating down, right side up, for all the world like Noah's Ark. A few traps and some dog harness still hung from the ridge pole.

We saw dead moose, deer and bears. One spirited old bull moose was alive and fighting hard, jumping from one swift-moving and revolving ice cake to another, sometimes getting tangled in trees, roots, and old drifting stumps. We hoped he would win. He didn't. A huge chunk of ice turned over and flattened him as easy as a fly under a swatter.

Miles down-river the monster had met an obstruction, an island or a sharp bend. Slowly ice, trees, dead animals, old washed-away boats, came to a standstill, while the force from behind crushed, mixed and piled them together, layer upon layer, till a young mountain grew up from the river bed. For hours it rose till the water overflowed the high banks. No power on earth could resist that pressure and, like the crack of doom, it gave way. The island which had held it just went. The million tons of ice would shave away trees and rocks, and leave only a sand bar at the bottom.

It was about noon the next day that I pushed off in the canoe, while Charlie pushed off in the skiff. The fast receding water, after the jam had given way, had left bold banks and beaches, piled with ice and debris, in places hundreds of feet high. This stuff was now falling with great splashes every now and then, to disappear in the muddy water, and bob up again to scatter on its leisurely way down-stream.

We were comparatively safe in the middle of the river, but we were heavily loaded. My canoe had only four inches of freeboard, and Charlie's skiff only a little more, and if a high wind came up, it would be difficult and dangerous to make a landing on the ice-bound beaches. We drifted along at a fair clip, using the paddles at intervals only to ward off some of the junk and ice cakes which might have punctured our craft. As far as the river was concerned, we were only two more very small specks of junk that she was carrying to the Arctic Sea. And when we looked at the mountains of ice about us, that is how we felt.

We kept going until long after sundown that night, and then we were lucky enough to find a natural harbour at the mouth of a small creek. We felled a big spruce tree and covered a space of about eight by eight feet square with the branches, which made a beautiful green carpet a foot thick. It would serve as a bed afterwards.

Cooking supper was quickly over, as we had provided ourselves during our leisurely winter with a handy box, as we called it. It was really a portable cupboard—just a box with three shelves in it, big enough to hold provisions for a couple of days at a time. In it we packed everything we needed: bacon, eggs, smoked meat, flour, rice, baking powder, tin cups and plates, frying-pans and coffee-pot, syrup and jam—even an extra tin of tobacco. Everything was so arranged that we could get ashore for a meal, or a night, and take everything we needed in one trip from the craft.

Neither of us ever regretted the fact that we could not afford motors. As we drifted we did all kinds of darn-fool things just for the sheer glory of being free. When Charlie told me about a fellow who rode a swimming moose, I immediately said: "Let's try it. It could be done. I don't see how a bull moose could buck a guy off as long as he has no footing, and unless he thought of diving, I guess a guy would be O.K."

So when we spotted our next bull moose swimming well away from the shore, we paddled quickly alongside. Then, reaching out, I grabbed a handful of bristles on his shoulders and, giving a good swing, forked him. Charlie had to look after both the canoe and the skiff lashed close together. For the first few minutes all was fine and dandy, and I called to him to keep close by and we'd change over after a while, so that he could have a ride too. He said he would.

But then that bull moose took it into his head to turn up-stream. I couldn't stop him. Nor could I even guide him. Charlie was still drifting down-stream. No man could ever paddle those two loaded craft up-stream. There already was an ever-widening gap between us. "Throw me a rope, Charlie," I shouted desperately. "I can't swim!"

Too late! The rope splashed into the water yards from me. Now I was worried, mighty worried. That bull moose was snarling mad. Desperately I pulled his ears, and kicked him on the jaw, but he made for the nearest point of land and nothing could persuade him to change his course. He looked back at me once and he sure had blood in his eyes. I thought if I ever get out of this jackpot I'd never be such a cross-eyed fool again.

◆

I saw a big uprooted tree drifting down towards us, a big fir from British Columbia. If it only came near enough for me to grab a branch, I could pull clear of the bull and heave myself onto the trunk. I stood up and jumped. I missed it but got hold of a handful of branches, and soon worked my way high and dry onto the trunk. I was scratched and bruised and bleeding, but gosh, oh gosh! how safe, how solid, how good that old tree felt! I wasn't scared. Well . . . not much!

My tree made good speed and I caught up with Charlie about three miles below. He had watched the performance and, his anxiety relieved at last, had paddled to a good gravel beach, made a fire and a pot of tea and waited for me. He rescued me with the canoe as I got near his camping ground. I dabbed iodine on my cuts and bruises, and warmed up by Charlie's brew of tea, silently resolved to treat bull moose with greater respect from now on.

We intended to stop at Fort Vermilion, about forty miles from the Great Vermilion Chutes, to ask about portage around, swiftness of water, best method of passing through, and so on. But we missed the fort entirely, as we had no maps or way of reckoning our speed, and only a hazy idea of where it was.

At sunset we saw smoke far down a straight stretch of river. Being considerably worried about the distance to the Chutes, we pulled up, hoping to get information from the campers, who turned out to be a bunch of Indians on their way up to Fort Vermilion, to trade in their spring hunt of beaver and muskrat skins. They were a party of about thirty, poling their way against the current in seven dug-out canoes. They were preparing supper, as we soon found out when they made signs to us to join them.

◆ One old buck was dressed in a pair of plus-four tweeds, and, though the weather was sweltering hot, he wore a sheepskin jacket. His legs were bare but he wore a lovely pair of hand-embroidered moccasins. His head was covered by a rainbow-coloured bandana. Two knots were tied across his forehead and stuck out stiffly like horns. From under this a pair of grey pigtails reached down to his belt, into which they were tucked. Around his neck he wore a string of imitation pearls and a miniature duster of owl feathers which, by many signs, he told me was to enable him to see at night.

Another, who made us understand that his name was Ephraim, wore flannel trousers which had once been white, and a scarlet tunic that had originally been intended for a Mountie twice his size. He was crowned with an opera hat neatly patched with moose hide, and on his feet wore a pair of orange-coloured high-heeled lady's shoes, the button kind. He elected himself spokesman and passed on all we told him to the rest of the gang, or at least, with a great show of importance, pretended to. But when we asked about the Vermilion Chutes, we had to draw pictures in the sand to make ourselves understood. All they could answer were long-drawn grunts or rather good-natured growls and the recurrence of the word "Nee-chaw, Nee-chaw" which, with many signs, we finally understood to mean "Big, big, very big," "Nazon-ley"—"No good," and it was with this wealth of information, two roast ducks, two roast rabbits, three complete rounds of handshakes, that we struck out next morning.

◆ By ten o'clock we heard the low rumble of distant swift water. The nearer we came the faster the water ran. We pulled close to the right-hand bank so as to be able to snub the craft at the first sign of danger. Suddenly, a mile ahead, we saw what looked like a big herd of giant sheep jumping over one another, with nowhere to go and plenty of hurry to get there. White water! The Chutes!

We managed to land. The roar was so loud by this time that we couldn't hear each other talk at more than a yard apart. We found the old Indian trail around and set to work portaging our loads. It was only a few hundred yards, and by noon the next day we had carried everything to the other end of the portage and piled it up on a natural wharf of limestone ready to reload.

As we drifted down towards the Arctic next day, we had the world by the tail on a downhill pull. Our next big rapids were hundreds of miles down at Fort Fitzgerald and there was a good tractor road around it. But was it so far away? Though we were travelling very fast, the roar of the chutes seemed to grow louder. Suddenly the plain truth struck us right between the eyes. We looked ahead. The Chutes, the real CHUTES! They were there, straight ahead of us, and we a good five hundred yards from the shore, our only hope! Instinctively we pulled for it hard, darned hard, but we seemed to fly towards those falls.

That drop was close now. The rim of it looked so high that the river below was completely hidden from sight, as if you were putting your eye level with a table top and trying to see the floor across the other side. For Charlie and me it was exactly as if we had reached the edge of the world: perhaps the end. But it wasn't the end, thanks to a half-uprooted birch tree leaning horizontally from the bank over the water. As one we dropped the paddles as we swept by, and grabbed for the branches. They held. The force of the current swished us onto the beach with a jar that loosened our back teeth.

The rocks were solid and warm; our hands and arms were hurt and swollen. We slept. We slept a long, long time, till the chill of sunset woke us. We had coffee, a smoke, and slept again.

We packed all our outfit across the portage, including the canoe. The skiff was too heavy for carrying, and to line it down was impossible, owing to a huge rock jutting out at a sharp angle from the shore. The force of the water kept throwing the skiff against that rock. We decided to turn the skiff loose from above and catch it, in the still water away below, with the canoe and tow it in. It was a workable idea with only one catch in it—getting past that rock. One of us would have to board the skiff and steer it clear, and when the rock came abeam, jump ashore that way. Charlie did the heaviest work of easing the skiff to the brink of the Chutes, while I did the steering. We arranged a set of signals for him to let go when I waved. It didn't work out according to plan! Charlie got tangled in the rope. It slipped through his hands so fast that he couldn't grab it. My heart stood still. I dropped the pole and reached frantically for a paddle and like greased chain-lightning I was shooting over those Chutes. A couple of swishes, a leap and a bump, and I was spinning like a top at the foot of the falls in a funnel-shaped whirlpool.

I couldn't have lasted long in there and paddling out was out of the question. From the centre of the hole every direction seemed uphill. Charlie ran towards me along the shore. I hove the rope to him and I spun round and round. Luck! He caught it! "Are you O.K.?" he shouted. "Yes," I shouted back as I glanced over my shoulder at the whirlpool, and saw another whole spruce tree land root first, dead centre, in the swirling, sucking funnel he had pulled me out of.

We went up the hill to make a can of tea. We said nothing until the billy-can came to a boil, then I thought of the Indians we had met and I murmured, "Nee-chaw, Nee-chaw." Yes, Nee-chaw all right! Charlie laughed; I laughed; we both laughed to beat the windigo. Gee, life was sweet! The tea was good, the sun shone and we were below the Vermilion Chutes.

◆ Once more we were drifting along in the spring sunshine, as happy as if nothing had ever happened, or was going to. We tied empty pails to the forward end of our craft and lowered them about three feet below the water-line. This had the advantage of keeping us headed straight down-river as well as giving us a slight increase in speed. The current below the surface is usually faster, especially if there is an up-river breeze, which greatly retards the surface but does not affect the water lower down. The invention was not our own. The Indians told us. It worked swell.

In the parts which we were travelling now, the banks of the Peace River are of clay. Every spring, when the ice and floods go sweeping down, they gouge and undermine those banks so that year by year the river widens and mighty trees collapse into the water. They cling to the banks, still hanging by their roots, and many times are submerged. Sweepers they are called now, and are dangerous to navigation.

We had a spanking down-stream breeze; sails up, and the world was rosy. Charlie was a little ahead and his sail came constantly into my line of sight. I took my eye off for a moment and the next time I looked in his direction he just wasn't there. I yanked my sail down and there, right alongside, was Charlie with only his head and shoulders out, hanging for dear life to a sweeper against the pull of the current, while his greatly prized cowboy hat sailed merrily before the wind on its way to the Arctic.

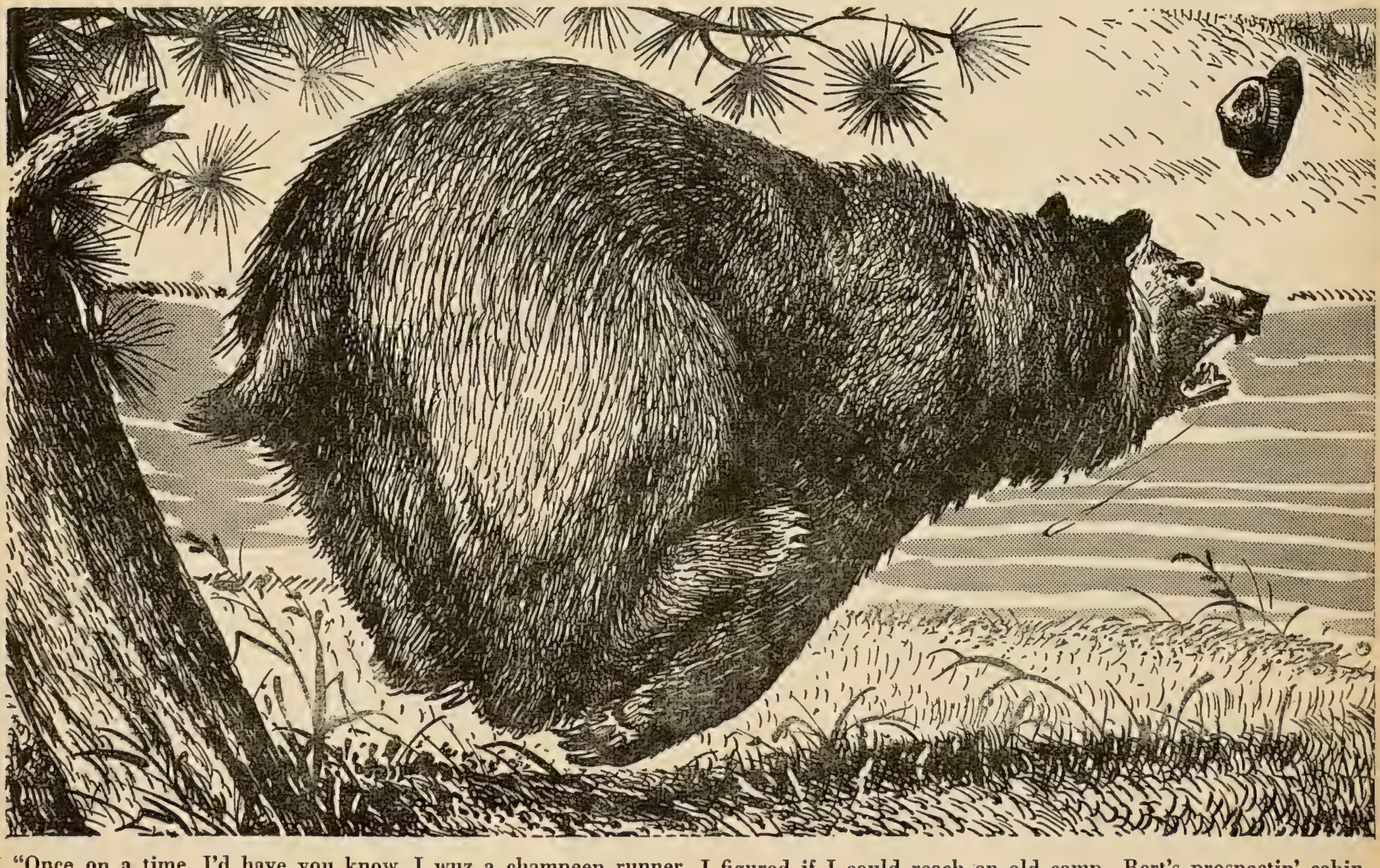
Charlie was hauled aboard. We cut the skiff loose of the tangle of branches into which it was caught, turned her right side up. She was empty. We salvaged a few things: blankets, two sacks of flour and a coil of rope—that was all. We went ashore to build a fire for Charlie and to take stock of the situation. The world didn't look so rosy now! We had lost our supply of ammunition, our fish nets, hooks, bacon, salt pork, beans, axes, rice, and saws, a pack-sack with winter clothing, and sixty dollars in cash we had saved to pay for our transportation over the portage from Fort Fitzgerald to Fort Smith. But the loss we felt worse than the rest was our .32 special rifle. We still had a 30-30 Winchester rifle, a good one, and several boxes of .32 special cartridges, but these would not quite fit it; and our .22 rifle—a very small bore—was only reliable on small game like birds and rabbits.

We would have to change our plans. We had passed the junction where the Athabaska River joins the Peace River below Fort Chipewyan and were now near the Wood-Buffalo Park. We talked things over. Perhaps we could get a job from Dempsey, the Chief Ranger, or get a job until the late fall at Lake Fitzgerald on the transportation outfit the Ryan Brothers operated and then go trapping until spring and carry on to Great Bear Lake next year. We could not think of going on as we were.

Early next morning, as we were about to push off, we spotted a sail up-river making good time before the breeze. We made a smoke signal and our hope rose when we saw we had been observed and what appeared to be a heavily loaded skiff was making for our camp. But it turned out to be just a raft on which stood a man and two black wolfhounds. The stranger lowered his sail, rolled it around the mast, and threw it ashore with a remark that it was his bed-roll. He told us his name was Harry Jebb, and he was headed for Great Bear Lake. We told him our names, and same here. He took off a big tin box, an axe and a rifle, and then kicked the raft away down-stream with nothing more than: "Seeing as how you boys is travelling kinda light, and I ain't got much stuff, I might as well travel with youse. Have a see-gar, fellows."

◆

We knew for sure that we were in Wood-Buffalo Park when we



"Once on a time, I'd have you know, I wuz a champeen runner. I figured if I could reach an old camp—Bert's prospectin' cabin sighted the first of the rangers' cabins. We decided to make a landing and have a look at it; and as there was no one at home we used it for our night's lodging. Luxury! A wash and a shave, a good meal (there was plenty of food and it only wanted cooking), three rooms, plenty of clothes hanging by the door—including, believe it or not, Charlie's ten-gallon hat. Charlie was as delighted as though he had recovered a missing pet—I believe he went to sleep that night with it on.

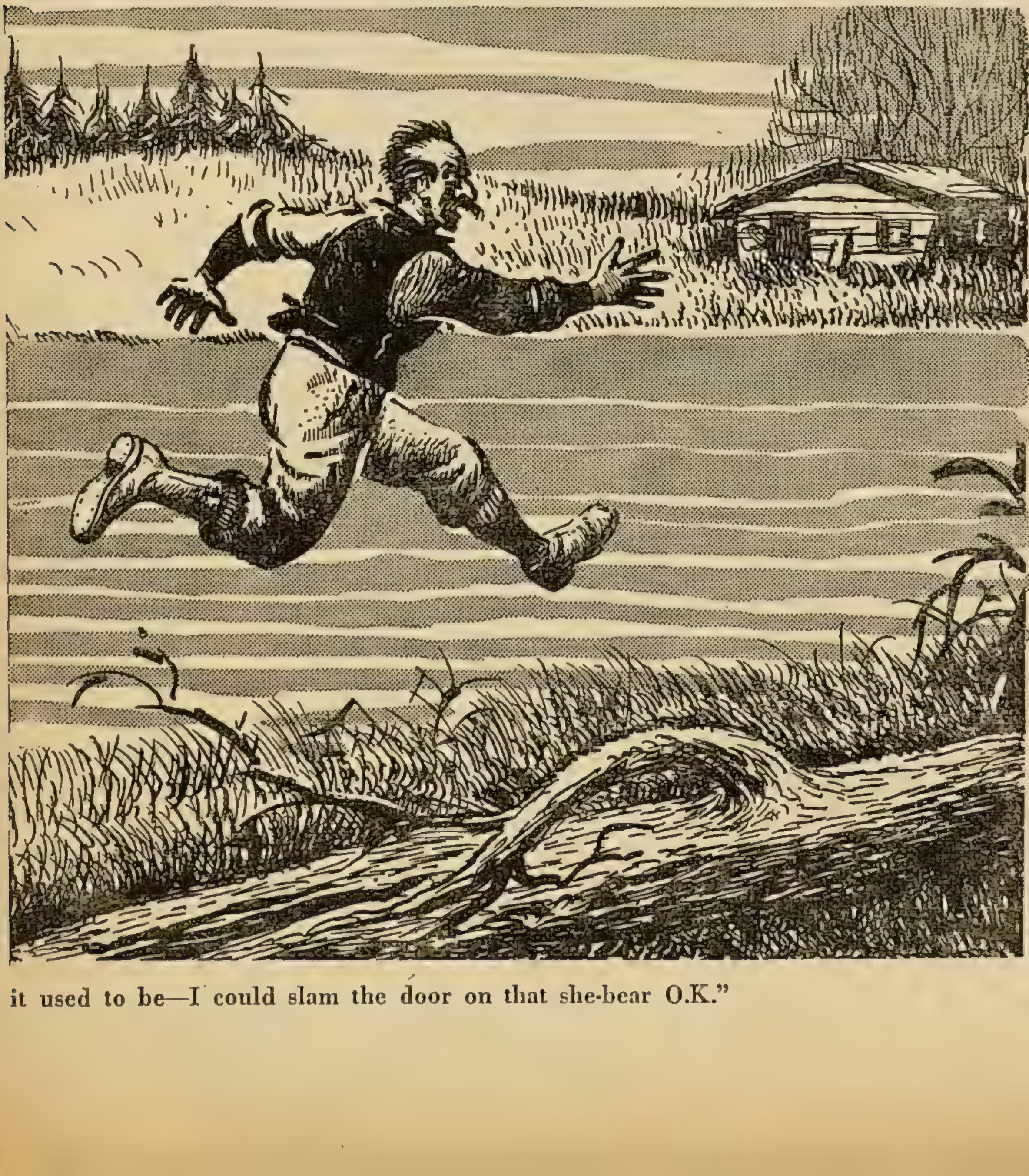
◆ We took it for a happy omen. Anyway, the good luck held next day, when the ranger came home. We had waited for him, of course. These Canadian park-rangers are great fellows. The one who occupied the cabin that we had used for our night's lodging would take some beating for kindness and hospitality. We had no money, and when he offered to sell us the grubstake we needed to continue our journey we broke the sad news to him.

"That's O.K., boys. You can pay me back when you get to Great Bear Lake."

"But," we protested, though not with much enthusiasm, "you'll be needing it yourself." He reassured us. The cabin had a large surplus from last year's supply; besides, next year's stores were due to arrive at any time now, on the Hudson's Bay Company's steamboat. That big-hearted man's name was John Norman, and I have not forgotten it.

Day after day, sunny days—for Down North in summer the sun was always shining except for a few hours at night—we simply went sailing along, never bothering about the clock or whether it was time for a meal, or time for sleep, or anything. We stopped when we were hungry or sleepy, and then we made camp. When we came upon an attractive bay, with a sandy beach, so that we need not be afraid the boats would be scratched by rocks or big stones, we landed.

Now here was the queer thing. We found when we reached Great Slave Lake that we had beaten the warm weather, for there was ice on the water yet; "rotten" we called it at that stage, but still needing a heavy wind to break it up. Consequently we were kept waiting at the mouth of Slave River till things were right. And in the end we crossed that stretch from the Slave River to the Mackenzie River far quicker than we had expected. It was thrilling to race along again, helped by southerly winds. But when we reached the Mackenzie River they freshened and turned on with such furious head winds that we were obliged to do a lot of sheltering and camping.



it used to be—I could slam the door on that she-bear O.K."

Until you have seen the Mackenzie in summer you cannot imagine the clouds of flies—or their venom. Nor would you expect to find wild roses on the banks, as fresh as those that grow in an English lane. They were as lovely and as unexpected as the humming birds. Like the other visitors from the south, the humming birds leave in the fall. Who knows how such tiny, quivering flames travel all those thousands of miles? But I know how *some* of them make the trip—and I can vouch for it. They ride on a goose's back there and back! I shot a goose and found a humming bird in its feathers.

◆ The date of our arrival at Fort Norman, where we had to leave the Mackenzie River for Great Bear River, which leads into Great Bear Lake ninety miles on, was July 5th. Our down-stream journey was over. Now we had ninety miles of swift river to go up, not down; ninety miles of swiftly running water and rapids. When Bear River joins the Mackenzie it keeps to the right bank for about eight miles, when the waters gradually merge. It runs like a blue ribbon, that is blue only halfway across, for the waters of the Mackenzie run along the left bank, and they are honey-yellow; in sunlight, gold.

The river bank at Fort Norman was lined with canoes and a sort of craft I have not mentioned before—skin boats. They belong to the Mountain Indians, who bring them year after year from the Yukon down the Gravel and Natla rivers, as soon as the ice allows. Good-sized boats they are, large enough to hold half a dozen families. A skin boat is just what the name implies. The skin is of moose, tanned by the squaws, and made watertight along the seams when skin and skin are sewn together. A frame of flexible young spruce trees, made secure by raw hide thongs, completes the boat, which needs from twenty-five to thirty skins. Those skin boats have a great advantage in the shallows. They slip like snakes, without damage, over stray rocks and other jagged obstructions. The Indians use them only for one journey downstream and then discard them, because there is no way of using them on the return journey up-stream. There, on the beach, the skin boats lie, and anyone who thinks the skins still serviceable and wishes to make use of them can help himself.

I loved to chaff the old fellows in the Indian camp, and they handed me back as much as they got. To a veteran, who was always ready to make it fifty-fifty, I boasted that I was such a fine fellow and that a squaw had fallen for me. As it happened the lady I referred to had just given me some moccasins for a present, so I pointed to them as proof.

The old man opened his eyes, gazed at the moccasins and then turned to me with a searching stare.

"Name," he demanded.

I obliged. He guffawed. I was nonplussed. He said he knew her—only he referred to her as "him"—and his eyes twinkled.

"Then what are you laughing at?" I demanded.

"No wonder him love you. Him stone-blind."

◆

The Bear is one of those rivers where you go *uphill* for ninety miles, with uncommonly swift water coming to meet you; and we would have had to ascend with our outfit, walking along the bank and pulling the boats all the way with a long rope. But Great Bear River had not yet finished with the Break-up. Mountains of ice, hundreds of feet high in some places, were heaped along the river's edge, some protruding over the water. How could we, hauling at our line, have got round that?

At Fort Norman we met Murdoch, a man who was taking a schooner to Great Bear Lake by way of Great Bear River for the Northern Transportation Company. He realized the engine was too weak to take the schooner over the rapids on its own power. So he was anxious to get a large-sized crew to go along with him and do the hauling and winching when it was needed. Charlie, Harry and I made a deal with him. If we joined his crew, would he carry our boats and freight along in the schooner? He said O.K.

There were twenty of us all told—half-breeds and Indians as well as whites. When the time came for our share of the work to start, we took the end of a long line up-river by canoe to where a great tree would be standing on the bank. The longer the line the better, and ours was a half-mile length of half-inch cable, wound by hand on a capstan on the f'c'sle head. Round the tree we took the cable, back aboard with a capstan bar, and then—*"Heave, lads!"* . . . We got going without going an inch, as the Irishman said. A tug-of-war team wasn't in it, the way we dug our heels in and wound on that wildcat! Sometimes for hours we were stuck in the same place, the keel dragging bottom, not moving an inch, the cable as taut as a fiddle string. It took nineteen days to make three-quarters of a mile in the worst of the rapids.

And yet the name of that schooner was *Speed!*

Once we were clear of the rapids it was easy going. The engine had now power to beat the down-coming current by a mile and a half an hour. We arrived at Fort Franklin, a small trading post and mission on the west edge of Great Bear Lake, in plenty of time, for the ice had not yet moved any.

Great Bear Lake measures over twelve thousand square miles. Our direction was straight across, nearly due east, to Cameron Bay, and that meant sailing another two hundred and fifty miles.

At Fort Norman, a young Englishman, Alec Eccles, persuaded Charlie Hansen to sell him his share of our outfit, and he took over Charlie's end of the partnership. The deal was a satisfactory one all round. So it was arranged that, a little farther on, when we reached the east shore of Great Bear Lake, Charlie and I should say "So long" to each other. Not good-bye, because partners in those parts seldom lose touch completely with one another until they travel South for good.

Soon after I reached Great Bear Lake I heard the latest about those two cronies I had left behind on the road to Prince Rupert, Shorty and Muskeg Pete. Harry Jebb was flying their way after a short spell at Cameron Bay; so I sent them fifty dollars apiece for old times' sake, and Harry took the cash for me. When he crossed my path again I asked him to tell me all about them. He grinned, and answered:

"I told them you had crossed the Great Bear all right, and the only thing they said to that was, 'I knew that greenhorn'd git there.' "

"What did the two old sinners do with my dollars?" I demanded.

"Well," said Jebb, "they did so much with them that there wasn't a cent left by the time I came away. First they went to the store and bought a new shirt apiece and a few odd things like that. Next they got hold of some bottles of 'Moonshine.' Cheap; the cheaper the better for them; but they could take it. And after that they started a game of stud poker. Muskeg finished up owing Shorty three hundred dollars. They were still arguing, last I see of 'em."

◆

Charlie Hansen and Harry Jebb were still with me when we touched land on the eastern shore of Great Bear Lake. Including young Alec Eccles, it was a party of four that invaded the town of Smats. Its official name was Linsley Bay, but everybody called it Smats, because the five letters were the initials of the leading spirit, the Spence MacDonagh Air Transport Service. When I say town, I mean the following things: a signal station, built only a brief while before our arrival; seven or eight log cabins, a cookhouse, and about two dozen tents. A short distance away the big radium boom was in full swing. If pitchblende could be found in one place, it might well be waiting in another. We all said that, to a man.

The town was perched at the far end of Linsley Bay, which curved like a horseshoe with the tips nearly meeting where the bay opens to the lake. Between the tips lay a long green island, protecting the bay from the wind and storm that drove in from the open water. From the high slopes that encircled the bay, that bay looked like a great inverted bowl full of sky, rainbow-rich in colour.

We decided to camp at Smats for a week or ten days while we did some prospecting. Our prospecting did not get us far. We went into conference, and decided to strike out for the radium centre itself, a journey we calculated would cover about twenty-five miles. The lake was smooth, the air was deliciously calm. It took us all one long day paddling the canoes and skiff.

And that's how we came to Cameron Bay. It had only two wooden buildings, but two hundred white people were camping there, some hundred and fifty of them in tents. They nestled along a green and rocky hillside, with a broad cliff climbing to the horizon beyond. Between the cliff and the shore of Great Bear Lake were spruce trees with many of the tents among them.

Trees, you know, are friendly, but a wise man will not camp under a tree if he can avoid it. The wind in the night sets the big trees swaying, and the roots moving as well. You can feel their movement beneath your camp bed as you lie there; and the roots that are close to the surface in the shallow layer of soil are liable to give you a friendly poke in the ribs and wake you up. There is danger under a big tree, particularly in winter, when it is brittle with frost and a branch or tree top may break off and—well, it may hit you with such a bang that if it is done for fun, it isn't the sort of fun you'd call friendly!

The prospectors who had already made themselves at home on Cameron Bay when Alec and I arrived were those who traveled by air, and so avoided the ice-trip and the consequent hold-up. The others, who had come by motor-boat, were no earlier than we were with our canoes and our paddles. Everybody seemed to know everybody, and each time a landing was made, the entire settlement flocked down to the beach to see who had arrived.

What handshakings, what questions: "How's things at Sudbury? God's Lake? Flin-Flon? . . ." The airplane pilots, too, brought news. Some of the finest pilots in the world fly in the Canadian Airways passenger service, and that's not boasting.

What gossip and palaver went round the campfires!

"When I make my strike" . . . one of our campfire bush millionaires was rounding off the night's conversation . . . "I'll go and lay round in Florida or Californy, an' I'll git one of them Chinks or Japs or niggermen to do me work for me. An' I'll eat stacks of good flap-jacks, drownded in maple syrup. An' I'll git me the biggest automobile, all brass-bound, and a shuffer-man, same as them big shots I seen once on the fillums in the picter-show last time I was Edmonton way. Gents like them big shots eat real potatoes an' plenty of gravy, an' they washes it down with champagne. They say that's a fine grog. An' do you know what I heard? Some actress dame in Hollywood, Paris or Toron'o or somewheres takes a bath in it! I can't figure it out. In the first place, why take a bath?"

"Ah well, maybe we'll do the same, lads, when we strike it rich . . . maybe tomorrow."

Sure there's always a tomorrow to strike it rich in.

◆ I met Archie White at Cameron Bay, and I have seldom made a pal of such a grand, cheerful old liar.

"It was some years back, up on the Nahanni," he began, addressing us comprehensively as we sat around the campfire, enjoying a drink and properly in the mood for tall yarns. "I was out picking berries. And while I picked them berries I wandered away from my rifle without noticing same. I had leaned it against a tree at the edge of the blueberry patch. All in a sudden I heard somep'n. Somep'n alive an' movin'. Walkin' behind me it was, an' rustlin' in the bush. I looked back careful like, and boy! I seed the big-gest larg-est she-bear I ever set eyes on. I'm sayin' here and now, to all of yuz at the same time, what a wicked-lookin' critter she was. Did I travel! Once on a time, I'd have you know, I wuz a champeen runner. I figured if I could reach an old camp—Bert's prospectin' cabin it used to be—about eight miles away, I could slam the door shut on that she-bear O.K. After all, I ain't never was one for climbin' trees an' jumpin' from one branch to another. Which is a pretty good way to dodge a grizzly if you feel up to it. I thought I'd sooner run, if only for the exercise I'd get.

"Well, I got to the cabin. 'Darn it,' I thought, 'she's a-gainin' on me a little.' And I saw that my luck was out. The cabin door was locked. So I kep' on running, and I never let up. I jumped clean across a forty-foot crik, an' looked back hopefully. But she had made it, same as me. By now, though, I had got my second wind. I headed for Lake Lamartre. I was gainin' on her, too—a little. I was always extra good on ice. I struck across that lake . . ."

"Now just a minute, Archie! That's a bit thick, ain't it? When this ole she-b'ar begun to chase yer, you wuz a-pickin' blueberries; and while she wuz still a-chasin' yer, you struck across a lake all ice and winter!"

"Just a minute, my buckos, just one minute. There's somep'n I ain't told you yet. It was the end of August we got goin' on that race, and we only reached this Lake Lamartre at the beginning of December!"

That darned ole sock, you could never catch him out, not ever.

◆ Just here I want to tell what happened to Charlie Hansen. He started off almost as soon as we reached Cameron Bay and eventually reached Fort Simpson, where he found a job cooking for the Mounties. It lasted the winter, but he is still at Fort Simpson, the reason being the best of all reasons: he married a nice little half-breed wife, and started a business, growing vegetables and shipping them downriver to the various Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts.

Alec and I, for our part, had a nine days' outing that widened our experience and incidentally gained us some welcome dollars. Before setting off we built a high cache for our supplies, thereby ensuring their safety against four-footed marauders during our absence, and also from the weather. Then we made for the White Eagle property, away on the Camsell River, where a rich vein of silver had been struck.

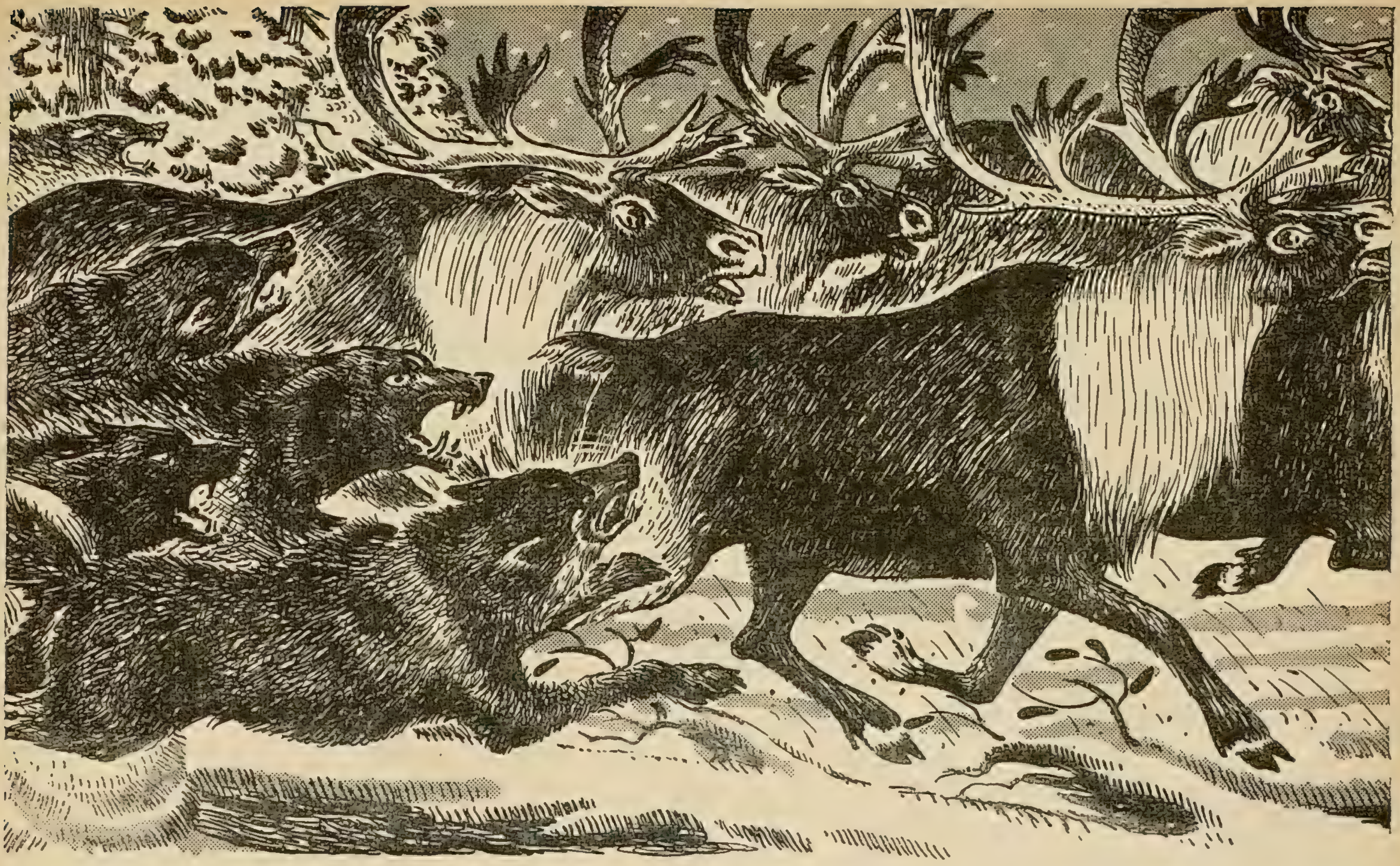
Our first business when we arrived was to stake claims. This is how you do it: First, the prospector measures out fifteen hundred feet from the corner of a claim already staked. He starts measuring always at the north-eastern corner of that previous claim. Then he cuts down a tree and squares it on four faces, on which he writes his license number, his name, the time of day he erects the post as a stake, the date and the year. Fifteen hundred feet south of Post No. 1 at right angles he fixes another stake and marks it "Post No. 2. Claim such and such" . . . and so on. These posts are never disputed.

Alec and I staked six claims, promptly selling them to one of the promoting companies that always follow up the discovery of a vein and buy all the cheap ground they can, just to increase their chances of making a lucky strike and promote stock companies. We sold them our six at two hundred dollars apiece.

Alec decided to spend his half of our profits on building a cabin at Cameron Bay in preparation for the winter, now fast approaching. I, on the other hand, got a job, general manager, chief cook, chambermaid and headwaiter in Murphy's restaurant—only a tent—so I didn't need my share just then. I had run into a lad named Abe Van Bibber, who was properly broke and had walked in, over the Great Divide from the Yukon. He wanted to go trapping in Dease Bay that winter, and when I heard his hard-luck story, I said to him: "Go over to my cache and help yourself. Take what you need, pard; grub, rifles, ammunition, anything. Just keep track of it and pay me when your spring hunt is over."

We shook hands and said, each to each other: "I'll be seeing you when the ice worms nest again."

So he paid his visit to my outfit, took his choice, and set out on the trail. He was drowned in Dease Bay while he was visiting his fish nets.



Suddenly, on the frozen surface of the lake, I saw something appear from behind those trees. Wolves! The caribou began to

Liberty book condensation

◆ I began to work on the idea of hunting caribou for the mines. In next to no time I had arranged a verbal contract to sell to the four big companies in the Cameron Bay district all the meat I could hunt down. Consequently, at the end of November, I said good-bye to Murphy and his outfit, and turned once more to the wilds.

There was only one snag to face as I took on my new job. I had no dogs to haul the caribou meat home from the hunting. But Colin Campbell had. Colin came in from the Red Lake district, and his dogs were good ones. I struck a bargain with him, and we went into partnership for the caribou hunt. I was to do the tracking down, Colin Campbell the freighting. Between us we managed very well.

We camped at Bay Sixty-six, seven miles out of Cameron Bay. It was called Bay Sixty-six because the 66th parallel ran straight through it. We built a small cabin, ten by twelve, on a low hill overlooking the bay. We scraped the snow away to prepare a cabin floor, and we came to a solid surface of polished granite—a beautiful floor ready-made, perfected by ice action through long ages that must have reached back to the pre-Cambrian period. It was awful cold, that floor. We could only keep our feet warm, even with heavy muckluks on, by covering it up with caribou skins. We spread them over the chilly spaces underfoot, fresh and green from the caribou, and told each other we had got a drawing-room carpet.

In about a week's time we decided to lift those skins and give them a shaking to get rid of the dust, only to find that they had frozen solid to the rocky floor, just as if they had been cemented down. So we were obliged to do our sweeping while they lay there. Have you ever tried to sweep a caribou carpet with a home-made broom and the skins lying all different ways? We determined to save brushing that unshakable carpet more often than was absolutely necessary, so we even quit throwing used matches and cigarette ends on the precious floor. We made ash-trays instead; and used them. We were the perfect gentlemen in a cosy drawing-room.

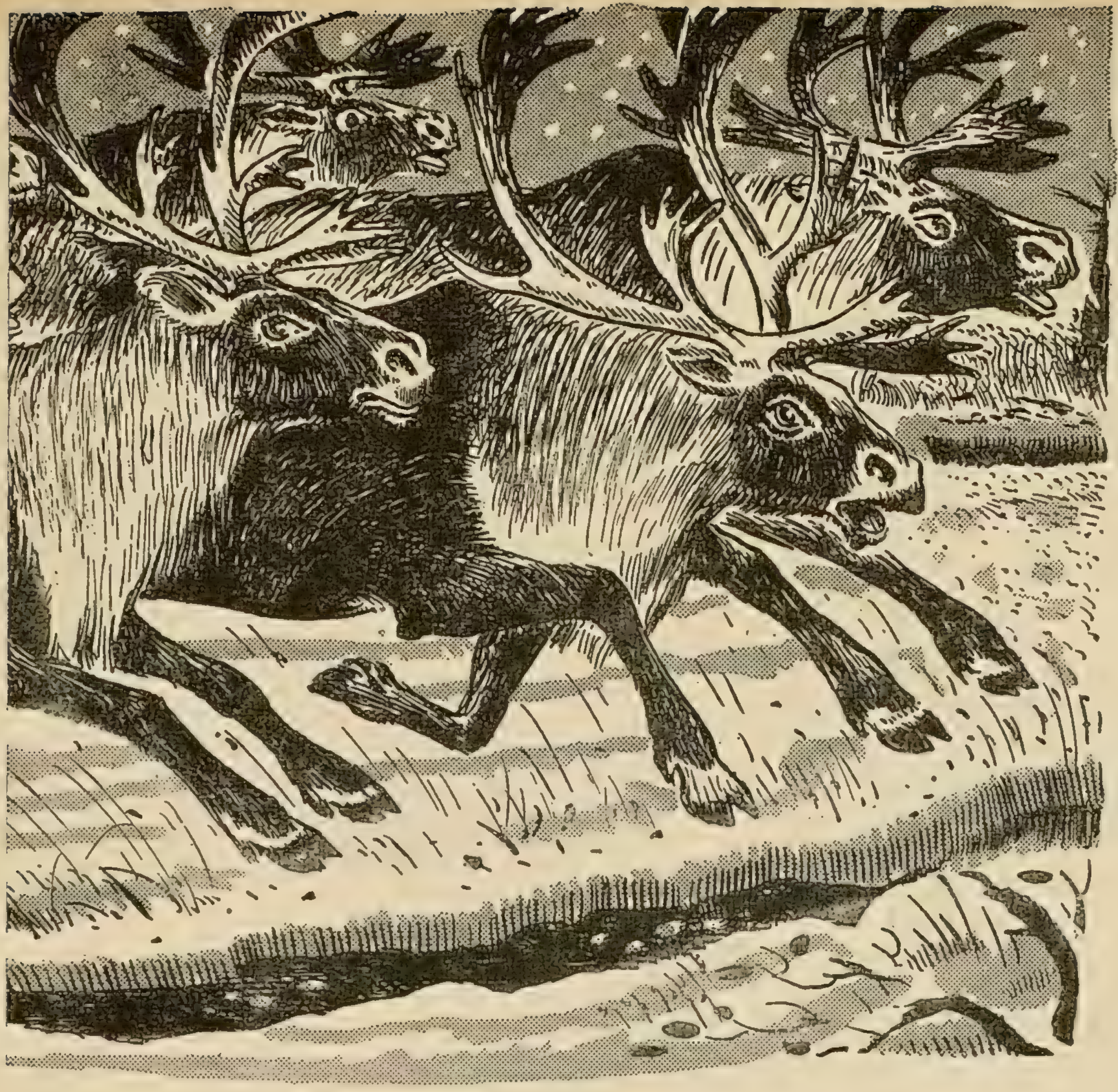
We had a swell time together, Colin and I. We got busy among the caribou, and in addition we set a net under the ice for fish. It was about two hundred yards in front of our cabin, within sight of it, and when we visited that fish net, which we did every two or three days, we would take care to leave a few herrings on the ice. There were foxes in the neighborhood; they came after the fish we caught; we caught the foxes.

We used to get up in turns to light the fire and cook the breakfast. One morning I slept until about ten o'clock, when I was awakened plump-sudden by the sound of a shot in the cabin, so loud that it nearly burst my eardrums. Those 30-30 Winchesters certainly make some noise when they are fired inside a small cabin.

"What's the idea?" I called to Colin. He was holding his smoking gun and staring out into the misty landscape. "What did you shoot?"

"Nothing," he answered ruefully. "Nothing at all. But there was something to shoot, just the same. A big white wolf, and darn it, I missed. The light's not good enough to see straight."

After we finished our coffee and bacon, we cut across the lake in the hope of catching up on the wolf trail, and reached that trail just where the wolf had hit the bush. We had not followed it far when we heard him, ahead of us. He was going hell-bent up a bare slope as he came into view, hardly more



run, panic-stricken. Could they outstrip their pursuers?

than seventy-five yards off. We raised our guns together. We shot together. We hit him together. By the time we got to him he hadn't a growl left.

Colin dragged him down to the cabin while I went to the fish net. You can guess I was surprised when I found a big white wolf lying there, stiff, deader than a door nail. I dragged him in. Colin had not missed him early that morning, after all. The mate of the wolf he hit had escaped, and because its mate was lying dead, the other one had not run far. He was waiting.

We had Christmas Day at Bay Sixty-six. We spent it with two pleasant guys, George Kaywood and Charlie Maidwell. We had turkey for dinner, rounding off the feast with rum, gin, whisky, port wine—what you will; no, not what you will, but all together, because each of us had made a contribution and each contribution happened to be of a different kind. Somebody hit on the idea that all the drinks mixed up would make a real Christmas jugful. We agreed, and poured the lot into a two-gallon jug, adding a couple of pounds of sweet clover honey, and some lime juice. After the second dipperful, Charlie Maidwell started singing "God Save the King." Charlie was English. We joined in, whether we were English or not; it is a good song. While we emptied the jug we played poker. All I remember is that I lost some dollars. We found out when it was all over that we had celebrated Christmas on the twenty-third. Old Kaywood was two days ahead in his pocket diary, and we had taken his word for it. Our discovery came at the New Year, when the Camsell River boys snowshoed across country from White Eagle Mine to join us for January the first.

"Hey!" was our greeting, "we sure gave you up. You are two days late!"

They stared back at us as if we had gone nuts. We took some convincing about dates, but there they were, all correct. They had a radio to check up by, and we had nothing but the memory of a good time.

◆

I got the beginnings of my own dog-team at Cameron Bay, Great Bear Lake, from the Eskimos. Those Eskimos had come into Cameron Bay to find out what it was that had brought so many white men across the world, and why they were making so much noise and so many holes in the rocks.

One grey veteran, once a top-notch harpooner, admired enormously my beautiful super-sporter Savage rifle that was included in my outfit, lately arrived from Edmonton. He could not speak a word of English, so that when he visited my tent he was content to sit smiling for hours at that brand-new rifle. He would stroke it, pat it, make clucking noises while he handled it lovingly. He was cunning too.

One day he brought with him a young Eskimo who could talk sufficient English to act as interpreter, and I was informed, with no finesse whatsoever, that a nice girl he had would be mine in exchange if I cared to make a bargain. She was valuable, said he. "I give five seals an' three white foxes for her when she only so big. She seventeen winters and she good teeth, very good teeth. They last a long time, those teeth. They chew many seams, those teeth. She tan any kind of hides; make beautiful muckluk and parkas. She good hunter; good at fishing; very quick; very strong in fight, too. White man have no wife. She fat and would keep bed very warm. And 'nother thing. While him sleep and rest she paddle big canoe by herself, pack big loads by herself, last many days with no eats when fishing and hunting. For one rifle. White man keep her even if rifle lost or run out of ammunition. . . ."

A gentleman's bargain. In reply I tried to tell him about an imaginary wife, and when he refused to be impressed I raised the number of my wives to four, all with different qualifications. They wouldn't like to have me get a fifth wife; they would pull her hair, beat her up.

"My nice girl a good fighter. She stronger than four women. Anyway yours they not much good women. Not one of them travel with you. You give them away and trade for good one. My nice girl more better."

"Nothing doing," I announced. I had only one other rifle, and it was ancient. For once the smile weakened, but it did not disappear. Next afternoon the Eskimo returned, and this time he was leading a dog, the most lovely creature I had ever seen. A husky bitch. Three-quarters Barren Land wolf. Snow-white except for the black tips on her ears, she stood thirty-two inches at the shoulder, young, and full of wild life. Ka-ko her name was. In another moon's time she would have pups. Here, surely, was the beginning of my dog-team. My rifle was as good as gone.

It chanced that before he arrived that day I had unpacked a clock. An alarm clock. Baby Ben. Suddenly

Baby Ben woke up . . . and the alarm went off. He let out one big whoopee and grabbed at the clock, bursting into splutters of delighted laughter. I rewound the alarm so that he might hear Baby Ben's voice again—and again, and again. He was fascinated. He would trade Ka-ko straight away for my clock, and I couldn't say, *"Yes, yes. Sure, sure"* fast enough! His sharp eyes detected my eagerness, and promptly he stipulated something extra. For a moment my heart stood still.

"A fish net," he said by pointing.

I could hear Baby Ben ringing and whirring as he went off round the bend and left me with Ka-ko.

◆

The Eskimo meant White Dog when they named her. I took her with me when I set off, the very next day. I was glad of Ka-ko. She was interesting company, although she was hardly friendly. She had one pup that first time, one only; but since then she has become a fruitful mother, and most of my husky team are her sons.

You can tell when a dog is going to be a leader of a husky team by more signs than one. I did so in Rollo's case by the way he sucked the hind teats, which have more milk, every time he fed; and he kept to them.

I caught a young eagle and tamed him. He hung around my camps after that, and wherever I camped there he was sure to be. Young Oswald made a dead set at young Rollo—through jealousy, I suppose—and I had plenty of fun watching the two of them as I sat smoking in the evenings. When Rollo saw Oswald darting down with the customary threat of his kind, the bristles on the puppy's neck rose and he bared his tiny white teeth, growling in a fashion he believed to be fierce and frightening even if nobody else did, and Oswald certainly did not. Anyway, that pup eluded the eagle's sharp talons like a goal-scoring hockey star on the ice. And he could tease back and snap back.

Oswald grew and grew until he had a wing-spread of eight feet and some inches. He ate eight or nine pounds of fish at a time. Nothing was left but the bones. He would let me tie a piece of string on one of his strong young legs. At mealtimes I used to step out in a clearing and there he was, high up, a tiny black speck hanging about in heaven. I waved a cloth—white—so that he could spot it, and down to earth he came, for all the world like a dive-bomber. He always tried to alight on my chest. Those talons. Needle sharp!

When the fall comes, an eagle will turn south and off he will have to go. Oswald, my faithful boy, stuck out against his inclination as long as he could, but a month before Christmas I missed him. I knew an old hard-boiled half-breed named Joe Dillon, who camped some two hundred miles away. Joe came over to Cameron Bay for Christmas. I was back there, and the Canadian Airways Company had sent me the gift of a turkey, so I invited Joe to share my festive board. As I carved the turkey I said jokingly:

"Here's a piece of eagle, Joe. I kept it for Christmas."

The half-breed gulped it down.

"'Tain't bad," he said, smacking his lips. "But 'tain't good as my wife cook 'em. We had eagle to eat the other day. Queer how we got it. My wife shot him a month ago. He had a piece of string tied round his leg."

They do say the meat of an eagle is the most uneatable, gristly, teeth-breaking stuff in the universe. But I hope poor old Oswald tasted worse.

◆

When Ka-ko settled down with me, she became a gentle soul, except when the young ones were squirming round her. She was a bit vicious then, and more so while they were still in the offing. I remember a later occasion when she was about to have pups she put me in an awkward fix. I could not possibly postpone going on my trapline, so I decided to leave her home and come back as soon as I could. I figured I would be away about eight days, so I made her comfortable before I left. I drove a peg right in the center of the pounded earth floor of the cabin and tied her up, so that she was unable to reach windows or shelves; then I carried in a couple of tubs full of snow and set them within her reach. Plain water would have frozen into one solid chunk, which she could never have bitten into. Also, I left two dozen fish (frozen whole fish are best for dogs; they can't gulp them down). I returned in seven days.

There were five puppies, all doing well and happy in the usual snuggling fashion. Ka-ko too was happy. In fact every living thing was happy except myself. Ka-ko had spent her spare time digging a hole about three feet deep in my floor, and while scooping out the soil she had thrown it in every conceivable direction and on every conceivable thing in the cabin—the shelves, the crockery, the table, my bed; and it had even frozen solid to the walls and windows. Ka-ko, being three-quarters wolf, must have wanted to make a den for herself and her young ones.

When I went out next on the trail, I carried the puppies with us—in a dry milk tin. This I lined cosily with a bit of blanket, and in the top of the tin I made a hole for air. But soon I could hardly squeeze a single one of them into it. So when they were five weeks old I hit on the notion of letting them run loose behind my dog-team. When they were tired I put them back on the sleigh, where they had a ride and a rest, after which I turned them into the snow again.

By May I started to work them, and they took to the job like a duck takes to water. No breaking-in was needed; no urging; they had followed the team through the winter and must have been intelligent enough to watch the grown-up dogs at work. They looked real proud the first time they had their harness on. Probably they felt like small boys with their first long trousers.

I have taken a deal of trouble to maintain that wolf-strain in Ka-ko's offspring. There are islands sufficiently distant from the mainland to make it impossible for dogs to swim across, though wolves can. And there my boat took her from time to time. I guess she felt darned important when the island wolves fought for her favors. When I rowed across to bring her home before Freeze-up, I usually found one or two dead warriors, but there was never a scratch on Ka-ko.

There was no finer lot and there never will be a finer lot anywhere than the eight huskies I collected—the best in the world. Bingo, Pitou, Hector, Fisher, Diamond, and Gin, in addition to Ka-ko and Rollo. All true husky-dogs, all with a touch of wolf, and all sons of Ka-ko except Pitou and Fisher. It is all baloney to say you have got to treat husky-dogs rough. Mine do everything for me and I always treat them kind.

◆

I was going along the ice, up a creek, with one of my young huskies for company. I was walking on good level ice, looking out for beaver houses. All of a sudden I was through the ice, clean up to my neck, and my feet not touching the bottom. I guess my plight was due to my treading on the ice that had been thinned almost to paper thickness by muskrats, from underneath.

As I heaved myself up with all the strength I had, my young husky, Pitou, came dashing over the ice to help me. But he was a heavy fellow, especially with his pack on, and before I could send him back, the surface collapsed and he was in the icy water as well. He plunged and threshed around as he felt himself sinking, and in his struggles he broke off more and more of the rotten ice round the hole. The ice that was supporting me collapsed too, and whenever I tried to get a new hold, all I could manage to grip was a chunk that came away in my half-frozen fingers. Slowly, panting hard, but no longer painfully because I couldn't any longer feel a thing, I neared the bank and reached it at last. I had traveled twenty feet—or less—from where I fell in all that long time ago, probably two minutes.

◆

There was still the dog to be hauled out. But I dared not try until I had ripped away the whole of my clothing. It would have frozen solid on me and become impossible to get off. I wouldn't have lived long then. I searched round for a pole and before long the wretched husky was shaking himself free of the zero-water.

It was three miles to my tent, and I felt I could reach it more quickly than I could build a fire at the scene of my mishap; so off I ran, the primitive man with a vengeance, nary a wolf-skin to cover him. My circulation was restored by that record-breaking sprint, and when I arrived my cold bare feet were like hot bricks! I jumped into an eiderdown and swiftly lit a fire. The dog, he too was soon himself again. He tried to tell me he'd done his best.

When I go back I shan't have two of my dogs joyfully greeting me. Hector went out on the Great Never-ending Trail soon after I left for Britain. And not so long afterwards the Indian friend, in whose care I entrusted them for the duration of the war, wrote me in England that Rollo had gone too. Rollo was getting a bit oldish, so I wasn't so surprised as I had been when I heard about Hector. I guess Hector missed me.

"There was nothing wrong with him," wrote my friend from Fort Norman. "He was just lonely . . . that's all."

I know.

◆

Once, while I was looking for caribou, I came upon two bulls fighting for a cow. At that moment they were taking a rest before going at it for the second round. Just like waiting for the gong. There they were, panting like steam engines, and so intent on giving each other dirty looks while they were recovering, that it was easy to shoot them both. When I reached them I found they had ripped into each other's body and blood was all over their horns and fur.

Every year the caribou go south early in October, as soon as the ice is strong enough to bear the herds as they move across a wide lake. There are hundreds of thousands in one herd, with a front stretching up to two or three hundred miles, from east to west. They are always feeding as they move, on moss, their only food. When the snow has covered the moss, they scrape it away with their feet. When they sleep they lie in groups wherever they happen to stop, on the ice of a lake as likely as anywhere, in a temperature at sixty below. Between October and March they go south twenty-five hundred miles, and then they turn about and drift back north again.

When they reach the Barrens on their return journey, the herd will gradually divide, the cows going one way and the bulls the other. The calving season is approaching and the mothers-to-be want to be alone. Nor do the two groups join up again until the fall. The queerest thing about all this is that the calves of the previous year, female as well as male, go with the bulls. To the hunter and trapper, the caribou, before anything else, means food. Meat. This is delicious, juicy and tender. The skin also forms a very important part of bush or Barren Lands equipment.

One day I had climbed to the top of a hill. I looked through my field glasses and saw a small cluster of caribou on a little lake two miles away. I counted fifteen of them, but maybe there were more, concealed by some trees that stood etched in black between me and the frozen surface of the lake below. Suddenly I saw something appear from behind those trees. Wolves! The caribou saw them too. Instantly they began to run, panic-stricken. To me their speed seemed good enough to outstrip their pursuers, but they had no luck. I saw more wolves waiting ahead of them. The caribou turned back and ran right into the jaws of the wolves that were behind. From every direction came other wolves. Wolves work like that. Killers had been lurking at every point, awaiting the signal to attack. Even in that cold I got hot with anger. Like all trappers and hunters, I had nothing but hatred for wolves and wolverines and bears, the evil trinity of the Far North. Although I have met every type of animal in the Canadian wilds, I never feel happy about shooting any except those three.

Books can say what they like about wolves attacking men. But this is true—when a wolf comes on the scent of a man's trail he will make a leap of twenty feet, if necessary, to get clear across it!

Next in usefulness to the caribou is the moose, which is not found in the Barren Lands; nor do they migrate in herds. They usually travel in pairs, that is to say, cow and calf. The average carcass dresses from eight hundred to a thousand pounds. Its hide is a lot heavier than caribou hide and is never used for clothing with the hair on; it is too coarse and stiff. But the skin, after being tanned and the hair removed, is as soft as chamois and is used for clothing, tents, dog harness and skin boats. Perhaps one of the reasons why the moose don't go to the Barrens is that they don't eat moss. They are what we call "browsers" (brush eaters).

◆

I have had lots of experience with the wolverine and I can't imagine anything more wicked. Mean isn't the word for him. If ever he were cornered while free of a trap he would tackle a man and give him a bad time. His leap is like the blast of a bomb. But I have never seen a wolverine at liberty. Nor do I know the trapper who has. The wolverine, always bent on robbery and destruction, will follow your trapline with such uncanny secrecy that the Indians call him a ghost. And he is often cute enough to take your bait from the trap without being caught. He turns the trap over, and the shock snaps it.

His only virtue is his fur. A warm and pretty fur, long and silky in texture, like sable; creamy-white on the breast, then dark brown, sloping up to near-black along the spine. A wolverine skin is about the best trimming a trapper can have for his clothing in an Arctic winter. There is something extraordinary about that fur. A man's breath will never form icicles on it when he tucks it close up to his mouth and nostrils.

It will not freeze as other furs do. For some magical reason it stays dry.

About the traps we set Down North. Cruelty is avoided as much as possible. In the case of fox and mink, for instance, white trappers use spring traps that drop a log on the trapped animal and kill it instantly. Poison and snares are forbidden. One reason is that poison may destroy something it is not intended for, and wire snares are so cheap and easy to get, and so compact to carry around, that they are not worth the trouble of picking up when the season is over. This means that in many instances they are left where they were originally set, thereby imperiling the limb and life of any creature hapless enough to chance on the danger zone.

One peril which a trapper must be prepared to face is the threat of snow-blindness, which is most serious in early spring, when the surface of the ice is dazzling white and the sun very strong—and strong all round the clock, for it is late August before we have the relief of sunsets. Your dogs are not only immune in unrelieved snows, but they can save your eyes from peril also. All they need are coats that are not pure white. I noticed long ago that trappers with black in their dog-teams suffer less from sore eyes than those with wholly white ones. Goggles or tinted spectacles are the best protection, but if they get lost or broken, as they may, the one thing needed is a black neckerchief that can be seen through when it is tied over the eyes, or charcoal marked round the rim of the eyes.

◆

Running a one-man business in the bush has its risks and penalties. Things may happen when you are alone that could not possibly happen if you had a partner, although the trapper who works by himself will say he'll take the chance of that. Nor is it everybody who can stand being on his own. Men get "bushed," which does not mean lost, Down North, but mentally unbalanced. A "bushed" person talks a lot to himself. But we Canadians say that "As long as the poor guy doesn't answer himself he will last a while yet." The deepest stillness comes on coldest days, because they are never windy and everything seems stiff and stark, except when every now and then a tree bursts open with the frost and makes a noise like a gunshot. On days like that you hear your own breath crackling.

You even hear, or think you hear, the Northern Lights at work. They are brightest in the long, long Arctic night. If you ask any old-timer if those lights make a noise, he will swear by heck that they do. *Swish.* Swish. . . . All the colours of the rainbow whispering, all of them joining in that unearthly rustling, and every colour transparent and on fire. There is no cloud to blur those lights. Sometimes they switch like lightning across the night sky, and at others you get just one huge rainbow arching overhead, spreading until it covers every part of God's heaven, swaying and glowing. Always at night; never in the daytime. If the night is clear, you can always depend on those Northern Lights to guide you on your trail. Plenty of times they are bright enough to shoot by. I have bagged many a wolf under the Northern Lights.

◆

The first trapping I did single-handed was on the Jonaho River, which empties into Great Bear Lake at the end of McVicar Arm. It was a water journey for a long way. My canoes were good, my motors were powerful, and water was plenty. But after that score of miles there was a snag. The farther I went, the shallower and rockier grew the river. The boats in consequence were drawing too much water. I had to fix a cache every here and there, and leave some of my equipment to fetch later with my dog-sleigh over the ice. It took a couple of days to build a cache. You choose four trees standing square together, saw the trunks off at fifteen feet and peel to make them slippery. On the top of the four, which form the legs of the cache, a platform is rested, and on it the goods are stored. The only way to ensure that a wolverine or bear does not climb up somehow and reach round the edge of the platform to get at the stores, is to make it jut out three feet beyond the tree trunks. Otherwise the thief might also get a grip on the edge of the platform and swing himself like a trapeze artist right onto it and help himself.

The cache needs to be protected from above as well. Crows, ravens and squirrels are as thievish as the four-footed prowlers below. Moreover, the trees nearby must be cut down to prevent the would-be robbers, especially squirrels, from leaping across. If none but a fellow-human was likely to pass that way there would be no necessity for all this trouble. No one Down North would rob a cache. If anything is taken it would be only in a great extremity. Then the borrower would take just enough to keep him alive.

With the water getting shallower, and cache after cache built and loaded, my outfit was at last cut down to the barest necessities: food, fish nets, rifles, bedding, stoves, snow-shoes, dog harness, moccasins and socks, tools and, of course, the traps—lots of traps, because I might want to set a hundred in the space of twenty miles. Last, but not least, the dog-sleigh, with dogs complete. The tools were to build my cabins —"sleeping-out cabins" they are called, except for the principal one, which is "home." It is the trapper's aim to build these cabins at distances which enable him to reach one at the end of each day's work, some fifteen miles apart.

On my trapline there was a frozen stretch of water I used to cross regularly. I never noticed anything unusual about it except that it was what we call a "beaver-made lake," meaning one that was made long, long ago by beavers. They build a dam at the outlet of a small lake or slough, across the creek, picking a place where the banks are high enough for their purpose. Then, between the banks, they raise the water to the level their wonderful minds have planned. The reason is that they want to enlarge the lake, so that the water will flood into the bush round about, to help them reach the trees for food. These beaver lakes are hard to recognize.

◆

It happened that I was running low in dog-feed. So one day I decided to have a look at the lake to see if there were any fish in it under the frozen surface. I took my chisel from the sleigh and started making a hole in the ice on the lake at a likely place for setting my fish net. I worked hard and steadily for a whole hour to cut through four feet of ice. It had to be a big hole. Imagine my surprise when I got through to find that there was no water underneath!

Bidding the dogs wait where they were, I dragged the sleigh across the hole. Then I tied a rope to the sleigh and lowered myself down under.

And, believe me, that lake was empty! Empty and dry. Twenty feet deep, the water had drained away apparently to the last drop!

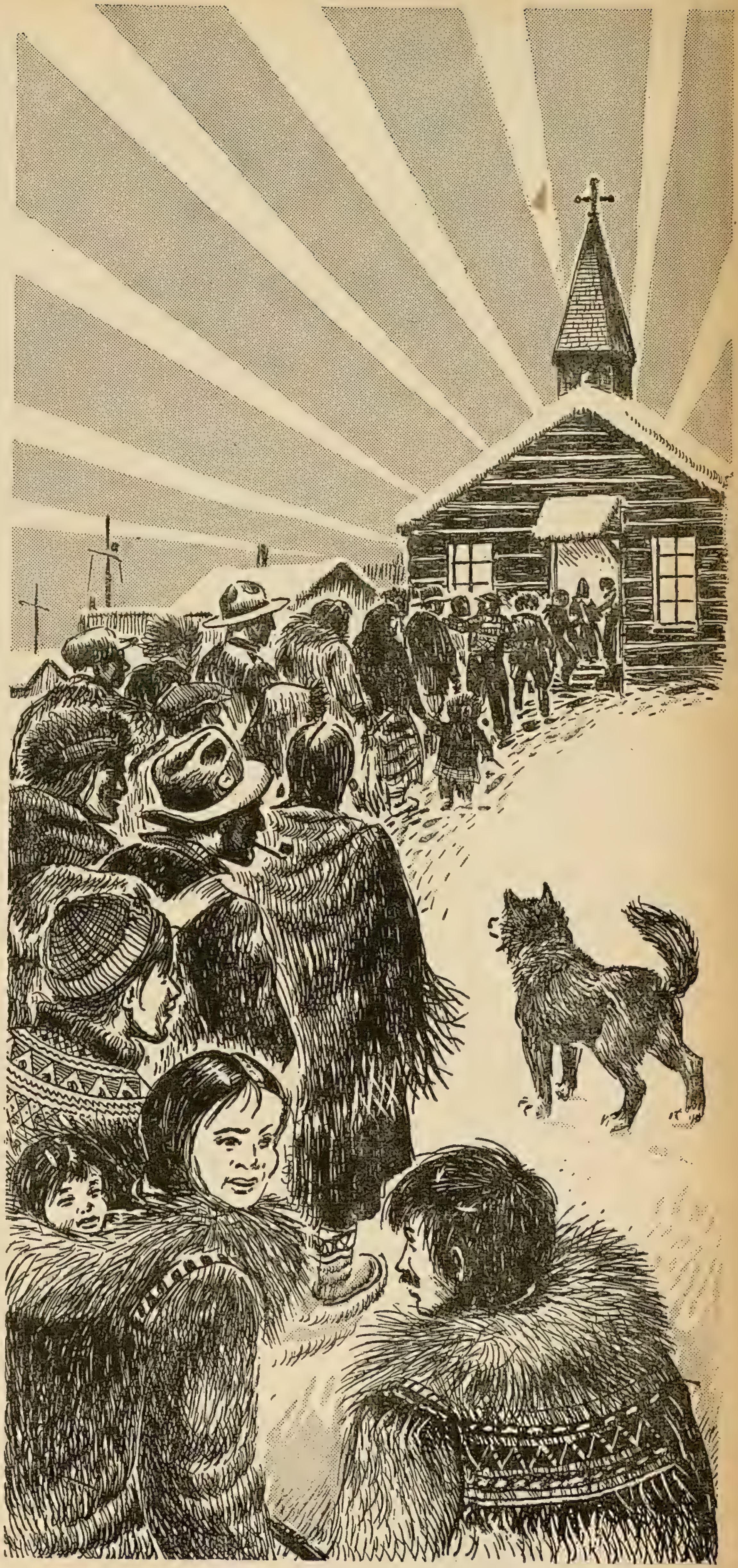
There had been trees springing

from the bed of the lake, and after the ice formed they acted as columns. Ice gathered round the tree-trunks, which explains why it did not cave in when the water drained out beneath and no longer supported it. Remember that this lake-bed had been mainly bush before the beavers dammed the creeks. The light in the cave was kind of greenish. It was green, anyway, until you looked upward, and then it was blue through the glassy dome and the cover of snow. There was a sort of beavers' channel along the bed, and holes running into the banks from under the water-line. I found a real tunnel. I crept into the tunnel and just kept going and going. It must have been about four hundred yards; and then I came out on another lake, empty like mine. It had drained through the connecting tunnel. They had made this tunnel under water so that if something hunted them on one lake, they would escape by diving through and reappearing in a different lake!

◆ But the most wonderful part of the whole business was that they must have started the tunnel from *both* ends and met in the middle. I don't know whether there would be two gangs of beavers working at the tunnelling simultaneously, or one gang only, which started at one end and decided when they had arrived half-way to transfer to the other lake at the other end. One gang or two, I salute some dandy engineers!

I clambered out, and in the nearby bush I gathered some spruce branches for my bed. I dropped them into the hole, also some dry wood to build a fire. There was no wind to blow sparks about, so it was a first-rate place for one. When the fire was lighted, that empty lake looked like a Vulcan's cave, and there were moving shadows everywhere. The ice didn't melt, even when my new bed-sitting-room had its central heating in thorough working order. That frozen ceiling was twenty feet above the fire, and by the time the heat reached up, it was cold. There was not a sign of melting ice except in my billy-can. I could not bring my dogs down on the rope, so they were fed overhead and camped that night on the roof.

When I continued my investigations next day I found the reason for that lake's emptiness. Otters had opened up the dam to get fish. The pressure of out-rushing water had made the hole large enough for me to drive my dogs through, and then,



Midnight Mass in the log-house church draws Catholic and Protestant alike.

when they were through, I had a stroke of luck. I heard something walking across the ice overhead and I climbed out through my dry manhole. I shot a big moose as he crossed the lake. I got my dog-feed that day without setting fish nets!

I stayed there about a week, and my trapping venture turned out good. I got fourteen fine pelts altogether: five mink, four otter, two lynx and three wolves, in addition to a number of muskrats.

◆

There are parts of the Mackenzie River districts so much alike that on a cloudy or foggy day even an old-timer with a lot of experience might easily get lost. And that is just what happened to me one night in the middle of May.

I was hunting beavers. I had left my main camp—a tent pitched on the shore of a small lake in the middle of my hunting ground. I took only my two favourite and strongest huskies with me. They were Rollo and Gin, and they had empty packs strapped on them to bring back meat for the team, as well as a supply for my own use. We had not travelled far from camp when we came upon a miniature lake, some three hundred yards across, and there, swimming in the middle, I saw a big otter. I hushed the dogs and cocked my rifle. I followed this with a long sharp whistle—and the ruse succeeded. The swimming otter heard it, raised her head and faced me for a moment, presenting a target. I let go. By the furious way she threshed in the water I knew I had not missed. Then she lay still, dead still. I turned to one of the dogs: "O.K. Go get her, Gin!"

Gin was off in a streak. A powerful swimmer, but as he made towards the otter, she came to and immediately headed for the opposite shore. Good as Gin was in speed, the otter left him behind. Landing, she struck across the bush to another lake, about half a mile distant, and arrived there five yards sooner than the dog.

While this was going on I started off around the lake. Suddenly I heard a commotion 'way forward. A hell of a commotion. Gin had caught up with the otter. The fight was on. I cut straight through the bush on the run. And there, on the shore, was Rollo, licking a big gash high up on his right front leg. But I had to give my first attention to Gin, battling in the water. Poor fellow, he didn't have much chance. An otter that size could beat and murder a dog on land, let alone in the water, her own element.

I hurried up with my gun. I had only split-seconds to shoot in. I was mortally afraid lest I should hit the dog. The otter was hit with my third shot, and she became helpless again, this time for good. But Gin refused to bring her ashore, and I didn't blame him. He looked at me with reproach as well as pain; I had double-crossed him, according to dog psychology.

There was a bit of wind blowing inshore. I built a small fire and waited for the wind to blow that otter to the land. Soon she drifted in, the biggest otter I had ever seen. Eight feet from tip to tip, and the weight of a baby elephant. Rain came. I made a rough-and-ready job of the otter-skinning, threw the skin into my pack. To get back quick, I decided to take a short cut. In such circumstances you only have to make one mistake to make a hundred, and taking that short cut was my mistake. After half an hour I realized I ought to have been home, and yet the camp was nowhere to be seen.

So I climb up big trees, and as I go along I blaze a straight line, glancing backward once in a while to make sure I am not going round in circles. The lake isn't far. . . . Here, what's happened! I have reached the lake and it is only a swamp and not a lake at all! I back-track on my trail. Here's a little lake. Let's follow its outlet. Terrible, this traveling in thick willows. I can't go more than a few yards at a time without having to cut my way through. Good for me that I had my hand axe! Those poor dogs; they are limping badly, and dead tired. Rollo manages on three legs; Gin is so sore and stiff everywhere, it doesn't make any difference which leg he uses.

What's this? The dogs are perking up and sniffing the air. I take a few sniffs myself. Wood smoke! I fired three shots in quick succession. I waited a few seconds, and fired three more. Silence. Then, hell's bells! An answer. Nor did it come from very far—and it was on my side of the creek. Straight for that sound I went, and in a quarter of a mile I arrived at a small round lake. A white tent straight ahead of me and smoke rising out of the stove pipe. Somebody at home! You can imagine how quickly I made for that tent.

Gosh, it is my own! I am home at my camp! Not lost after all; home at last! I smell moose steak frying. In brown butter. I hear it sizzle. I hang my pack in a tree, open the flap, and there I see an old friend, Macaulay! What a long while since we met!

He stared and said "How," and I stared and said "How." Mac had been hunting near my camp, nearer than his own, when the rain began, and found shelter there, instead of going home.

"But why did you stay out in the rain?" he asked.

I told him I liked it.

◆

It is queer that the bear, which I group with the wolverine and wolf as the only wild animals I raise my rifle against in complete satisfaction, has also been one of my closest pets. Years before I went to the Far North, I was prospecting for silver in the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia. One day I climbed 'way above the timber line into a huge glacier to survey the surrounding country from a good vantage point. I saw many mountain goats and mountain sheep grazing on the grassy slopes far below, across a deep ravine, and on a bare rock still farther below them I could see a small animal walking around in circles. It aroused my curiosity, because I couldn't think of any sensible wild animal having any business in a place with neither grass nor meat to eat. I came down the ravine for a closer view. It was a small grizzly-bear cub. I kept my rifle real handy in case the old lady should be around. It is not wise to play with the she-grizzly's offspring.

I soon figured out that he must be an orphan, because his mother would never have left him out of her sight for so long, and he did look hungry and weak and lonely—so small among those big mountains, with no one to feed and love him. He was easy enough to catch, though he raised a rumpus in the pack-sack on our way to my cabin in the timbered valley below. He soon made himself at home by devouring my weekly supply of bread, and then hopping up on a shelf and knocking everything off it, including my only bottle of Worcester Sauce. It broke. I couldn't coax him down. He camped there so quiet. I went to bed till the packrats started their nightly rounds. They ran into Ben—I had named him already. All hell bust loose. Packrats retreating in panic and Ben after them. He knocked my lamp off the table, and sent kettles and pots and pans over my bunk, everywhere at the same time. The packrats soon disappeared and Ben curled up on my bunk. He liked it, and from then on it was his favourite place, day or night.

We had fun that summer, Ben and I. He learned to catch rabbits and squirrels and to wait patiently by the side of a creek until a big trout would come swimming leisurely by within reach. Then, with all the cunning and swiftness of his kind, with one sweep of his forepaw he would throw it, jumping and twisting, into the bush behind him, and then he would play with the fish until he was ready to eat it—even sometimes putting it back into the water for the sheer delight of flipping it out again. He followed me around like a dog, and tore my washing off the line, and dug a big hole right in front of my door after a poor little gopher which he didn't get after all.

Towards the fall he began to wander away for two or three days at a time, but he would always come back if I beat a tin pan with a spoon. He grew mighty fast and kept encroaching more and more on my bunk till there was hardly room for me in it. In all friendliness, he would lick my face like he used to do when he was a cub, and when he did that, I got to realize the size of his mouth and teeth, and wondered what he would do if he was riled up. A cold chill would run up and down my spine. One day when I tried to get him off my bunk to straighten out my blankets, he snapped and reached at me. I had been expecting that and I kept a good flexible young birch ready. I gave him a real good hiding. It might cure him. He growled and spat at me and then he sulked. He never got his playful humour again and went away to the hills a couple of days after. He never came back, though I almost punctured my tin pan calling for him. I was sorry and lonely, especially as the evenings were getting long.

◆

Long ago I made an unexpected call at a prospectors' cabin up the Hurricane River in Northern Quebec. My friends were away in the hills when I arrived. I made myself at home, beginning with a good lunch out of their well-supplied stores. One day I picked a magazine out of a rack, settled down to read, and then to doze, on a bunk built under a window—or rather a hole in the wall which was covered with cheese-cloth as a protection against mosquitoes. Butter, canned milk and honey were kept on the window-sill, where it was cool. I had left my rifle, hidden with my canoe, fifteen miles away on the river bank.

I had not been dozing very long when I was rudely roused by something crashing on my head. It was an open tin of milk. It spilt on the waterproof canvas covering over me, and in quick succession, the butter dish and the honey came tumbling down. I looked up, and half-way through the hole from which she had torn the cheese-cloth was a big she-bear: black as the ace of spades, and looking powerful fierce at such close quarters. They say if you lie still, bears won't touch you. I lay still.

In the meanwhile old lady bear licked and sucked the milk off the tarpaulin, swallowed a pound wad of butter with great gusto, and ate the honey. I just watched her squeeze that honey can flat, and then proceed to chew on it. Then I felt something cold and clammy creep down the front of my shirt and into my breeches. A snake! That broke the spell. I howled and fairly bounced out of bed. That she-bear went through the door so fast that all I saw was a streak, and then a big hole where the cheese-cloth used to be. I was only concerned with getting that snake out of my breeches. He was only a small harmless one, looking for warmth alongside me, but I sure thought he was a boa constrictor. That she-bear disturbed him and I guess he was looking for the exit when he crawled inside my shirt.

I found a roll of cheese-cloth and repaired both the window and the door. The mosquitoes were swarming in.

It was several days before my friends returned. In the meanwhile old Nelly, as I got to call her, visited me regularly. She dug holes in the ground in front of the cabin where the boys buried their rubbish, and tried her best to break into a small warehouse. I threw sticks at her every time I saw her, and away she'd go, only to try again later.

The boys got back after dark one evening. As the cabin was only supplied with canned meat and they had guns, I thought they would be glad to hear there was a good fat bear around. They were. Except Phil—he was from British Columbia and received the news with sceptical grunts. He said, "Aw, baloney; there ain't no b'ar round here."

"You ain't scaret, Phil?" I asked him. "Sure now, you ain't?"

"Hell! man, me scaret? Why, kid, when I was in British Columby I used to kick b'ars in the pants every day. Yeah, dozens of 'em."

"O.K. then," I answered. "There ain't no bears if you say so."

I was secretly gleeful, because from where I sat facing the door I could see a black shadow through the cheese-cloth, and I was hoping Nelly would come in. After supper they had a game of cribbage and a smoke. Then Phil reckoned he'd go out and see what kind of weather we'd get tomorrow. But "tomorrow" was the last word he said in that line, because all of a sudden he came bursting back in, plumb scared, pale and stuttering incoherently: "Thar's a b'ar out there—thar's a b'ar! I ran slam bang into it." I'd been waiting and hoping a long time for this moment.

"Aw, baloney," I answered, "there ain't no bear around here. Not with you around. You might kick them in the pants."

Goldie shot the bear next morning; but for the rest of that summer every trapper, prospector and bushman who met Phil asked him if he was still kicking bears around.

◆

I have not mentioned Eskimos so much in my story for the reason that most of the book deals with the bush country which is strictly Indian and very seldom visited by Eskimos except by wandering bands.

From those I travelled with I learned a lot of things, among them how to build a snow-house or igloo. There are two kinds: the permanent residence, if there is such a word in the Eskimo vocabulary, and the all-snow. The first is made of willows roughly woven like a big inverted basket, lined on the outside with a heavy layer of moss, packed hard with snow and then drenched with water to give it a finishing polish of ice. The entrances, snow tunnels and windbreaks are the same as in an all-snow igloo, but these are built much quicker and entirely of snow blocks. They are used for an overnight camp or to shelter from blizzard. Eskimos never seem to stay very long at the same place, and often move out of a perfectly good igloo and build another one just alongside the old one for no reason the white man sees, though to Eskimos there is a definite reason—and a good one—because a good igloo is much cosier and warmer after it has been lived in for a while, as it ices up nicely on the inside from the concentration of heat from bodies and seal-oil lamps. One thing I found the Eskimos would do in common with the Indians was to move out and make a new home any time someone died in the old one.

Some of the Eskimos are wealthy. I helped a trader once to count the furs an Eskimo family brought in. There were 5,100 white foxes in one lot. Their average value was twenty dollars apiece.

It is nothing unusual for a ragged, ill-smelling Eskimo to call at a Hudson's Bay Company's trading post anywhere on the Arctic coast and nonchalantly order thousands of dollars' worth of grubstake and equipment without even asking the price. He will order a new schooner just as nonchalantly!

The trader is not taken aback. Without the flicker of an eyelid he will examine his account-books and say: "O.K. She'll be here next summer. You have so much credit left," or "You are a few thousand short. Bring in your catch next year." Good schooners are built in Lunenberg, Nova Scotia, and taken to any part of the Canadian Arctic.

You can't surprise an Eskimo. Igloos and schooners and airplanes, he's at home in them all. And he's happy. He treats his dogs kindly; he pets his children; he is good to you, a stranger, if you are worth being good to. And he does not *know* how to tell a lie. There's some white men that ought to be sent Down North, to learn from the Eskimo.

◆ That was my life, then, Down North: out on the trapline, a bit of prospecting, staking claims, cook at Murphy's store, and even running a restaurant on my own at Cameron Bay on Great Bear Lake.

After a while I resolved to go back trapping. I had in mind a creek about fifty miles above Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River. I loaded my canoes with grubstake and equipment. Down Bear River to Fort Norman. How we went, my dogs and I!

This was the 1939 summer. I stayed at Fort Norman about a month while I reorganized my outfit and learned about the country that was to be my home from friendly old trappers and just as friendly Indians.

Months later, and in England, came a spring afternoon: warm, sleepy, and loaded with the scent of apple blossoms and roses, and enlivened by the joyous songs of birds in the tall stately oaks and shady chestnut trees of the English countryside. An afternoon off from the army, when I lay on the grassy banks of a stream. . . .

I thought of snow-covered hills, of curving, twisting trails, of husky-dogs with their silky fur all silvered with hoar-frost; and of smoke curling up lazily from log-cabin chimneys, as if in no hurry to reach the swishing Northern Lights and the scintillating Polar Star.

◆ I thought of Christmas at Fort Norman.

For days before the great day, dog bells have been ringing, jangling, echoing, not only at the Fort, but along the trails. Since August the trappers have been out on their lines, alone with their husky-dogs. If you happen to be one of the early arrivals at the Fort you might stand on the river bank and look down on the mighty Mackenzie River, and there you'll see a string of dog-teams two miles long, like a black snake over the ice, with their bells and many-coloured tassels and little flags fluttering. The dogs themselves seem to know they are in for a holiday.

For some of these people it is the end of two weeks' travelling. They have come hundreds of miles from their trapping grounds. A trapper will make the journey by himself until he passes some other cabin on the trail, where he will be joined by the trapper who belongs there, so that as they go on, man after man, white, half-breed, Indian, and their families and squealing kids, will hitch on with their sleighs to the procession. This is the first time in many moons most of us have had any human being to speak a word to. You can guess how we have looked forward to our Christmas. We wouldn't miss it for all the gold in the North.

At the Fort itself handshaking is going on, everybody is welcoming everybody and exchanging news, and wishing a merry Christmas all round.

Darkness falls early in the North on Christmas Eve, at about two o'clock in the afternoon. But there are still teams drifting in, the stragglers. Across the snow, bright candles are beginning to flicker in the tents, and the lights shine cosily over the snow. And then comes the most seasonable light of all, the lamps and candles shining in the log-house church, where Midnight Mass draws everybody, man, woman and child, Catholic and Protestant alike.

When Mass is ended the collection is taken. Instead of cash the congregation gives furs. It is a lovely offering the volunteer collectors bring up to the priest: all kinds of fox—white, black and silver; martens; minks; wolverines; lynx—not many lynx though; we like to hang on to them, for they are valuable and too big to carry to the service. The same, or nearly the same, method is used at the Anglican Church next morning, when practically the same crowd makes up the congregation.

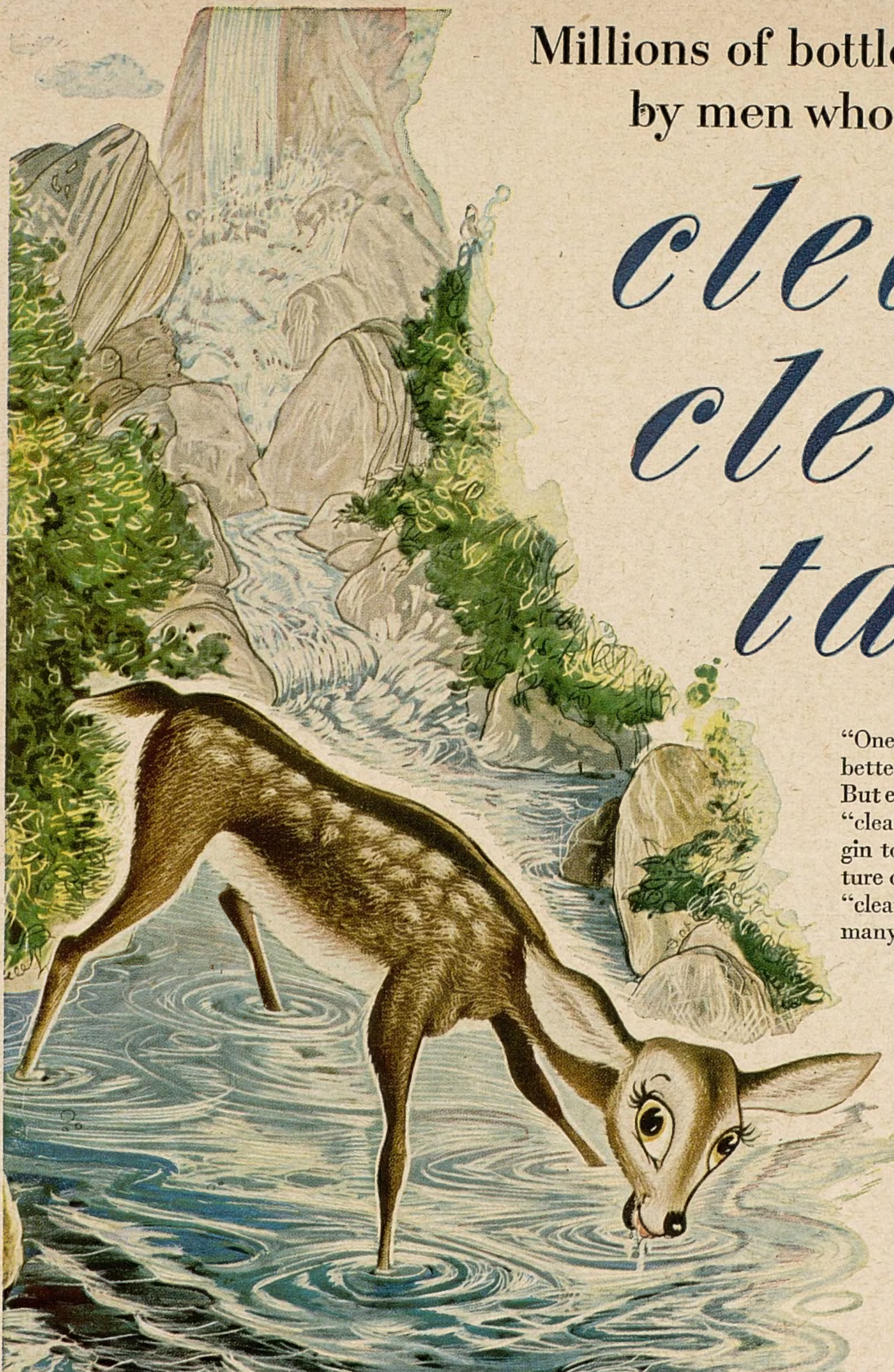
After Mass the people limber up a bit. A tea-dance starts up in the trader's warehouse or in a big tent pitched especially for the purpose, and everybody is dressed up in their finery, beads and silkwork flashing in the light of the many candles. An old fiddler squats in a corner, playing a French-Canadian quadrille, and the fun goes on and on right through Christmas Day, and sometimes the day after.

But we don't forget Santa Claus. He came three or four weeks ago on a plane, along with the Christmas mail and the turkeys, toys for the little Indian children and few white children that have arrived.

◆ During Christmas morning the dancing stops for a brief while as the men and women and children form a procession and move along from shack to shack, tent to tent, greeting the occupants and gathering them into the procession. The Indians fire off their guns just to make a noise, everybody chatters, everybody is happy. We finish up at the two missions, where the priest and minister give the children presents of sweets, and the bucks and squaws get chewing tobacco.

And so to Christmas dinner. A good many of us have had frozen turkey flown in, and anyone who is alone—as we white trappers are—will take it round to the home of a half-breed for roasting, and she and her family share the meal. Those who have no turkey and don't expect one usually save a fat lynx for Christmas. I prefer it to a turkey because it is delicious white meat and there's more of it. The day finishes with the children playing among their new toys and the grown-ups dancing or at poker.

Bells; children; dancing and the snow; Christmas; Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River. . . . ◆ ◆



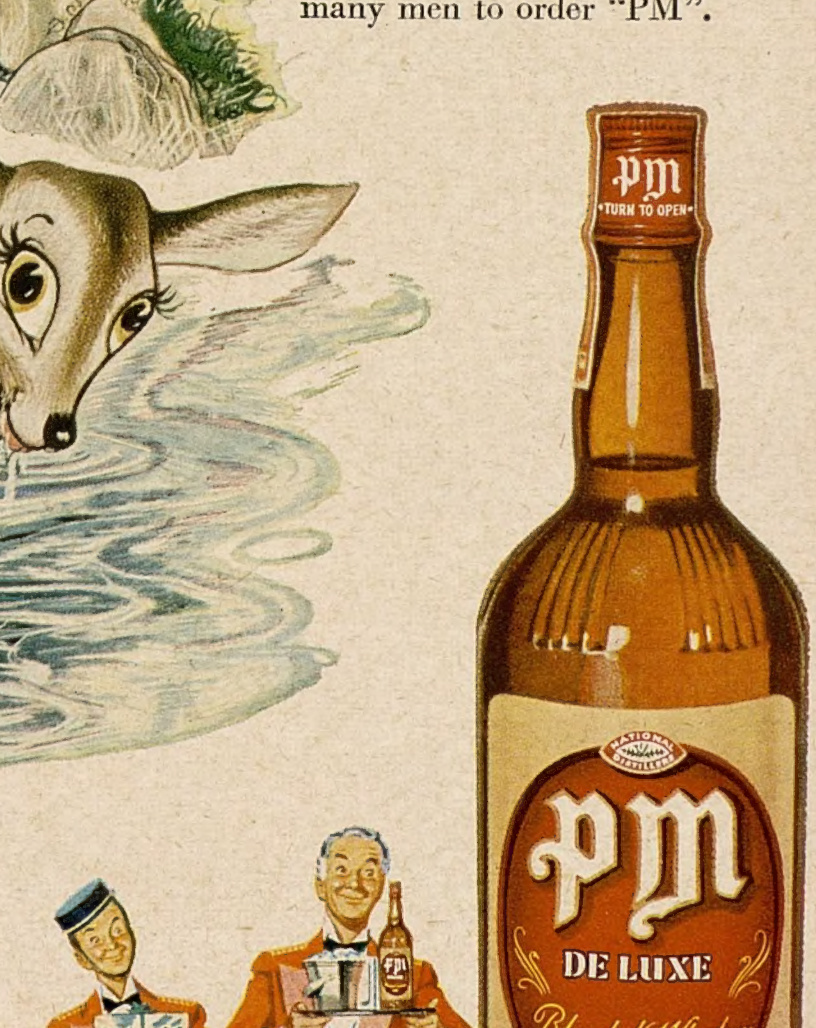
Millions of bottles are bought by men who like that

clear clean taste

"One picture" say the Chinese, "is better than a thousand words". But even 10,000 words about PM's "clear, clean taste" wouldn't begin to make it as clear as this picture of the fawn. This p.m. try the "clear, clean taste" that leads so many men to order "PM".

PM

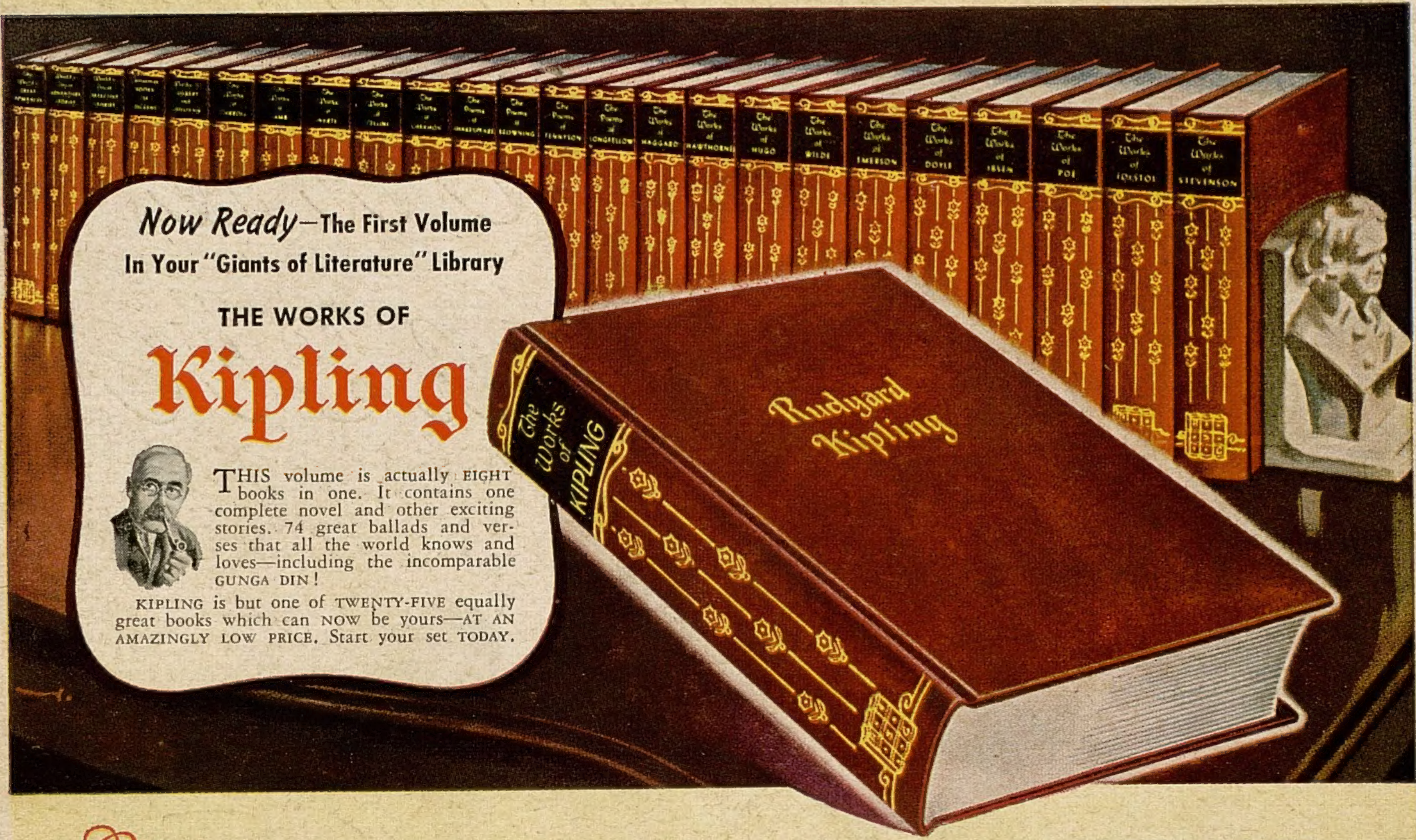
BLENDED WHISKEY


PM
TURN TO OPEN
NATIONAL DISTILLERS
PM
DE LUXE
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.
PEORIA, ILL.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N.Y. Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 67½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Amazing Offer TO READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

The Works of the World's Great Authors in 25 Fine Volumes



Now Ready—The First Volume
In Your "Giants of Literature" Library

THE WORKS OF

Kipling

THIS volume is actually EIGHT books in one. It contains one complete novel and other exciting stories. 74 great ballads and verses that all the world knows and loves—including the incomparable GUNGA DIN!

KIPLING is but one of TWENTY-FIVE equally great books which can NOW be yours—AT AN AMAZINGLY LOW PRICE. Start your set TODAY.

Yes The Famous One-Volume Editions of "THE GIANTS OF LITERATURE"

How is this amazing offer possible? First, because of the great demand for these volumes, a tremendous printing has been ordered—cutting costs to the bone. Also, by offering these beautiful volumes DIRECT to the readers, many distribution costs have been saved. The savings are passed on to you!

MAIL THIS RESERVATION FORM TODAY! DON'T DELAY!

BM

BLACK'S READERS SERVICE COMPANY
Suite 1000
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please reserve in my name the books listed in your generous offer to readers of this magazine. Send me at once the first book, The Works of KIPLING. I enclose NO MONEY IN ADVANCE; but within one week I will send you only $1.89, plus a few cents mailing charges—and I will be entitled to receive each following beautifully-bound volume as it comes from the press, at the same low price, sending no money in advance.

Name ....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address ....

City ....State ....

The Opportunity of a Lifetime to Own Handsome, Luxuriously-Bound Books Which You Will Treasure and Your Friends Will Envy

HERE is the opportunity you have been waiting for: to own beautiful volumes of the greatest authors of all time—AT AN AMAZINGLY LOW PRICE! Picture these magnificent books in your home. Your family will enjoy reading them. Your friends will admire them and envy you for possessing them. Your children will gain an undeniable advantage by having them always at hand. For this is the greatest set of books ever presented to readers on these liberal terms!

Here are the most celebrated authors in all the world! 25 handsome volumes that bring you the most fascinating, thrilling reading ever known. The partial contents that follow give you only an inkling of the treasures they hold!

1. **KIPLING.** Complete novel, The Light That Failed, and other stories. 74 ballads, verses, including Gunga Din, Danny Deever, The Ballad of East and West, The Vampire.

2. **HUGO.** 36 Complete Works, including Hunchback of Notre Dame, A Woman of the Streets, The Souls, etc.

3. **TOLSTOI.** 27 novels, stories; Anna Karenina, Kreutzer Sonata, The Cossacks, Love, many more.

4. **POE.** 91 tales, poems, and essays. Annabel Lee, The Raven, The Gold Bug, Murders in the Rue Morgue, The Pit and the Pendulum, etc.

5. **IBSEN.** A Doll's House, Ghosts, Hedda Gabler, Peer Gynt, and others.

6. **CONAN DOYLE.** The best of Sherlock Holmes—The Sign of the Four, Red-Headed League, plus many others.

7. **EMERSON.** 112 essays and poems, plus Biographical Studies, Conduct of Life, etc.

8. **WILDE.** The Picture of Dorian Gray, Lady Windermere's Fan, The Ballad of Reading Gaol—91 selections in all.

9. **ROBERT BROWNING.** The best known works of this beloved poet; "Pied Piper of Hamelin," "Cavalier Tunes," and others.

10. **STEVENSON.** 39 complete novels, stories, poems. Treasure Island, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Kidnapped, etc.

11. **HAWTHORNE.** 2 Complete Novels and 37 tales—Scarlet Letter, House of Seven Gables, etc.

12. **SHAKESPEARE'S** Poems. The Rape of Lucrece, Venus and Adonis, and ALL the sonnets Shakespeare ever wrote!

13. **DICKENS.** A Christmas Carol and other heart-warming tales, dear to young and old.

Others now in preparation are: 14. RIDER HAGGARD; 15. LEWIS CARROLL; 16. WORLD'S GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES; 17. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN; 18. LONGFELLOW; 19. LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE; 20. TENNYSON; 21. WORLD'S GREAT ADVENTURE STORIES; 22. WORLD'S GREAT ROMANCES; 23. BRET HARTE; 24. CELLINI; 25. CHEKHOV.

HOW TO GET YOUR BOOKS

Send no money! Just mail the READERS' RESERVATION CERTIFICATE. This entitles you to examine the first volume in the "Giants of Literature" Library, The Works of Kipling. A copy will be sent to you at once. With it will come a special readers' invoice for $1.89 as complete payment for this volume, plus a few cents mailing charges, and instructions on how to get your other beautiful volumes on this amazing READERS' OFFER.

SEND NO MONEY

There are no other charges, and you need send no money. Right now, without delay, send in your RESERVATION CERTIFICATE. No "Deposit" in advance. First come, first served. DO IT NOW, before you mislay this page! BLACK'S READERS SERVICE CO., Suite 1000, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.